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THE TRAGIC MUSE.

I.

THE people of France have made it no secret that those of England, as a general thing, are, to their perception, an inexpressive and speechless race, perpendicular and unsocial, unaddicted to modifying the bareness of juxtaposition by verbal or other concessions. This view might have derived encouragement, a few years ago, in Paris, from the manner in which four persons sat together in silence, one fine day about noon, in the garden, as it is called, of the Palais de l'Industrie — the central court of the great glazed bazaar where, among plants and parterres, graveled walks and thin fountains, are ranged the figures and groups, the monuments and busts, which form, in the annual exhibition of the Salon, the department of statuary. The spirit of observation is naturally high at the Salon, quickened by a thousand artful or ineffective appeals, but no particular tension of the visual sense would have been required to embrace the character of the four persons in question. As a solicitation of the eye on definite grounds, they too constituted a successful plastic fact; and even the most superficial observer would have perceived them to be striking products of an insular neighborhood, representatives of that tweed-and-waterproof class with which, on the recurrent occasions when the English turn out for a holiday — Christmas and Easter, Whitsuntide and the autumn — Paris besprinkles it-

self at a night's notice. They had about them the indefinable professional look of the British traveler abroad; that air of preparation for exposure, material and moral, which is so oddly combined with the serene revelation of security and of persistence, and which excites, according to individual susceptibility, the ire or the admiration of foreign communities. They were the more unmistakable as they illustrated very favorably the energetic race to which they had the honor to belong. The fresh, diffused light of the Salon made them clear and important; they were finished productions, in their way, and ranged there motionless, on their green bench, they were almost as much on exhibition as if they had been hung on the line.

Three ladies and a young man, they were obviously a family — a mother, two daughters, and a son — a circumstance which had the effect at once of making each member of the group doubly typical and of helping to account for their fine taciturnity. They were not, with each other, on terms of ceremony, and moreover they were probably fatigued with their course among the pictures, the rooms on the upper floor. Their attitude, on the part of visitors who had superior features, even if they might appear to some passers-by to have neglected a rare opportunity for an expression, was, after all, a kind of tribute to the state of exhaustion, of bewilderment, to which the genius of France is still capable of reducing the proud.

"*En v'la des abrutis!*" more than one of their fellow-gazers might have been heard to exclaim; and certain it is that there was something depressed and discouraged in this interesting group, who sat looking vaguely before them, not noticing the life of the place, somewhat as if each had a private anxiety. A very close observer would have guessed that though on many questions they were closely united, this present anxiety was not the same for each. If they looked grave, moreover, this was doubtless partly the result of their all being dressed in mourning, as if for a recent bereavement. The eldest of the three ladies had indeed a face of a fine austere mould, which would have been moved to gayety only by some force more insidious than any she was likely to recognize in Paris. Cold, still, and considerably worn, it was neither stupid nor hard, but it was firm, narrow, and sharp. This competent matron, acquainted evidently with grief, but not weakened by it, had a high forehead, to which the quality of the skin gave a singular polish — it glittered even when seen at a distance; a nose which achieved a high, free curve; and a tendency to throw back her head and carry it well above her, as if to disengage it from the possible entanglements of the rest of her person. If you had seen her walk, you would have perceived that she trod the earth in a manner suggesting that in a world where she had long since discovered that one could n't have one's own way, one could never tell what annoying aggression might take place, so that it was well, from hour to hour, to save what one could. Lady Agnes saved her head, her white triangular forehead, over which her closely crinkled flaxen hair, reproduced in different shades in her children, made a sort of looped silken canopy, like the marquee at a garden-party. Her daughters were tall, like herself — that was visible even as they sat there — and one of them, the

younger evidently, was very pretty: a straight, slender, gray-eyed English girl, with a "good" figure and a fresh complexion. The sister, who was not pretty, was also straight and slender and gray-eyed. Therefore it would be difficult to say why, with so much similarity of cause, there was such difference of effect. Perhaps, after all, she may have had her admirers, and the safest form of my assertion would be that she was not so pretty as the other. Her eyes were dull, and for a part of the impression of length that she produced, her face, in which the cheeks were flat, was excessively responsible. Her brother, beside her, had taken off his hat, as if he felt the air of the summer day heavy in the great pavilion. He was a lean, strong, clear-faced youth, with a straight nose and light-brown hair, which lay continuously and profusely back from his forehead, so that to smooth it from the brow to the neck but a single movement of the hand was required. I cannot describe him better than by saying that he was the sort of young Englishman who looks particularly well abroad, and whose general aspect — his inches, his limbs, his friendly eyes, the modulation of his voice, the cleanness of his flesh-tints, and the fashion of his garments — excites on the part of those who encounter him in far countries, on the ground of a common speech, a delightful sympathy of race. This sympathy is sometimes qualified by an apprehension of undue literalness, but it almost revels as soon as such a danger is dispelled. We shall see quickly enough how accurate a measure it might have taken of Nicholas Dormer. There was food for suspicion, perhaps, in the wandering blankness that sat at moments in his eyes, as if he had no attention at all, not the least in the world, at his command; but it is no more than just to add, without delay, that this questionable symptom was known, among those who liked him, by the indulgent name of dreaminess. For

his mother and sisters, for instance, his dreaminess was notorious. He is the more welcome to the benefit of such an interpretation as there is always held to be something engaging in the combination of the muscular and the musing, the mildness of strength.

After some time — a period during which these good people might have appeared to have come, individually, to the Palais de l'Industrie much less to see the works of art than to think over their domestic affairs — the young man, rousing himself from his reverie, addressed one of the girls.

"I say, Biddy, why should we sit moping here all day? Come and take a turn about with me."

His younger sister, while he got up, leaned forward a little, looking round her, but she gave, for the moment, no further sign of complying with his invitation.

"Where shall we find you, then, if Peter comes?" inquired the other Miss Dormer, making no movement at all.

"I dare say Peter won't come. He'll leave us here to cool our heels."

"Oh, Nick, dear!" Biddy exclaimed in a sweet little voice of protest. It was plainly her theory that Peter would come, and even, a little, her apprehension that she might miss him should she quit that spot.

"We shall come back in a quarter of an hour. Really, I must look at these things," Nick declared, turning his face to a marble group which stood near them, on the right — a man, with the skin of a beast round his loins, trying to wrench away a naked woman, who, to resist him, locked her arms round the trunk of a young tree. It appeared to represent some primitive act of courtship or capture — a wonderful entanglement of limbs and concussion of bosoms.

Lady Agnes followed the direction of her son's eyes, and then observed —

"Everything seems very dreadful. I should think Biddy had better sit still. Hasn't she seen enough horrors up above?"

"I dare say that if Peter comes Julia will be with him," the elder girl remarked irrelevantly.

"Well, then, he can take Julia about. That will be more proper," said Lady Agnes.

"Mother, dear, she doesn't care a button about art. It's a fearful bore looking at fine things with Julia," Nick rejoined.

"Won't you go with him, Grace?" said Biddy, appealing to her sister.

"I think she has awfully good taste!" Grace exclaimed, not answering this inquiry.

"Don't say nasty things about her!" Lady Agnes broke out, solemnly, to her son, after resting her eyes on him a moment with an air of reluctant reprobation.

"I say nothing but what she'd say herself," the young man replied. "About some things she has very good taste, but about this kind of thing she has no taste at all."

"That's better, I think," said Lady Agnes, turning her eyes again to the "kind of thing" that her son appeared to designate.

"She's awfully clever — awfully!" Grace went on, with decision.

"Awfully, awfully," her brother repeated, standing in front of her and smiling down at her.

"You *are* nasty, Nick. You know you are," said the young lady, but more in sorrow than in anger.

Biddy got up at this, as if the accusatory tone prompted her to place herself, generously, at his side. "Might n't you go and order lunch, in that place, you know?" she asked of her mother. "Then we would come back when it was ready."

"My dear child, I can't order lunch," Lady Agnes replied, with a cold impa-

tience which seemed to intimate that she had problems far more important than those of victualing to contend with.

"I mean Peter, if he comes. I am sure he's up in everything of that sort."

"Oh, hang Peter!" Nick exclaimed. "Leave him out of account, and *do* order lunch, mother; but not cold beef and pickles."

"I must say — about him — you're not nice," Biddy ventured to remark to her brother, hesitating, and even blushing, a little.

"You make up for it, my dear," the young man answered, giving her chin — a very charming, rotund little chin — a friendly whisk with his forefinger.

"I can't imagine what you've got against him," her ladyship murmured, gravely.

"Dear mother, it's disappointed fondness," Nick argued. "They won't answer one's notes; they won't let one know where they are nor what to expect. 'Hell has no fury like a woman scorned;' nor like a man either."

"Peter has such a tremendous lot to do — it's a very busy time at the embassy; there are sure to be reasons," Biddy explained, with her pretty eyes.

"Reasons enough, no doubt!" said Lady Agnes, who accompanied these words with an ambiguous sigh, however, as if in Paris even the best reasons would naturally be bad ones.

"Does n't Julia write to you, does n't she answer you the very day?" Grace inquired, looking at Nick as if she were the courageous one.

He hesitated a moment, returning her glance with a certain severity. "What do you know about my correspondence? No doubt I ask too much," he went on; "I'm so attached to them. Dear old Peter, dear old Julia!"

"She's younger than you, my dear!" cried the elder girl, still resolute.

"Yes, nineteen days."

"I'm glad you know her birthday."

"She knows yours; she always gives you something," Lady Agnes resumed, to her son.

"Her taste is good *then*, is n't it, Nick?" Grace Dormer continued.

"She makes charming presents; but, dear mother, it is n't *her* taste. It's her husband's."

"Her husband's?"

"The beautiful objects of which she disposes so freely are the things he collected, for years, laboriously, devotedly, poor man!"

"She disposes of them to you, but not to others," said Lady Agnes. "But that's all right," she added, as if this might have been taken for a complaint of the limitations of Julia's bounty. "She has to select, among so many, and that's a proof of taste," her ladyship went on.

"You can't say she does n't choose lovely ones," Grace remarked to her brother, in a tone of some triumph.

"My dear, they are all lovely. George Dallow's judgment was so sure, he was incapable of making a mistake," Nicholas Dormer returned.

"I don't see how you can talk of him; he was dreadful," said Lady Agnes.

"My dear, if he was good enough for Julia to marry, he is good enough for one to talk of."

"She did him a great honor."

"I dare say; but he was not unworthy of it. No such intelligent collection of beautiful objects has been made in England in our time."

"You think too much of beautiful objects," returned her ladyship.

"I thought you were just now implying that I thought too little."

"It's very nice — his having left Julia so well off," Biddy interposed, soothingly, as if she foresaw a tangle.

"He treated her *en grand seigneur*, absolutely," Nick went on.

"He used to look greasy, all the same," Grace Dormer pursued, with a

kind of dull irreconcilability. "His name ought to have been Tallow."

"You are not saying what Julia would like, if that's what you are trying to say," her brother remarked.

"Don't be vulgar, Grace," said Lady Agnes.

"I know Peter Sherringham's birthday!" Biddy broke out innocently, as a pacific diversion. She had passed her hand into her brother's arm, to signify her readiness to go with him, while she scanned the remoter portions of the garden as if it had occurred to her that to direct their steps thither might after all be the shorter way to get at Peter.

"He's too much older than you, my dear," Grace rejoined, discouragingly.

"That's why I've noticed it — he's thirty-four. Do you call that too old? I don't care for slobbering infants!" Biddy cried.

"Don't be vulgar," Lady Agnes enjoined again.

"Come, Bid, we'll go and be vulgar together; for that's what we are, I'm afraid," her brother said to her. "We'll go and look at all these low works of art."

"Do you really think it's necessary to the child's development?" Lady Agnes demanded, as the pair turned away. Nicholas Dormer was struck as by a kind of challenge, and he paused, lingering a moment, with his little sister on his arm. "What we've been through this morning in this place, and what you've paraded before our eyes — the murders, the tortures, all kinds of disease and indecency!"

Nick looked at his mother as if this sudden protest surprised him, but as if also there were lurking explanations of it which he quickly guessed. Her resentment had the effect not so much of animating her cold face as of making it colder, less expressive, though visibly prouder. "Ah, dear mother, don't do the British matron!" he exclaimed, good-humoredly.

"British matron is soon said! I don't know what they are coming to."

"How odd that you should have been struck only with the disagreeable things, when, for myself, I have felt it to be most interesting, the most suggestive morning I have passed for ever so many months!"

"Oh, Nick, Nick!" Lady Agnes murmured, with a strange depth of feeling.

"I like them better in London — they are much less unpleasant," said Grace Dormer.

"They are things you can look at," her ladyship went on. "We certainly make the better show."

"The subject does n't matter; it's the treatment, the treatment!" Biddy announced, in a voice like the tinkle of a silver bell.

"Poor little Bid!" her brother cried, breaking into a laugh.

"How can I learn to model, mamma, dear, if I don't look at things and if I don't study them?" the girl continued.

This inquiry passed unheeded, and Nicholas Dormer said to his mother, more seriously, but with a certain kind explicitness, as if he could make a particular allowance: "This place is an immense stimulus to me; it refreshes me, excites me, it's such an exhibition of artistic life. It's full of ideas, full of refinements: it gives one such an impression of artistic experience. They try everything, they feel everything. While you were looking at the murders, apparently, I observed an immense deal of curious and interesting work. There are too many of them, poor devils; so many who must make their way, who must attract attention. Some of them can only *taper fort*, stand on their heads, turn summersaults, or commit deeds of violence, to make people notice them. After that, no doubt, a good many will be quieter. But I don't know; to-day I'm in an appreciative mood — I feel

indulgent even to them: they give me an impression of intelligence, of eager observation. All art is one — remember that, Biddy, dear," the young man continued, looking down at his sister with a smile. "It's the same great, many-headed effort, and any ground that's gained by an individual, any spark that's struck in any province, is of use and of suggestion to all the others. We are all in the same boat."

"We, do you say, my dear? Are you really setting up for an artist?" Lady Agnes asked.

Nick hesitated a moment. "I was speaking for Biddy!"

"But you *are* one, Nick — you are!" the girl cried.

Lady Agnes looked for an instant as if she were going to say once more, "Don't be vulgar!" But she suppressed these words, if she had intended them, and uttered others, few in number and not completely articulate, to the effect that she hated talking about art. While her son spoke she had watched him as if she failed to follow him; yet something in the tone of her exclamation seemed to denote that she had understood him only too well.

"We are all in the same boat," Biddy repeated, smiling at her.

"Not me, if you please!" Lady Agnes replied. "It's horrid, messy work, your modeling."

"Ah, but look at the results!" said the girl, eagerly, glancing about at the monuments in the garden as if in regard even to them she were in some degree an effective cause.

"There's a great deal being done here — a real vitality," Nicholas Dormer went on, to his mother, in the same reasonable, informing way. "Some of these fellows go very far."

"They do, indeed!" said Lady Agnes.

"I'm fond of young schools, like this movement in sculpture," Nick remarked, with his slightly provoking serenity.

"They're old enough to know better!"

"May n't I look, mamma? It is necessary to my development," Biddy declared.

"You may do as you like," said Lady Agnes, with dignity.

"She ought to see good work, you know," the young man went on.

"I leave it to your sense of responsibility." This statement was somewhat majestic, and for a moment, evidently, it tempted Nick, almost provoked him, or at any rate suggested to him an occasion to say something that he had on his mind. Apparently, however, he judged the occasion on the whole not good enough, and his sister Grace interposed with the inquiry —

"Please, mamma, are we *never* going to lunch?"

"Ah, mother, mother!" the young man murmured, in a troubled way, looking down at Lady Agnes with a deep fold in his forehead.

For her, also, as she returned his look, it seemed an occasion; but with this difference, that she had no hesitation in taking advantage of it. She was encouraged by his slight embarrassment; for ordinarily Nick was not embarrassed. "You used to have so much," she went on; "but sometimes I don't know what has become of it — it seems all, *all* gone!"

"Ah, mother, mother!" he exclaimed again, as if there were so many things to say that it was impossible to choose. But this time he stepped closer, bent over her, and, in spite of the publicity of their situation, gave her a quick, expressive kiss. The foreign observer whom I took for granted in beginning to sketch this scene would have had to admit that the rigid English family had, after all, a capacity for emotion. Grace Dormer, indeed, looked round her to see if at this moment they were noticed. She discovered with satisfaction that they had escaped.

II.

Nick Dormer walked away with Bid-
dy, but he had not gone far before he
stopped in front of a clever bust, where
his mother, in the distance, saw him
playing in the air with his hand, carry-
ing out by this gesture, which presuma-
bly was applaudive, some critical remark
he had made to his sister. Lady Agnes
raised her glass to her eyes by the long
handle to which rather a clanking chain
was attached, perceiving that the bust
represented an ugly old man with a bald
head ; at which her ladyship indefinitely
sighed, though it was not apparent in
what way such an object could be detri-
mental to her daughter. Nick passed
on, and quickly paused again ; this time,
his mother discerned, it was before the
marble image of a grimacing woman.
Presently she lost sight of him ; he wan-
dered behind things, looking at them all
round.

"I ought to get plenty of ideas for
my modeling, ought n't I, Nick ?" his
sister inquired of him, after a moment.

"Ah, my poor child, what shall I
say ?"

"Don't you think I have any capa-
city for ideas ?" the girl continued, rue-
fully.

"Lots of them, no doubt. But the
capacity for applying them, for putting
them into practice — how much of that
have you ?"

"How can I tell till I try ?"

"What do you mean by trying, Bid-
dy, dear ?"

"Why, you know — you've seen
me."

"Do you call that trying ?" her bro-
ther asked, smiling at her.

"Ah, Nick !" murmured the girl,
sensitively. Then, with more spirit, she
went on : "And please, what do you ?"

"Well, this, for instance ;" and her
companion pointed to another bust —
a head of a young man, in terra-

cotta, at which they had just arrived ; a
modern young man, to whom, with his
thick neck, his little cap, and his wide
ring of dense curls, the artist had given
the air of a Florentine of the time of
Lorenzo.

Biddy looked at the image a moment.
"Ah, that's not trying ; that's suc-
ceeding."

"Not altogether ; it's only trying
seriously."

"Well, why should n't I be seri-
ous ?"

"Mother would n't like it. She has
inherited the queer old superstition that
art is pardonable only so long as it's
bad — so long as it's done at odd hours,
for a little distraction, like a game of
tennis or of whist. The only thing that
can justify it, the effort to carry it as
far as one can (which you can't do with-
out time and singleness of purpose), she
regards as just the dangerous, the crim-
inal element. It's the oddest hind-part-
before view, the drollest immorality."

"She does n't want one to be profes-
sional," Biddy remarked, as if she could
do justice to every system.

"Better leave it alone, then : there
are duffers enough."

"I don't want to be a duffer," Biddy
said. "But I thought you encouraged
me."

"So I did, my poor child. It was
only to encourage myself."

"With your own work — your paint-
ing ?"

"With my futile, my ill-starred en-
deavors. Union is strength ; so that
we might present a wider front, a larger
surface of resistance."

Biddy was silent a moment, while
they continued their tour of observation.
She noticed how her brother passed over
some things quickly, his first glance suf-
ficing to show him whether they were
worth another, and recognized in a mo-
ment the figures that had something in
them. His tone puzzled her, but his
certainty of eye impressed her, and she

felt what a difference there was yet between them — how much longer, in every case, she would have taken to discriminate. She was aware that she could rarely tell whether a picture was good or bad until she had looked at it for ten minutes; and modest little Biddy was compelled privately to add, "And often not even then." She was mystified, as I say (Nick was often mystifying — it was his only fault), but one thing was definite: her brother was exceedingly clever. It was the consciousness of this that made her remark at last, "I don't so much care whether or no I please mamma, if I please you."

"Oh, don't lean on me. I'm a wretched broken reed!" Nick Dormer exclaimed.

"Do you mean you're a duffer?" Biddy asked, alarmed.

"Frightful, frightful!"

"So that you mean to give up your work — to let it alone, as you advise me?"

"It has never been my work, Biddy. If it had, it would be different. I should stick to it."

"And you *won't* stick to it?" the girl exclaimed, standing before him, open-eyed.

Her brother looked into her eyes a moment, and she had a compunction; she feared she was indiscreet and was worrying him. "Your questions are much simpler than the elements out of which my answer should come."

"A great talent — what is simpler than that?"

"One thing, dear Biddy: no talent at all!"

"Well, yours is so real, you can't help it."

"We shall see, we shall see," said Nicholas Dormer. "Let us go look at that big group."

"We shall see if it's real?" Biddy went on, as she accompanied him.

"No; we shall see if I can't help it. What nonsense Paris makes one talk!"

the young man added, as they stopped in front of the composition. This was true, perhaps, but not in a sense which he found himself tempted to deplore. The present was far from being his first visit to the French capital: he had often quitted England, and usually made a point of "putting in," as he called it, a few days there on the outward journey to the Continent or on the return; but on this occasion the emotions, for the most part agreeable, attendant upon a change of air and of scene had been more punctual and more acute than for a long time before, and stronger the sense of novelty, refreshment, amusement, of manifold suggestions looking to that quarter of thought to which, on the whole, his attention was apt most frequently, though not most confessedly, to stray. He was fonder of Paris than most of his countrymen, though not so fond, perhaps, as the natives of some other lands: the place had always had the power of quickening sensibly the life of reflection and of observation within him. It was a good while since the reflections engendered by his situation there had been so favorable to the city by the Seine; a good while, at all events, since they had ministered so to excitement, to exhilaration, to ambition, even to a restlessness which was not prevented from being agreeable by the nervous quality in it. Dormer could have given the reason of this unwonted glow; but his preference was very much to keep it to himself. Certainly, to persons not deeply knowing, or at any rate not deeply curious, in relation to the young man's history, the explanation might have seemed to beg the question, consisting as it did of the simple formula that he had at last come to a crisis. Why a crisis — what was it, and why had he not come to it before? The reader shall learn these things in time, if he cares enough for them. For several years Nicholas Dormer had not omitted to see the Salon, which the general

voice, this season, pronounced not particularly good. None the less, it was the exhibition of this season that, for some cause connected with his "crisis," made him think fast, produced that effect which he had spoken of to his mother as a sense of artistic life. The precinct of the marbles and bronzes appealed to him especially to-day; the glazed garden, not florally rich, with its new productions alternating with perfunctory plants, and its queer, damp smell, partly the odor of plastic clay, of the studios of sculptors, spoke to him with the voice of old associations, of other visits, of companionships that were closed — an insinuating eloquence which was at the same time, somehow, identical with the general sharp contagion of Paris. There was youth in the air, and a multitudinous newness, forever reviving, and the diffusion of a hundred talents, ingenuities, experiments. The summer clouds made shadows on the roof of the great building; the white images, hard in their crudity, spotted the place with provocations; the rattle of plates at the restaurant sounded sociable in the distance, and our young man congratulated himself more than ever that he had not missed the exhibition. He felt that it would help him to settle something. At the moment he made this reflection his eye fell upon a person who appeared — just in the first glimpse — to carry out the idea of help. He uttered a lively ejaculation, which, however, in its want of finish, Biddy failed to understand; so pertinent, so relevant and congruous, was the other party to this encounter.

The girl's attention followed her brother's, and rested with his on a young man who faced them without seeing them, engaged as he was in imparting to two persons who were with him his ideas about one of the works exposed to view. What Biddy discerned was that this young man was fair and fat and of the middle stature; he had a round face and a short beard, and on his crown a

mere reminiscence of hair, as the fact that he carried his hat in his hand permitted it to be observed. Bridget Dormer, who was quick, estimated him immediately as a gentleman, but a gentleman unlike any other gentleman she had ever seen. She would have taken him for a foreigner, but that the words proceeding from his mouth reached her ear and imposed themselves as a variety of English. It was not that a foreigner might not have spoken excellent English, nor yet that the English of this young man was not excellent. It had, on the contrary, a conspicuous and aggressive perfection, and Biddy was sure that no alien would have ventured to play such tricks with the tongue. He seemed to draw rich effects and wandering airs from it — to modulate and manipulate it as he would have done a musical instrument. Her view of the gentleman's companions was less operative, save that she made the rapid reflection that they were people whom in any country, from China to Peru, one would immediately have taken for natives. One of them was an old lady with a shawl; that was the most salient way in which she presented herself. The shawl was an ancient, voluminous fabric of embroidered cashmere, such as many ladies wore forty years ago in their walks abroad, and such as no lady wears to-day. It had fallen half off the back of the wearer, but at the moment Biddy permitted herself to consider her she gave it a violent jerk and brought it up to her shoulders again, where she continued to arrange and settle it, with a good deal of jauntiness and elegance, while she listened to the talk of the gentleman. Biddy guessed that this little transaction took place very frequently, and she was not unaware that it gave the old lady a droll, faded, superannuated appearance, as if she were singularly out of step with the age. The other person was very much younger — she might have been a daughter — and had a pale face, a low

forehead, and thick, dark hair. What she chiefly had, however, Biddy rapidly discovered, was a pair of eyes. Our young friend was helped to the discovery by the accident of their resting at this moment, for a little while—it struck Biddy as very long—on her own. She had eyes as her mother (if it was her mother) had a shawl: they were what you would most promptly have described her by. Both of these ladies were clad in light, thin, scanty gowns, giving an impression of flowered figures and odd transparencies, and in low shoes, which showed a great deal of stocking and were ornamented with large rosettes. Biddy's slightly agitated perception traveled directly to their shoes: they suggested to her vaguely that the wearers were dancers—connected possibly with the old-fashioned exhibition of the shawl-dance. By the time she had taken in so much as this the mellifluous young man had perceived and addressed himself to her brother. He came forward with an extended hand. Nick greeted him and said it was a happy chance—he was uncommonly glad to see him.

"I never come across you—I don't know why," Nick remarked, while the two, smiling, looked each other up and down, like men reunited after a long interval.

"Oh, it seems to me there's reason enough: our paths in life are so different." Nick's friend had a laugh which exhibited dimples, a circumstance that excited Biddy's sense of the incongruous—he seemed too old for dimples. He had a great deal of manner, as was evinced by his fashion of saluting her without knowing her.

"Different, yes, but not so different as that. Don't we both live in London, after all, and in the nineteenth century?"

"Ah, my dear Dormer, excuse me: I don't live in the nineteenth century. *Jamais de la vie!*"

"Nor in London, either?"

"Yes—when I'm not in Samarcand! But surely we've diverged since the old days. I adore what you burn; you burn what I adore." While the stranger spoke he looked cheerfully, hospitably, at Biddy; not because it was she, she easily guessed, but because it was in his nature to desire a second auditor—a kind of sympathetic gallery. Her life, somehow, was filled with shy people, and she immediately knew that she had never encountered any one less shy than this bright, sonorous young man.

"How do you know what I adore?" Nicholas Dormer inquired.

"I know well enough what you used to."

"That's more than I do myself; there were so many things."

"Yes, there are many things—many, many: that's what makes life so amusing."

"Do you find it amusing?"

"My dear fellow, *c'est à pouffer!* Don't you think so? Ah, it was high time I should meet you—I see. I have an idea you need me."

"Upon my word, I think I do!" Nick said, in a tone which struck his sister, and made her wonder still more why, if the gentleman was so important as that, he did n't introduce him.

"There are many gods, and this is one of their temples," the mysterious personage went on. "It's a house of strange idols—is n't it?—and of some curious and unnatural sacrifices."

To Biddy, as much as to her brother, this remark appeared to be offered; but the girl's eyes turned back to the ladies, who, for the moment, had lost their companion. She felt irresponsible, and feared she should pass with this familiar cosmopolite for a stiff, scared English girl, which was not the type she aimed at; but there seemed an interdiction even of ocular commerce so long as she had not a sign from Nick. The elder

of the strange women had turned her back and was looking at some bronze figure, losing her shawl again as she did so ; but the other stood where their escort had quitted her, giving all her attention to his sudden acquaintance. Her arms hung at her sides, her head was bent, her face lowered, so that she had an odd appearance of raising her eyes from under her brows ; and in this attitude she was striking, though her air was unconciliatory, almost dangerous. Did it express resentment at having been abandoned for another girl ? Biddy, who began to be frightened — there was a moment when the forsaken one resembled a tigress about to spring — was tempted to cry out that she had no wish whatever to appropriate the gentleman. Then she made the discovery that the young lady had a manner, almost as much as her cicerone, and the rapid induction that it perhaps meant no more than his. She only looked at Biddy from beneath her eyebrows, which were wonderfully arched, but there was a manner in the way she did it. Biddy had a momentary sense of being a figure in a ballet, a dramatic ballet — a subordinate, motionless figure, to be dashed at, to music, or capered up to. It would be a very dramatic ballet indeed if this young person were the heroine. She had magnificent hair, the girl reflected ; and at the same moment she heard Nick say to his interlocutor, “ You ’re not in London — one can’t meet you there ? ”

“ I drift, I float,” was the answer ; “ my feelings direct me — if such a life as mine may be said to have a direction. Where there ’s anything to feel, I try to be there ! ” the young man continued, with his confiding laugh.

“ I should like to get hold of you,” Nick remarked.

“ Well, in that case there would be something to feel. Those are the currents — any sort of personal relation — that govern my career.”

“ I don’t want to lose you this time,” Nick continued, in a manner that excited Biddy’s surprise. A moment before, when his friend had said that he tried to be where there was anything to feel, she had wondered how he could endure him.

“ Don’t lose me, don’t lose me ! ” exclaimed the stranger, with a countenance and a tone which affected the girl as the highest expression of irresponsibility that she had ever seen. “ After all, why should you ? Let us remain together, unless I interfere ” — and he looked, smiling and interrogative, at Biddy, who still remained blank, only observing again that Nick forbore to make them acquainted. This was an anomaly, since he prized the gentleman so ; but there could be no anomaly of Nick’s that would not impose itself upon his younger sister.

“ Certainly, I keep you,” said Nick, “ unless, on my side, I deprive those ladies ” —

“ Charming women, but it’s not an indissoluble union. We meet and we part ! They are going — I am seeing them to the door. I shall come back.” With this Nick’s friend rejoined his companions, who moved away with him, the strange, fine eyes of the girl lingering on Nick, as well as on Biddy, as they receded.

“ Who is he — who are they ? ” Biddy instantly asked.

“ He ’s a gentleman,” Nick replied, unsatisfactorily, and even, as she thought, with a shade of hesitation. He spoke as if she might have supposed he was not one ; and if he was really one, why didn’t he introduce him ? But Biddy would not for the world have put this question to her brother, who now moved to the nearest bench and dropped upon it, as if to wait for the other’s return. No sooner, however, had his sister seated herself than he said, “ See here, my dear, do you think you had better stay ? ”

"Do you want me to go back to mother?" the girl asked, with a lengthening visage.

"Well, what do you think?" and Nick smiled down at her.

"Is your conversation to be about — about private affairs?"

"No, I can't say that. But I doubt whether mother would think it the sort of thing that's 'necessary to your development.'"

This assertion appeared to inspire Biddy with the eagerness with which again she broke out: "But who are they — who are they?"

"I know nothing of the ladies. I never saw them before. The man's a fellow I knew very well at Balliol. He was a wonderful creature there. We have diverged, as he says, and I had almost lost sight of him, but not so much as he thinks, because I've read him, and read him with interest. He has written some able things."

"What kind of things?"

"Verses, my dear."

"What kind of verses?"

"Well, very remarkable, very near perfection." Biddy listened to this with so much interest that she thought it illogical her brother should add, "I dare say Peter will have come, if you return to mother."

"I don't care if he has. Peter's nothing to me. But I'll go if you wish it."

Nick looked down at her again, and then said, "It does n't signify. We'll all go."

"All?" Biddy echoed.

"He won't hurt us. On the contrary, he'll do us good."

This was possible, the girl reflected in silence, but none the less the idea struck her as courageous — the idea of their taking the odd young man back to breakfast with them and with the others, especially if Peter should be there. If Peter was nothing to her, it was singular she should have attached such impor-

tance to this contingency. The odd young man reappeared, and now that she saw him without his queer female appendages he seemed personally less unusual. He struck her, moreover, as generally a good deal accounted for by the poetic character, especially if he exemplified it in approximate perfection. As he took his place on the bench, Nick said to him, indicating her, "My sister Bridget," and then mentioned his name, "Mr. Gabriel Nash."

"You enjoy Paris — you are happy here?" Mr. Nash inquired, leaning over his friend to speak to the girl.

Though his words were simple, he struck her as affected, and this made her answer him more dryly than she usually spoke. "Oh, yes, it's very nice."

"And French art interests you? You find things here that please?"

"Oh, yes, I like some of them."

Mr. Nash looked at her with kind eyes. "I hoped you would say you like the Academy better."

"She would if she did n't think you expected it," said Nicholas Dormer.

"Oh, Nick!" Biddy protested.

"Miss Dormer is herself an English picture," Gabriel Nash remarked, smiling like a man whose urbanity was a solvent.

"That's a compliment, if you don't like them!" Biddy exclaimed.

"Ah, some of them, some of them; there's a certain sort of thing!" Mr. Nash continued. "We must feel everything, everything that we can. We are here for that."

"You do like English art, then?" Nick demanded, with a slight accent of surprise.

Mr. Nash turned his smile upon him. "My dear Dormer, do you remember the old complaint I used to make of you? You had formulas that were like walking in one's hat. One may see something in a case, and one may not."

"Upon my word," said Nick, "I don't know any one who was fonder of

a generalization than you. You turned them off as you'd distribute handbills."

"They were my wild oats. I've sown them all."

"We shall see that!"

"Oh, they're nothing now — a tame, scanty, homely growth. My only generalizations are my actions."

"We shall see *them*, then."

"Ah, excuse me. You can't see them with the naked eye. Moreover, mine are principally negative. People's actions, I know, are, for the most part, the things they do, but mine are the things I don't do. There are so many of those, so many, but they don't produce any effect. And then all the rest are shades — extremely fine shades."

"Shades of behavior?" Nick inquired, with an interest which surprised his sister; Mr. Nash's discourse striking her mainly as elegant moonshine.

"Shades of impression, of appreciation," said the young man, with his explanatory smile. "My only behavior is my feelings."

"Well, don't you show your feelings? You used to!"

"Wasn't it mainly those of disgust?" Nash asked. "Those operate no longer. I have closed that window."

"Do you mean you like everything?"

"Dear me, no! But I look only at what I do like."

"Do you mean that you have lost the faculty of displeasure?"

"I have n't the least idea. I never try it. My dear fellow," said Gabriel Nash, "we have only one life that we know anything about: fancy taking it up with disagreeable impressions! When, then, shall we go in for pleasure?"

"What do you mean by pleasure?" Nick Dormer asked.

"The appreciation of the charming, the love of the beautiful, the exercise of admiration."

Nick had excited a certain astonishment on the part of his sister, but it was now Biddy's turn to make him

open his eyes a little. She raised her sweet voice and inquired of Mr. Nash —

"Don't you think there are any wrongs in the world — any abuses and sufferings?"

"Oh, so many, so many! That's why one must choose."

"Choose to stop them, to reform them — is n't that the choice?" Biddy asked. "That's Nick's," she added, blushing and looking at this personage.

"Ah, our divergence — yes!" sighed Gabriel Nash. "There are all kinds of machinery for that — very complicated and ingenious. Your formulas, my dear Dormer, your formulas!"

"Hang 'em, I haven't got any!" Nick exclaimed.

"To me, personally, the simplest ways are those that appeal most," Mr. Nash went on. "We pay too much attention to the ugly; we notice it, we magnify it. The great thing is to leave it alone and encourage the beautiful."

"You must be very sure you get hold of the beautiful," said Nick.

"Ah, precisely, and that's just the importance of the faculty of appreciation. We must train our special sense. It is capable of extraordinary extension. Life's none too long for that."

"But what's the good of the extraordinary extension if there is no affirmation of it, if it all goes to the negative, as you say? Where are the fine consequences?" Dormer asked.

"In one's own spirit. One is one's self a fine consequence. That's the most important one we have to do with. I am a fine consequence," said Gabriel Nash.

Biddy rose from the bench at this, and stepped away a little, as if to look at a piece of statuary. But she had not gone far before, pausing and turning, she bent her eyes upon Mr. Nash with a heightened color, an air of hesitation, and the question, after a moment, "Are you an æsthete?"

"Ah, there's one of the formulas!"

That's walking in one's hat! I've no profession, my dear young lady. I've no *état civil*. These things are a part of the complicated, ingenious machinery. As I say, I keep to the simplest way. I find that gives one enough to do. Merely to be is such a *métier*; to live is such an art; to feel is such a career!"

Bridget Dormer turned her back and examined her statue, and her brother said to his old friend, "And to write?"

"To write? Oh, I'll never do it again!"

"You have done it almost well enough to be inconsistent. Those things of yours are anything but negative; they are complicated and ingenious."

"My dear fellow, I am extremely ashamed of them," said Gabriel Nash.

"Ah, call yourself a bloated Buddhist and have done with it!" his companion exclaimed.

"Have done with it? I have n't the least desire for that. And why should one call one's self anything? One only deprives other people of their dearest occupation. Let me add that you don't *begin* to have an insight into the art of life till it ceases to be of the smallest consequence to you what you may be called. That's rudimentary."

"But if you go in for shades, you must also go in for names. You must distinguish," Dormer objected. "The observer is nothing without his categories, his types, and his varieties."

"Ah, trust him to distinguish!" said Gabriel Nash, sweetly. "That's for his own convenience; he has, privately, a terminology to meet it. That's one's style. But from the moment it's for the convenience of others, the signs have to be grosser, the shades begin to go. That's a deplorable hour! Literature, you see, is for the convenience of others. It requires the most abject concessions. It plays such mischief with one's style that really I have had to give it up."

"And politics?" Nick Dormer asked.

"Well, what about them?" was Mr. Nash's reply, in a peculiar intonation, as he watched his friend's sister, who was still examining her statue. Biddy was divided between irritation and curiosity. She had interposed space, but she had not gone beyond ear-shot. Nick's question made her curiosity throb, especially in its second form, as a rejoinder to their companion's.

"That, no doubt you'll say, is still far more for the convenience of others — is still worse for one's style."

Biddy turned round in time to hear Mr. Nash exclaim, "It has simply nothing in life to do with shades! I can't say worse for it than that."

Biddy stepped nearer at this, and, drawing still further on her courage, "Won't mamma be waiting? Ought n't we to go to luncheon?" she asked.

Both the young men looked up at her, and Mr. Nash remarked —

"You ought to protest! You ought to save him!"

"To save him?" said Biddy.

"He *had* a style; upon my word, he had! But I've seen it go. I've read his speeches."

"You were capable of that?" Dormer demanded.

"For you, yes. But it was like listening to a nightingale in a brass band."

"I think they were beautiful," Biddy declared.

Her brother got up at this tribute, and Mr. Nash, rising too, said, with his bright, colloquial air —

"But, Miss Dormer, he had eyes. He was made to see — to see all over, to see everything. There are so few like that."

"I think he still sees," Biddy rejoined, wondering a little why Nick did n't defend himself.

"He sees his side, dear young lady. Poor man, fancy your having a 'side' — you, you — and spending your days and your nights looking at it! I'd as soon pass my life looking at a potato."

"You don't see me some day a great statesman?" said Nick.

"My dear fellow, it's exactly what I've a terror of."

"Mercy! don't you admire them?" Biddy cried.

"It's a trade like another, and a method of making one's way which society certainly condones. But when one can be something better!"

"Dear me, what is better?" Biddy asked.

The young man hesitated, and Nick, replying for him, said —

"Gabriel Nash is better! You must come and lunch with us. I must keep you — I must!" he added.

"We shall save him yet," Mr. Nash observed genially to Biddy as they went, and the girl wondered still more what her mother would make of him.

III.

After her companions left her Lady Agnes rested for five minutes in silence with her elder daughter, at the end of which time she observed, "I suppose one must have food, at any rate," and, getting up, quitted the place where they had been sitting. "And where are we to go? I hate eating out-of-doors," she went on.

"Dear me, when one comes to Paris!" Grace rejoined, in a tone which appeared to imply that in so rash an adventure one must be prepared for compromises and concessions. The two ladies wandered to where they saw a large sign of "Buffet" suspended in the air, entering a precinct reserved for little white-clothed tables, straw-covered chairs, and long-aproned waiters. One of these functionaries approached them with eagerness, and with a "*Mesdames sont seules?*" receiving in return, from her ladyship, the announcement. "*Non; nous sommes beaucoup!*" He introduced them to a table larger than most of the

others, and under his protection they took their places at it, and began, rather languidly and vaguely, to consider the question of the repast. The waiter had placed a *carte* in Lady Agnes's hands, and she studied it, through her eyeglass, with a failure of interest, while he enumerated, with professional fluency, the resources of the establishment, and Grace looked at the people at the other tables. She was hungry, and had already broken a morsel from a long glazed roll.

"Not cold beef and pickles, you know," she observed to her mother. Lady Agnes gave no heed to this profane remark, but she dropped her eyeglass and laid down the greasy document. "What does it signify? I dare say it's all nasty," Grace continued; and she added, inconsequently, "If Peter comes, he's sure to be particular."

"Let him be particular to come, first!" her ladyship exclaimed, turning a cold eye upon the waiter.

"*Poulet chasseur, filets mignons, sauce béarnaise,*" the man suggested.

"You will give us what I tell you," said Lady Agnes, and she mentioned, with distinctness and authority, the dishes of which she desired that the meal should be composed. He interposed three or four more suggestions, but as they produced absolutely no impression on her he became silent and submissive, doing justice, apparently, to her ideas. For Lady Agnes had ideas; and though it had suited her humor, ten minutes before, to profess herself helpless in such a case, the manner in which she imposed them upon the waiter as original, practical, and economical showed the high, executive woman, the mother of children, the daughter of earls, the consort of an official, the dispenser of hospitality, looking back upon a lifetime of luncheons. She carried many cares, and the feeding of multitudes (she was honorably conscious of having fed them decently, as she had always done everything) had ever been one of them.

"Everything is absurdly dear," she remarked to her daughter, as the waiter went away. To this remark Grace made no answer. She had been used, for a long time back, to hearing that everything was very dear; it was what one always expected. So she found the case herself, but she was silent and inventive about it.

Nothing further passed, in the way of conversation with her mother, while they waited for the latter's orders to be executed, till Lady Agnes reflected, audibly, "He makes me unhappy, the way he talks about Julia."

"Sometimes I think he does it to torment one. One can't mention her!" Grace responded.

"It's better not to mention her, but to leave it alone."

"Yet he never mentions her of himself."

"In some cases that is supposed to show that people like people — though of course something more than that is required," Lady Agnes continued to meditate. "Sometimes I think he's thinking of her; then, at others, I can't fancy *what* he's thinking of."

"It would be awfully suitable," said Grace, biting her roll.

Her mother was silent a moment, as if she were looking for some higher ground to put it upon. Then she appeared to find this loftier level in the observation, "Of course he must like her; he has known her always."

"Nothing can be plainer than that she likes him," Grace declared.

"Poor Julia!" Lady Agnes exclaimed; and her tone suggested that she knew more about that than she was ready to state.

"It is n't as if she was n't clever and well read," her daughter went on. "If there were nothing else, there would be a reason in her being so interested in politics, in everything that he is."

"Ah, what he is — that's what I sometimes wonder!"

Grace Dormer looked at her mother a moment. "Why, mother, isn't he going to be like papa?" She waited for an answer that did n't come; then she pursued, "I thought you thought him so like him already."

"Well, I don't," said Lady Agnes, quietly.

"Who is, then? Certainly Percy is n't."

Lady Agnes was silent a moment. "There is no one like your father."

"Dear papa!" Grace exclaimed. Then, with a rapid transition, "It would be so jolly for all of us; she would be so nice to us."

"She is that already, in her way," said Lady Agnes, conscientiously, having followed the return, quick as it was. "Much good does it do her!" And she reproduced the note of her ejaculation of a moment before.

"It does her some, if one looks out for her. I do, and I think she knows it," Grace declared. "One can, at any rate, keep other women off."

"Don't meddle! you're very clumsy," was her mother's not particularly sympathetic rejoinder. "There are other women who are beautiful, and there are others who are clever and rich."

"Yes, but not all in one; that's what's so nice in Julia. Her fortune would be thrown in; he would n't appear to have married her for it."

"If he does, he won't," said Lady Agnes, a trifle obscurely.

"Yes, that's what's so charming. And he could do anything then, could n't he?"

"Well, your father had no fortune, to speak of."

"Yes, but did n't uncle Percy help him?"

"His wife helped him," said Lady Agnes.

"Dear mamma!" the girl exclaimed. "There's one thing," she added: "that Mr. Carteret will always help Nick."

"What do you mean by 'always'?"

"Why, whether he marries Julia or not."

"Things are not so easy," responded Lady Agnes. "It will all depend on Nick's behavior. He can stop it to-morrow."

Grace Dormer stared; she evidently thought Mr. Carteret's beneficence a part of the essence of things. "How could he stop it?"

"By not being serious. It is n't so hard to prevent people giving you money."

"Serious?" Grace repeated. "Does he want him to be a prig, like Lord Egbert?"

"Yes, he does. And what he'll do for him he'll do for him only if he marries Julia."

"Has he told you?" Grace inquired. And then, before her mother could answer, she exclaimed, "I'm delighted at that!"

"He has n't told me, but that's the way things happen." Lady Agnes was less optimistic than her daughter, and such optimism as she cultivated appeared to be tempered by irony. "If Nick becomes rich, Charles Carteret will make him more so. If he does n't, he won't give him a shilling."

"Oh, mamma!" Grace protested.

"It's all very well to say that in public life money is n't necessary, as it used to be," her ladyship went on, broodingly. "Those who say so don't know anything about it. It's always necessary."

Her daughter was visibly affected by the gloom of her manner, and felt impelled to evoke, as a corrective, a more cheerful idea. "I dare say; but there's the fact — is n't there? — that poor papa had so little."

"Yes, and there's the fact that it killed him!"

These words came out with a strange, quick little flare of passion. They startled Grace Dormer, who jumped in her place, and cried, "Oh, mother!"

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The next instant, however, she added, in a different voice, "Oh, Peter!" for, with an air of eagerness, a gentleman was walking up to them.

"How d'ye do, cousin Agnes? How d'ye do, little Grace?" Peter Sherringham said, laughing and shaking hands with them; and three minutes later he was settled in his chair at their table, on which the first elements of the repast had been placed. Explanations, on one side and the other, were demanded and produced; from which it appeared that the two parties had been in some degree at cross-purposes. The day before Lady Agnes and her companions traveled to Paris, Sherringham had gone to London for forty-eight hours, on private business of the ambassador's, arriving, on his return by the night-train, only early that morning. There had accordingly been a delay in his receiving Nick Dormer's two notes. If Nick had come to the embassy in person (he might have done him the honor to call), he would have learned that the second secretary was absent. Lady Agnes was not altogether successful in assigning a motive to her son's neglect of this courteous form; she said, "I expected him, I wanted him, to go; and indeed, not hearing from you, he would have gone immediately — an hour or two hence, on leaving this place. But we are here so quietly, not to go out, not to seem to appeal to the ambassador. He said, 'Oh, mother, we'll keep out of it; a friendly note will do.' I don't know, definitely, what he wanted to keep out of, except it's anything like gayety. The embassy is n't gay, I know. But I'm sure his note was friendly, was n't it? I dare say you'll see for yourself; he's different directly he gets abroad; he does n't seem to care." Lady Agnes paused a moment, not carrying out this particular elucidation; then she resumed: "He said you would have seen Julia, and that you would understand everything from her. And when I asked how she would

know, he said, 'Oh, she knows everything!'

"He never said a word to me about Julia," Peter Sherringham rejoined. Lady Agnes and her daughter exchanged a glance at this; the latter had already asked three times where Julia was, and her ladyship remarked that they had been hoping she would be able to come with Peter. The young man set forth that she was at that moment at an hotel in the Rue de la Paix, but had only been there since that morning; he had seen her before coming to the Champs Elysées. She had come up to Paris by an early train — she had been staying at Versailles, of all places in the world. She had been a week in Paris, on her return from Cannes (her stay *there* had been of nearly a month, — fancy!), and then had gone out to Versailles to see Mrs. Billingham. Perhaps they would remember her, poor Dallow's sister. She was staying there to teach her daughters French (she had about thirty!), or something of that sort, and Julia had spent three days with her. She was to return to England about the 25th. It would make seven weeks that she would have been away from town — a rare thing for her; she usually stuck to it so in summer.

"Three days with Mrs. Billingham — how very good-natured of her!" Lady Agnes commented.

"Oh, they're very nice to her," Sherringham said.

"Well, I hope so!" Grace Dormer remarked. "Why did n't you make her come here?"

"I proposed it, but she would n't." Another eye-beam, at this, passed between the two ladies, and Peter went on: "She said you must come and see her, at the Hôtel de Hollande."

"Of course we'll do that," Lady Agnes declared. "Nick went to ask about her at the Mirabeau."

"She gave that up; they would n't give her the rooms she wanted, her usual set."

"She's delightfully particular!" Grace murmured. Then she added, "She *does* like pictures, does n't she?"

Peter Sherringham stared. "Oh, I dare say. But that's not what she has in her head this morning. She has some news from London; she's immensely excited."

"What has she in her head?" Lady Agnes asked.

"What's her news from London?" Grace demanded.

"She wants Nick to stand."

"Nick to stand?" both the ladies cried.

"She undertakes to bring him in for Harsh. Mr. Pinks is dead — the fellow, you know, that got the seat at the general election. He dropped down in London — disease of the heart, or something of that sort. Julia has her telegram, but I see it was in last night's papers."

"Imagine, Nick never mentioned it!" said Lady Agnes.

"Don't you know, mother? — abroad he only reads foreign papers."

"Oh, I know. I've no patience with him," her ladyship continued. "Dear Julia!"

"It's a nasty little place, and Pinks had a tight squeeze — 107, or something of that sort; but if it returned a Liberal a year ago, very likely it will do so again. Julia, at any rate, *se fait forte*, as they say here, to put him in."

"I'm sure if she can she will," Grace reflected.

"Dear, dear Julia! And Nick can do something for himself," said the mother of this candidate.

"I have no doubt he can do anything," Peter Sherringham returned, good-naturedly. Then, "Do you mean in expenses?" he inquired.

"Ah, I'm afraid he can't do much in expenses, poor dear boy! And it's dreadful, how little we can look to Percy."

"Well, I dare say you may look to Julia. I think that's her idea."

"Delightful Julia!" Lady Agnes ejaculated. "If poor Sir Nicholas could have known! Of course he must go straight home," she added.

"He won't like that," said Grace.

"Then he'll have to go without liking it."

"It will rather spoil *your* little excursion, if you've only just come," Peter suggested; "and the great Biddy's, if she's enjoying Paris."

"We may stay, perhaps — with Julia to protect us," said Lady Agnes.

"Ah, she won't stay; she'll go over for her man."

"Her man?"

"The fellow that stands, whoever he is; especially if he's Nick." These last words caused the eyes of Peter Sherringham's companions to meet again, and he went on: "She'll go straight down to Harsh."

"Wonderful Julia!" Lady Agnes breathed. "Of course Nick must go straight there, too."

"Well, I suppose he must see first if they'll have him."

"If they'll have him? Why, how can he tell till he tries?"

"I mean the people at headquarters, the fellows who arrange it."

Lady Agnes colored a little. "My dear Peter, do you suppose there will be the least doubt of their 'having' the son of his father?"

"Of course it's a great name, cousin Agnes — a very great name."

"One of the greatest, simply," said Lady Agnes, smiling.

"It's the best name in the world!" Grace Dormer subjoined.

"All the same it did n't prevent his losing his seat."

"By half a dozen votes: it was too odious!" her ladyship cried.

"I remember — I remember. And in such a case as that, why did n't they immediately put him in somewhere else?"

"How one sees that you live abroad, Peter! There happens to have been the most extraordinary lack of openings — I never saw anything like it — for a year. They've had their hand on him, keeping him all ready. I dare say they've telegraphed to him."

"And he has n't told you?"

Lady Agnes hesitated. "He's so odd when he's abroad!"

"At home, too, he lets things go," Grace interposed. "He does so little — takes no trouble." Her mother suffered this statement to pass unchallenged, and she pursued, philosophically, "I suppose it's because he knows he's so clever."

"So he is, dear old boy. But what does he do, what has he been doing, in a positive way?"

"He has been painting."

"Ah, not seriously!" Lady Agnes protested.

"That's the worst way," said Peter Sherringham. "Good things?"

Neither of the ladies made a direct response to this, but Lady Agnes said, "He has spoken repeatedly. They are always calling on him."

"He speaks magnificently," Grace attested.

"That's another of the things I lose, living in far countries. And he's doing the Salon, now, with the great Biddy?"

"Just the things in this part. I can't think what keeps them so long," Lady Agnes rejoined. "Did you ever see such a dreadful place?"

Sherringham stared. "Are n't the things good? I had an idea" —

"Good?" cried Lady Agnes. "They're too odious, too wicked."

"Ah," said Peter, laughing, "that's what people fall into, out of England."

"Here they come," Grace announced, at this point; "but they've got a strange man with them."

"That's a bore, when we want to talk!" Lady Agnes exclaimed.

Peter got up, in the spirit of welcome, and stood a moment watching the others

approach. "There will be no difficulty in talking, to judge by the gentleman," he dropped; and while he remains so conspicuous our eyes may rest on him briefly. He was middling high, and had a figure that looked flexible and active; he was visibly a representative of the nervous rather than of the phlegmatic branch of his race. He had an oval face, delicate features, and a complexion that tended to the brown. Brown were his eyes, and women thought them soft; dark brown his hair, in which the same critics sometimes regretted the absence of a little undulation. It was perhaps to conceal this plainness that he wore it very short. His teeth were white; his moustache was pointed, and so was the small beard that adorned the extremity of his chin. His face expressed intelligence and was very much alive, and had the further distinction that it often

struck superficial observers with a certain foreignness of cast. The deeper sort, however, usually perceived that it was English enough. There was an idea that, having taken up the diplomatic career and gone to live in strange lands, he cultivated the mask of an alien, an Italian or a Spaniard; of an alien in time, even — one of the wonderful ubiquitous diplomatic agents of the sixteenth century. In fact, it would have been impossible to be more modern than Peter Sherringham, and more of one's class and one's country. But this did not prevent a portion of the community — Bridget Dormer, for instance — from admiring the hue of his cheek for its olive richness and his moustache and beard for their resemblance to those of Charles I. At the same time — she rather jumbled her comparisons — she thought he looked like a Titian.

Henry James.

WASHINGTON'S GREAT CAMPAIGN OF 1776.

THROUGHOUT a considerable portion of the country the news of the Declaration of Independence was accompanied by the news of a brilliant success at the South. After the defeat of Macdonald at Moore's Creek, and the sudden arming of North Carolina, Clinton did not venture to land, but cruised about in the neighborhood, awaiting the arrival of Sir Peter Parker's squadron from Ireland. Harassed by violent and contrary winds, Parker was three months in making the voyage, and it was not until May that he arrived, bringing with him Lord Cornwallis. As North Carolina had given such unmistakable evidence of its real temper, it was decided not to land upon that coast for the present, but to go South and capture Charleston and Savannah. Lord William Campbell, refugee governor of South

Carolina, urged that there was a great loyalist party in that colony, which would declare itself as soon as the chief city should be in the hands of the king's troops. That there would be any serious difficulty in taking Charleston occurred to no one. But Colonel Moultrie had thrown up on Sullivan's Island, commanding the harbor, a fortress of palmetto logs strengthened by heavy banks of sand, and now held it with a force of twelve hundred men, while five thousand militia were gathered about the town, under command of General Charles Lee, who had been sent down to meet the emergency, but did little more than to meddle and hinder. In his character of trained European officer, Lee laughed to scorn Moultrie's palmetto stronghold, and would have ordered him to abandon it, but that he was posi-

tively overruled by Rutledge, president of the provincial congress, who knew Moultrie and relied upon his sound judgment. The British commanders, Clinton and Parker, wasted three weeks in discussing various plans of attack, while the Americans, with spade and hatchet, were rapidly barring every approach to Charleston, and fresh regiments came pouring in to man the new-built intrenchments. At last Clinton landed three thousand men on a naked sand-bank, divided from Sullivan's Island by a short space of shallow sea, which he thought could be forded at low tide. At the proper time Sir Peter Parker was to open a furious fire from the fleet, which it was expected would knock down the fort in a few minutes, while Clinton, fording the shoals, would drive out the Americans at the point of the bayonet. The shoals, however, turned out to be seven feet deep at low water, and the task of the infantry was reduced to a desperate conflict with the swarms of mosquitoes, which nearly drove them frantic. The battle thus became a mere artillery duel between the fort and the fleet. The British fire was rapid and furious, but ineffective. Most of the shot passed harmlessly over the low fortress, and those which struck did no harm to its elastic structure. The American fire was very slow, and few shots were wasted. The cable of Parker's flagship was cut by a well-aimed ball, and the ship, swinging around, received a raking fire which swept her deck with terrible slaughter. After the fight had lasted ten hours the British retreated out of range. The palmetto fort had suffered no serious injury, and only one gun had been silenced. The American loss in killed and wounded was thirty-seven. On the other hand, Sir Peter's flagship had lost her main-mast and mizzen-mast, and had some twenty shots in her hull, so that she was little better than a wreck. The British loss in killed and wounded was two hundred

and five. Of their ten sail, only one frigate remained seaworthy at the close of the action. After waiting three weeks to refit, the whole expedition sailed away from New York to coöperate with the Howes. Charleston was saved, and for more than two years the Southern States were freed from the invader. In commemoration of this brilliant victory, and of the novel stronghold which had so roused the mirth of the European soldier of fortune, the outpost on Sullivan's Island has ever since been known by the name of Fort Moultrie.

It was with such tidings of good omen that the Declaration of Independence was sent forth to the world. But it was the last news of victory that for the next six months was to cheer the anxious statesmen assembled at Philadelphia. During the rest of the summer and the autumn disaster followed upon disaster, until it might well seem as if fickle fortune had ceased to smile upon the cause of liberty. The issue of the contest was now centred in New York. By conquering and holding the line of the Hudson River, the British hoped to cut the United Colonies in two, after which it was thought that Virginia and New England, isolated from each other, might be induced to consider the error of their ways and repent. Accordingly, General Howe was to capture the city of New York, while General Carleton was to descend from Canada, recapture Ticonderoga, and take possession of the upper waters of the Hudson, together with the Mohawk valley. Great hopes were built upon the coöperation of the loyalists, of whom there was a greater number in New York than in any other State, except perhaps South Carolina. It was partly for this reason, as we shall hereafter see, that these two States suffered more actual misery from the war than all the others put together. The horrors of civil war were to be added to the attack of the invader. Throughout the Mohawk valley the influence of Sir

John Johnson, the Tory son of the famous baronet of the Seven Years' War, was thought to be supreme; and it turned out to be very powerful both with the white population and with the Indians. At the other end of the line, in New York city, the Tory element was strong, for reasons already set forth. On Long Island, the people of Kings and Queens counties, of Dutch descent, were Tories almost to a man, while the English population of Suffolk was solidly in favor of independence. And this instance of Long Island was typical. From one end of the United States to the other, the Tory sentiment was strongest with the non-English element in the population.

Before beginning his attack on New York, General Howe had to await the arrival of his brother; for the ministry had resolved to try the effect of what seemed to them a "conciliatory policy." On the 12th of July Lord Howe arrived at Staten Island, bringing with him the "olive-branch" which Lord North had promised to send along with the sword. This curious specimen of political botany turned out to consist of a gracious declaration that all persons who should desist from rebellion and lend their "aid in restoring tranquillity" would receive full and free pardon from their sovereign lord the king. As it would not do to recognize the existence of Congress, Lord Howe inclosed this declaration in a letter addressed to "George Washington, Esq.," and sent it up the harbor with a flag of truce. But as George Washington, in his capacity of Virginian landholder and American citizen, had no authority for dealing with a royal commissioner, he refused to receive the letter. Colonel Reed informed Lord Howe's messenger that there was no person in the army with that address. The British officer reluctantly rowed away, but suddenly, putting his barge about, he came back and inquired by what title Washington should be prop-

erly addressed. Colonel Reed replied, "You are aware, sir, of the rank of General Washington in our army?" "Yes, sir, we are," answered the officer; "I am sure my Lord Howe will lament exceedingly this affair, as the letter is of a civil, and not of a military nature. He greatly laments that he was not here a little sooner." This remark was understood by Colonel Reed to refer to the Declaration of Independence, which was then but eight days old. A week later Lord Howe sent Colonel Patterson, the British adjutant-general, with a document now addressed to "George Washington, Esq., etc. etc." Colonel Patterson begged for a personal interview, which was granted. He was introduced to Washington, whom he describes as a gentleman of magnificent presence and very handsomely dressed. Somewhat overawed, and beginning his remarks with "May it please your Excellency," Patterson explained that the etceteras on the letter meant everything. "Indeed," said Washington, with a pleasant smile, "they might mean anything." He declined to take the letter, but listened to Patterson's explanations, and then replied that he was not authorized to deal with the matter, and could not give his lordship any encouragement, as he seemed empowered only to grant pardons, whereas those who had committed no fault needed no pardons. As Patterson got up to go, he asked if his Excellency had no message to send to Lord Howe. "Nothing," answered Washington, "but my particular compliments." Thus foiled in his attempt to negotiate with the American commander, Lord Howe next inclosed his declaration in a circular letter addressed to the royal governors of the Middle and Southern colonies; but as most of these dignitaries were either in jail or on board the British fleet, not much was to be expected from such a mode of publication. The precious document was captured and sent to Congress, which derisively published

it for the amusement and instruction of the people. It was everywhere greeted with jeers. "No doubt we all need pardon from Heaven," said Governor Trumbull, of Connecticut, "for our manifold sins and transgressions; but the American who needs the pardon of his Britannic Majesty is yet to be found." The only serious effect produced was the weakening of the loyalist party. Many who had thus far been held back by the hope that Lord Howe's intercession might settle all the difficulties now came forward as warm supporters of independence as soon as it became apparent that the king had really nothing to offer.

The olive-branch having proved ineffectual, nothing was left but to unsheathe the sword, and a most interesting campaign now began, of which the primary object was to capture the city of New York and compel Washington's army to surrender. The British army was heavily reinforced by the return of Clinton's expedition and the arrival of 11,000 fresh troops from England and Germany. General Howe had now more than 25,000 men at his disposal, fully equipped and disciplined; while to oppose him Washington had but 18,000, many of them raw levies which had just come in. If the American army had consisted of such veterans as Washington afterwards led at Monmouth, the disparity of numbers would still have told powerfully in favor of the British. As it was, in view of the crudeness of his material, Washington could hardly hope to do more with his army than to make it play the part of a detaining force. To keep the field in the face of overwhelming odds is one of the most arduous of military problems, and often calls for a higher order of intelligence than that which is displayed in the mere winning of battles. Upon this problem Washington was now to be employed for six months without respite, and it was not long before he gave evidence of mil-

itary genius such as has seldom been surpassed in the history of modern warfare. At the outset the city of New York furnished the kernel of the problem. Without control of the water it would be well-nigh impossible to hold the city. Still there was a chance, and it was the part of a good general to take this chance, and cut out as much work as possible for the enemy. The shore of Manhattan Island was girded with small forts and redoubts, which Lee had erected in the spring before his departure for South Carolina. The lower end of the island, along the line of Wall Street, was then but little more than half its present width, as several lines of street have since been added upon both sides. From Cortlandt Street across to Paulus Hook, the width of the Hudson River was not less than two miles, while the East River near Fulton Ferry was nearly a mile in width. The city reached only from the Battery as far as Chatham Street, whence the Bowery Lane ran northwestwardly to Bloomingdale through a country smiling with orchards and gardens. Many of the streets were now barricaded, and a strong line of redoubts ran across from river to river below the side of Canal Street. At the upper end of the island, and on the Jersey shore, were other fortresses, with which we shall shortly have to deal, and out in the harbor, as a sort of watch-tower from which to inspect the enemy's fleet, a redoubt had been raised on Governor's Island, and was commanded by Colonel Prescott, with a party of the men of Bunker Hill.

In order to garrison such various positions, it was necessary for Washington to scatter his 18,000 men; and this added much to the difficulty of his task, for Howe could at any moment strike at almost any one of these points with his whole force. From the nature of the case the immense advantage of the initiative belonged entirely to Howe. But in one quarter, the most important of all,

Washington had effected as much concentration of his troops as was possible. The position on Brooklyn Heights was dangerously exposed, but it was absolutely necessary for the Americans to occupy it if they were to keep their hold upon New York. This eminence commanded New York exactly as Bunker Hill and Dorchester Heights commanded Boston. Greene had, accordingly, spent the summer in fortifying it, and there 9000 men — one half of the army — were now concentrated under command of Putnam. Upon this exposed position General Howe determined to throw nearly the whole of his force. He felt confident that the capture or destruction of half the American army would so discourage the rebels as to make them lend a readier ear to the overtures of that excellent peacemaker, his brother. Accordingly, on the 22d of August, General Howe landed 20,000 men at Gravesend Bay. From this point the American position was approachable by four roads, two of which crossed a range of densely wooded hills, and continued through the villages of Bedford and Flatbush. To the left of these the Gowanus road followed the shore about the western base of the hills, while on the right the Jamaica road curved inland and turned their eastern base.

The elaborate caution with which the British commander now proceeded stands out in striking contrast with the temerity of his advance upon Bunker Hill in the preceding year. He spent four days in reconnoitring, and then he sent his brother, with part of the fleet, to make a feint upon New York, and occupy Washington's attention. Before daybreak of the 27th, under the cover of this feint, the British advance had been nearly completed. General Grant, with the Highland regiments, advanced along the coast road, where the American outposts were held by William Alexander, of New Jersey, commonly

known as Lord Stirling, from a lapsed Scotch earldom to which he had claimed the title. The Hessians, under General von Heister, proceeded along the Bedford and Flatbush roads, which were defended by Sullivan; while more than half of the army, under Howe in person, accompanied by Clinton, Percy, and Cornwallis, accomplished a long night march by the Jamaica road, in order to take the Americans in flank. This long flanking march was completed in perfect secrecy because the people of the neighborhood were in sympathy with the British, and it encountered no obstacles because the American force was simply incapable of covering so much territory. The divisions of Stirling and Sullivan contained the 5000 men which were all that Putnam could afford to send forward from his works. A patrol which watched the Jamaica road was captured early in the morning, but it would not in any case have been possible to send any force there which could materially have hindered the British advance. Overwhelming superiority in numbers enabled the British to go where they pleased, and the battle was already virtually won when they appeared on the Jamaica road in the rear of the village of Bedford. Scarcely had the fight begun on the crest of the hill between Sullivan and the Hessians in his front when he found himself assaulted in the rear. Thrown into confusion, and driven back and forth through the woods between two galling fires, his division was quickly routed, and nearly all were taken prisoners, including the general himself. On the coast road the fight between Stirling and Grant was the first in which Americans had ever met British troops in open field and in regular line of battle. Against the sturdy Highland regiments Stirling held his ground gallantly for four hours, until he was in turn assaulted in the rear by Lord Cornwallis, after the rout of Sullivan. It now became, with Stirling, simply a

question of saving his division from capture, and after a desperate fight this end was accomplished, and the men got back to Brooklyn Heights, though the brave Stirling himself was taken prisoner. In this noble struggle the highest honors were won by the brigade of Maryland men commanded by Smallwood, and throughout the war we shall find this honorable distinction of Maryland for the personal gallantry of her troops fully maintained, until in the last pitched battle, at Eutaw Springs, we see them driving the finest infantry of England at the point of the bayonet.

The defeat of Sullivan and Stirling enabled Howe to bring up his whole army in front of the works at Brooklyn Heights toward the close of the day. To complete the victory it would be necessary to storm these works, but Howe's men were tired with marching, if not with fighting, and so the incident known as the battle of Long Island came to an end. A swift ship was at once dispatched to England with the news of the victory, which was somewhat highly colored. It was for a while supposed that there had been a terrible slaughter, but careful research has shown that this was not the case. About 400 had been killed and wounded on each side, and this loss had been incurred mainly in the fight between Stirling and Grant. On other parts of the field the British triumph had consisted chiefly in the scooping up of prisoners, of whom at least 1000 were taken. The stories of a wholesale butchery by the Hessians which once were current have been completely disproved. Washington gave a detailed account of the affair a few days afterward, and the most careful investigation has shown that he was correct in every particular. But to the American public the blow was none the less terrible, while in England the exultation served as an offset to the chagrin felt after the loss of Boston and the defeat at Fort Moultrie, and it was naturally long be-

fore facts could be seen in their true proportions.

Heavy as was the blow, however, General Howe's object was still but half attained. He had neither captured nor destroyed the American forces on Long Island, but had only driven them into their works. He was still confronted by 8000 men on Brooklyn Heights, and the problem was how to dislodge them. In the evening Washington came over from New York, and made everything ready to resist a storm. To this end, on the next day, he brought over reinforcements, raising his total force within the works to 10,000 men. Under such circumstances, if the British had attempted a storm, they would probably have been repulsed with great slaughter. But Howe had not forgotten Bunker Hill, and he thought it best to proceed by way of siege. As soon as Washington perceived this intention of his adversary, he saw that he must withdraw his army. He would have courted a storm, in which he was almost sure to be victorious, but he shrank from a siege, in which he was quite sure to lose his whole force. The British troops now invested him in a semicircle, and their ships might at any moment close in behind and cut off his only retreat. Accordingly, sending trusty messengers across the river, Washington collected every sloop, yacht, fishing-smack, yawl, scow, or row-boat that could be found in either water from the Battery to King's Bridge or Hell-Gate; and after nightfall of the 29th, these craft were all assembled at the Brooklyn ferry, and wisely manned by the fishermen of Marblehead and Gloucester from Glover's Essex regiment, experts, every one of them, whether at oar or sail. All through the night the American troops were ferried across the broad river, as quietly as possible and in excellent order, while Washington superintended the details of the embarkation, and was himself the last man to leave the ground. At seven o'clock in

the morning the whole American army had landed on the New York side, and had brought with them all their cannon, small arms, ammunition, tools, and horses, and all their larder besides, so that when the bewildered British climbed into the empty works they did not find so much as a biscuit or a glass of rum wherewith to console themselves.

This retreat has always been regarded as one of the most brilliant incidents in Washington's career, and it would certainly be hard to find a more striking example of vigilance. Had Washington allowed himself to be cooped up on Brooklyn Heights he would have been forced to surrender; and whatever was left of the war would have been a game played without queen, rook, or bishop. For this very reason it is hardly creditable to Howe that he should have let his adversary get away so easily. At daybreak, indeed, the Americans had been remarkably favored by the sudden rise of a fog which covered the East River, but during the night the moon had shone brightly, and one can only wonder that the multitudinous plash of oars and the unavoidable murmur of ten thousand men embarking, with their heavy guns and stores, should not have attracted the attention of some wakeful sentinel, either on shore or on the fleet. A storming party of British, at the right moment, would at least have disturbed the proceedings. So rare a chance of ending the war at a blow was never again to be offered to the British commanders. Washington now stationed the bulk of his army along the line of the Harlem River, leaving a strong detachment in the city under Putnam; and presently, with the same extraordinary skill which he had just displayed in sending boats under the very eyes of the fleet, he withdrew Colonel Prescott and his troops from their exposed position on Governor's Island, which there was no longer any reason for holding.

Hoping that the stroke just given by the British sword might have weakened the obstinacy of the Americans, Lord Howe again had recourse to the olive-branch. The captured General Sullivan was sent to Congress to hold out hopes that Lord Howe would use his influence to get all the obnoxious acts of Parliament repealed, only he would first like to confer with some of the members of Congress informally and as with mere private gentlemen. A lively debate ensued upon this proposal, in which some saw an insult to Congress, while all quite needlessly suspected treachery. John Adams, about whom there was so much less of the *suaviter in modo* than of the *fortiter in re*, alluded to Sullivan, very unjustly, as a "decoy duck," who had better have been shot in the battle than employed on such a business. It was finally voted that no proposals of peace from Great Britain should receive notice, unless they should be conveyed in writing, and should explicitly recognize Congress as the legal representative of the American States. For this once, however, out of personal regard for Lord Howe, and that nothing might be disdained which really looked toward a peaceful settlement, they would send a committee to Staten Island to confer with his lordship, who might regard this committee in whatever light he pleased. In this shrewd, half-humorous method of getting rid of the diplomatic difficulty, one is forcibly reminded of President Lincoln's famous proclamation addressed "To whom it may concern." The committee, consisting of Franklin, Rutledge, and John Adams, were hospitably entertained by Lord Howe, but their conference came to nothing, because the Americans now demanded a recognition of their independence as a condition which must precede all negotiation. There is no doubt that Lord Howe, who was a warm friend to the Americans and a most energetic opponent of the king's policy, was bitterly grieved at

this result. As a last resort he published a proclamation announcing the intention of the British government to reconsider the various acts and instructions by which the Americans had been annoyed, and appealing to all right-minded people to decide for themselves whether it were not wise to rely on a solemn promise like this, rather than commit themselves to the dangerous chances of an unequal and unrighteous war.

Four days after this futile interview General Howe took possession of New York. After the loss of Brooklyn Heights, Washington and Greene were already aware that the city could not be held. Its capture was very easily effected. Several ships-of-the-line ascended the Hudson as far as Bloomingdale, and the East River as far as Blackwell's Island; and while thus from either side these vessels swept the northern part of Manhattan with a furious fire, General Howe brought his army across from Brooklyn in boats and landed at Kipp's Bay, near the present site of East Thirty-Fourth Street. Washington came promptly down, with two New England brigades, to reinforce the men whom he had stationed at that point, and to hinder the landing of the enemy until Putnam should have time to evacuate the city. To Washington's wrath and disgust, these men were seized with panic, and suddenly turned and fled without firing a shot. Had Howe now thrown his men promptly forward across the line of Thirty-Fourth Street, he would have cut off Putnam's retreat from the city. But what the New England brigades failed to do a bright woman succeeded in accomplishing. When Howe had reached the spot known as Murray Hill, now the centre of much brownstone magnificence in Park and Madison and Fifth avenues, at that time a noble country farmstead, Mrs. Lindley Murray, mother of the famous grammarian, well knowing the easy temper of

the British commander, sent out a servant to invite him to stop and take luncheon. A general halt was ordered; and while Howe and his officers were gracefully entertained for more than two hours by their accomplished and subtle hostess, Putnam hastily marched his 4000 men up the shore of the Hudson, until, passing Bloomingdale, he touched the right wing of the main army, and was safe, though his tents, blankets, and heavy guns had been left behind. The American lines now extended from the mouth of Harlem River across the island, and on the following day the British attempted to break through their centre at Harlem Heights; but the attack was repulsed, with a loss of sixty Americans and three hundred British, and the lines just formed remained, with very little change, for nearly four weeks.

General Howe had thus got possession of the city of New York, but the conquest availed him little so long as the American army stood across the island, in the attitude of blockading him. If this campaign was to decide the war, as the ministry hoped, nothing short of the capture or dispersal of Washington's army would suffice. But the problem was now much harder than it had been at Brooklyn. For as the land above Manhattan Island widens rapidly to the north and east, it would not be easy to hem Washington in by sending forces to his rear. As soon as he should find his position imperiled, he would possess the shorter line by which to draw his battalions together and force an escape, and so the event proved. Still, with Howe's superior force and with his fleet, if he could get up the Hudson to the rear of the American right, and at the same time land troops from the Sound in the rear of the American left, it was possible that Washington might be compelled to surrender. There was nothing to bar Howe's passage up the East River to the Sound; but at the northern ex-

tremity of Manhattan Island the ascent of the Hudson was guarded on the east by Fort Washington, under command of Putnam, and on the west by Fort Lee, standing on the summit of the lofty cliffs known as the Palisades, and commanded by Greene. It was still doubtful, however, whether these two strongholds could effectually bar the ascent of so broad a river, and for further security Putnam undertook to place obstructions in the bed of the stream itself. Both the Continental Congress and the State Convention of New York were extremely unwilling that these two fortresses should in any event be given up, for in no case must the Hudson River be abandoned. Putnam and Greene thought that the forts could be held, but by the 9th of October it was proved that they could not bar the passage of the river, for on that day two frigates ran safely between them, and captured some small American craft a short distance above. This point having been ascertained, General Howe, on the 12th, leaving Percy in command before Harlem Heights, moved the greater part of his army nine miles up the East River to Throg's Neck, a peninsula in the Sound, separated from the mainland by a narrow creek and a marsh that was overflowed at high tide. By landing here suddenly, Howe hoped to get in Washington's rear and cut him off from his base of supply in Connecticut. But Washington had foreseen the move and forestalled it. When Howe arrived at Throg's Neck, he found the bridge over the creek destroyed, and the main shore occupied by a force which it would be dangerous to try to dislodge by wading across the marsh. While Howe was thus detained six days on the peninsula, Washington moved his base to White Plains, and concentrated his whole army at that point, abandoning everything on Manhattan Island except Fort Washington. Sullivan, Stirling, and Morgan, who had just been exchanged, now re-

joined the army, and Lee also arrived from South Carolina.

By this movement to White Plains, Washington had foiled Howe's attempt to get in his rear, and the British general decided to try the effect of an attack in front. On the 28th of October he succeeded in storming an outpost at Chatterton Hill, losing 229 lives, while the Americans lost 140. But this affair, which is sometimes known as the battle of White Plains, seems to have discouraged Howe. Before renewing the attack he waited three days, thinking perhaps of Bunker Hill; and on the last night of October, Washington fell back upon North Castle, where he took a position so strong that it was useless to think of assailing him. Howe then changed his plans entirely, and moved down the east bank of the Hudson to Dobb's Ferry, whence he could either attack Fort Washington, or cross into New Jersey and advance upon Philadelphia, the "rebel capital." The purpose of this change was to entice Washington from his unassailable position.

To meet this new movement, Washington threw his advance of 5000 men, under Putnam, into New Jersey, where they encamped near Hackensack; he sent Heath up to Peekskill, with 3000 men, to guard the entrance to the Highlands; and he left Lee at North Castle, with 7000 men, and ordered him to co-operate with him promptly in whatever direction, as soon as the nature of Howe's plans should become apparent. As Forts Washington and Lee detained a large force in garrison, while they had shown themselves unable to prevent ships from passing up the river, there was no longer any use in holding them. Nay, they had now become dangerous, as traps in which the garrisons and stores might be suddenly surrounded and captured. Washington accordingly resolved to evacuate them both, while, to allay the fears of Congress in the event of a descent from Canada, he ordered Heath

to fortify the much more important position at West Point.

Had Washington's orders been obeyed and his plans carried out, history might still have recorded a retreat through "the Jerseys," but how different a retreat from that which was now about to take place! The officious interference of Congress, a venial error of judgment on the part of Greene, and gross insubordination on the part of Lee, occurring all together at this critical moment, brought about the greatest disaster of the war, and came within an ace of overwhelming the American cause in total and irretrievable ruin. Washington instructed Greene, who now commanded both fortresses, to withdraw the garrison and stores from Fort Washington, and to make arrangements for evacuating Fort Lee also. At the same time he did not give a positive order, but left the matter somewhat within Greene's discretion, in case military circumstances of an unforeseen kind should arise. Then, while Washington had gone up to reconnoitre the site for the new fortress at West Point, there came a special order from Congress that Fort Washington should not be abandoned save under direst extremity. If Greene had thoroughly grasped Washington's view of the case, he would have disregarded this conditional order, for there could hardly be a worse extremity than that which the sudden capture of the fortress would entail. But Greene's mind was not quite clear; he believed that the fort could be held, and he did not like to take the responsibility of disregarding a message from Congress. In this dilemma, he did the worst thing possible: he reinforced the doomed garrison, and awaited Washington's return.

When the commander-in-chief returned, on the 14th, he learned with dismay that nothing had been done. But it was now too late to mend matters, for that very night several British vessels passed up between the forts, and the

next day Howe appeared before Fort Washington with an overwhelming force, and told Colonel Magaw, the officer in charge, that if he did not immediately surrender the whole garrison would be put to the sword. Magaw replied that he would fight as long as breath was left in his body, and if Howe wanted his fort he must come and take it. On the 16th, after a sharp struggle, in which the Americans fought with desperate gallantry, though they were outnumbered more than five to one, the works were carried, and the whole garrison was captured. The victory cost the British more than 500 men in killed and wounded. The Americans, fighting behind their works, lost but 150; but they surrendered 3000 of the best troops in their half-trained army, together with an immense quantity of artillery and small arms. It was not in General Howe's kindly nature to carry out his savage threat of the day before; but some of the Hessians, maddened with the stubborn resistance they had encountered, began murdering their prisoners in cold blood, until they were sharply called to order. From Fort Lee, on the opposite bank of the river, Washington surveyed this woful surrender with his usual iron composure; but when it came to seeing his brave men thrown down and stabbed to death by the cruel Hessian bayonets, his overwrought heart could bear it no longer, and he cried and sobbed like a child.

This capture of the garrison of Fort Washington was one of the most crushing blows that befell the American arms during the whole course of the war. Washington's retreat seemed now likely to be converted into a mere flight, and a most terrible gloom overspread the whole country. The disaster was primarily due to the interference of Congress. It might have been averted by prompt and decisive action on the part of Greene. But Washington, whose clear judgment made due allowance for

all the circumstances, never for a moment cast any blame upon his subordinate. The lesson was never forgotten by Greene, whose intelligence was of that high order which may indeed make a first mistake, but never makes a second. The friendship between the two generals became warmer than ever. Washington, by a sympathetic instinct, had divined from the outset the military genius that was by and by to prove scarcely inferior to his own.

Yet worse remained behind. Washington had but 6000 men on the Jersey side of the river, and it was now high time for Lee to come over from North Castle and join him, with the force of 7000 that had been left under his command. On the 17th, Washington sent a positive order for him to cross the river at once; but Lee dissembled, pretended to regard the order in the light of mere advice, and stayed where he was. He occupied an utterly impregnable position: why should he leave it, and imperil a force with which he might accomplish something memorable on his own account? By the resignation of General Ward, Lee had become the senior major-general of the Continental army, and in the event of disaster to Washington he would almost certainly become commander-in-chief. He had returned from South Carolina more arrogant and loud-voiced than ever. The Northern people knew little of Moultrie, while they supposed Lee to be a great military light; and the charlatan accordingly got the whole credit of the victory, which, if his precious advice had been taken, would never have been won. Lee was called the hero of Charleston, and people began to contrast the victory of Sullivan's Island with the recent defeats, and to draw conclusions very disparaging to Washington. From the beginning Lee had felt personally aggrieved at not being appointed to the chief command, and now he seemed to see a fair chance of ruining his hated rival. Should

he come to the head of the army in a moment of dire disaster to the Americans, it would be so much the better, for it would be likely to open negotiations with Lord Howe, and Lee loved to chaffer and intrigue much better than to fight. So he spent his time in endeavoring, by insidious letters and lying whispers, to nourish the feeling of disaffection toward Washington, while he refused to send a single regiment to his assistance. Thus, through the villainy of this traitor in the camp, Washington actually lost more men, so far as their present use was concerned at this most critical moment, than he had been deprived of by all the blows which the enemy had dealt him since the beginning of the campaign.

On the night of the 19th, Howe threw 5000 men across the river, about five miles above Fort Lee, and with this force Lord Cornwallis marched rapidly down upon that stronghold. The place had become untenable, and it was with some difficulty that a repetition of the catastrophe of Fort Washington was avoided. Greene had barely time, with his 2000 men, to gain the bridge over the Hackensack and join the main army, leaving behind all his cannon, tents, blankets, and eatables. The position now occupied by the main army, between the Hackensack and Passaic rivers, was an unsafe one, in view of the great superiority of the enemy in numbers. A strong British force, coming down upon Washington from the north, might compel him to surrender or to fight at a great disadvantage. To avoid this danger, on the 21st, he crossed the Passaic and marched southwestward to Newark, where he stayed five days; and every day he sent a messenger to Lee, urging him to make all possible haste in bringing over his half of the army, that they might be able to confront the enemy on something like equal terms. Nothing could have been more explicit or more peremptory than Washington's orders;

but Lee affected to misunderstand them, sent excuses, raised objections, paltered, argued, prevaricated, and lied, and so contrived to stay where he was until the first of December. To Washington he pretended that his moving was beset by "obstacles," the nature of which he would explain as soon as they should meet. But to James Bowdoin, president of the executive council of Massachusetts, he wrote at the same time declaring that his own army and that under Washington "must rest each on its own bottom." He assumed command over Heath, who had been left to guard the Highlands, and ordered him to send 2000 troops to reinforce the main army; but that officer very properly refused to depart from the instructions which the commander-in-chief had left with him. To various members of Congress Lee told the falsehood that if *his* advice had only been heeded, Fort Washington would have been evacuated ere it was too late; and he wrote to Dr. Rush, wondering whether any of the members of Congress had ever studied Roman history, and suggesting that he might do great things if he could only be made Dictator for one week.

Meanwhile Washington, unable to risk a battle, was rapidly retreating through New Jersey. On the 28th of November Cornwallis advanced upon Newark, and Washington fell back upon New Brunswick. On the 1st of December, as Cornwallis reached the latter place, Washington broke down the bridge over the Raritan, and continued his retreat to Princeton. The terms of service for which his troops had been enlisted were now beginning to expire, and so great was the discouragement wrought by the accumulation of disasters which had befallen the army since the battle of Long Island that many of the soldiers lost heart in their work. Homesickness began to prevail, especially among the New England troops, and as their terms expired it was difficult to persuade them

to reënlist. Under these circumstances the army dwindled fast, until, by the time he reached Princeton, Washington had but 3000 men remaining at his disposal. The only thing to be done was to put the broad stream of the Delaware between himself and the enemy, and this he accomplished by the 8th, carrying over all his guns and stores, and seizing or destroying every boat that could be found on that great river for many miles in either direction. When the British arrived, on the evening of the same day, they found it impossible to cross. Cornwallis was eager to collect a flotilla of boats as soon as practicable, and push on to Philadelphia, but Howe, who had just joined him, thought it hardly worth while to take so much trouble, as the river would be sure to freeze over before many days. So the army was posted in detachments along the east bank, with its centre at Trenton, under Colonel Rahl; and while they waited for that "snap" of intensely cold weather, which in this climate seldom fails to come on within a few days of Christmas, Howe and Cornwallis both went back to New York.

Meanwhile, on the 2d of December, Lee had at last crossed the Hudson with a force diminished to 4000 men, and had proceeded by slow marches as far as Morristown. Further reinforcements were at hand. General Schuyler, in command of the army which had retreated the last summer from Canada, was guarding the forts on Lake Champlain; and as these appeared to be safe for the present, he detached seven regiments to go to the aid of Washington. As soon as Lee heard of the arrival of three of these regiments at Peekskill, he ordered them to join him at Morristown. As the other four, under General Gates, were making their way through northern New Jersey, doubts arose as to where they should find Washington in the course of his swift retreat. Gates sent his aid, Major Wilkinson, forward

for instructions, and he, learning that Washington had withdrawn into Pennsylvania, reported to Lee at Morristown, as second in command.

Lee had left his army in charge of Sullivan, and had foolishly taken up his quarters at an ungarded tavern about four miles from the town, and here Wilkinson found him in bed on the morning of the 13th. After breakfast Lee wrote a confidential letter to Gates, as to a kindred spirit from whom he might expect to get sympathy. Terrible had been the consequences of the disaster at Fort Washington. "There never was so damned a stroke," said the letter. "*Entre nous*, a certain great man is most damnably deficient. He has thrown me into a situation where I have my choice of difficulties. If I stay in this province I risk myself and army, and if I do not stay the province is lost forever. . . . Our counsels have been weak to the last degree. As to yourself, if you think you can be in time to aid the general, I would have you by all means go. You will at least save your army. . . . Adieu, my dear friend. God bless you." Hardly had he signed his name to this scandalous document when Wilkinson, who was standing at the window, exclaimed that the British were upon them. Sure enough. A Tory in the neighborhood, discerning the golden opportunity, had galloped eighteen miles to the British lines, and returned with a party of thirty dragoons, who surrounded the house and captured the vain-glorious schemer before he had time to collect his senses. Bareheaded and dressed only in a flannel gown and slippers, he was mounted on Wilkinson's horse, which stood waiting at the door, and was carried off, amid much mirth and exultation, to the British camp. Crestfallen and bewildered, he expressed a craven hope that his life might be spared, but was playfully reminded that he would very likely be summarily dealt with as a deserter from the British

army; and with this scant comfort he was fain to content himself for some weeks to come.

The capture of General Lee was reckoned by the people as one more in the list of dire catastrophes which made the present season the darkest moment in the whole course of the war. Had they known all that we know now, they would have seen that the army was well rid of a worthless mischief-maker, while the history of the war had gained a curiously picturesque episode. Apart from this incident there was cause enough for the gloom which now overspread the whole country. Washington had been forced to seek shelter behind the Delaware with a handful of men, whose terms of service were soon to expire, and another fortnight might easily witness the utter dispersal of this poor little army. At Philadelphia, where Putnam was now in command, there was a general panic, and people began hiding their valuables and moving their wives and children out into the country. Congress took fright, and retired to Baltimore. At the beginning of December, Lord Howe and his brother had issued a proclamation offering pardon and protection to all citizens who within sixty days should take the oath of allegiance to the British Crown; and in the course of ten days nearly three thousand persons, many of them wealthy and of high standing in society, had availed themselves of this promise. The British soldiers and the Tories considered the contest virtually ended. General Howe was compared with Cæsar, who came, and saw, and conquered. For his brilliant successes he had been made a Knight Commander of the Bath, and New York was to become the scene of merry Christmas festivities on the occasion of his receiving the famous red ribbon. In his confidence that Washington's strength was quite exhausted, he detached a considerable force from the army in New Jersey, and sent it,

under Lord Percy, to take possession of Newport as a convenient station for British ships entering the Sound. Donop and Rahl with their Hessians and Grant with his hardy Scotchmen would now quite suffice to destroy the remnant of Washington's army; and Cornwallis accordingly packed his portmanteaus and sent them aboard ship, intending to sail for England as soon as the fumes of the Christmas punch should be duly slept off.

Well might Thomas Paine declare, in the first of the series of pamphlets entitled *The Crisis*, which he now began to publish, that "these are the times that try men's souls." But in the midst of the general despondency there were a few brave hearts that had not yet begun to despair, and the bravest of these was Washington's. At this awful moment the whole future of America, and of all that America signifies to the world, rested upon that single Titanic will. Cruel defeat and yet more cruel treachery, enough to have crushed the strongest, could not crush Washington. All the lion in him was aroused, and his powerful nature was aglow with passionate resolve. His keen eye already saw the elements of weakness in Howe's too careless disposition of his forces on the east bank of the Delaware, and he had already planned for his antagonist such a Christmas greeting as he little expected. Just at this moment Washington was opportunely reinforced by Sullivan and Gates, with the troops lately under Lee's command; and with his little army thus raised to 6000 men, he meditated such a bold stroke as might revive the drooping spirits of his countrymen, and confound the enemy in the very moment of his fancied triumph.

Washington's plan was, by a sudden attack, to overwhelm the British centre at Trenton, and thus force the army to retreat upon New York. The Delaware was to be crossed in three divisions. The right wing, of 2000 men, under

Gates, was to attack Count Donop at Burlington; Ewing, with the centre, was to cross directly opposite Trenton; while Washington himself, with the left wing, was to cross nine miles above, and march down upon Trenton from the north. On Christmas Day all was ready, but the beginnings of the enterprise were not auspicious. Gates, who preferred to go and intrigue in Congress, succeeded in begging off, and started for Baltimore. Cadwalader, who took his place, tried hard to get his men and artillery across the river, but was baffled by the huge masses of floating ice, and reluctantly gave up the attempt. Ewing was so discouraged that he did not even try to cross, and both officers took it for granted that Washington must be foiled in like manner. But Washington was desperately in earnest; and although at sunset, just as he had reached his crossing-place, he was informed by special messenger of the failure of Ewing and Cadwalader, he determined to go on and make the attack with the 2500 men whom he had with him. The great blocks of ice, borne swiftly along by the powerful current, made the passage extremely dangerous, but Glover, with his skillful fishermen of Marblehead, succeeded in ferrying the little army across without the loss of a man or a gun. More than ten hours were consumed in the passage, and then there was a march of nine miles to be made in a blinding storm of snow and sleet. They pushed rapidly on in two columns, led by Greene and Sullivan respectively, drove in the enemy's pickets at the point of the bayonet, and entered the town by different roads soon after sunrise. Washington's guns were at once planted so as to sweep the streets, and after Colonel Rahl and seventeen of his men had been slain the whole body of Hessians, 1000 in number, surrendered at discretion. Of the Americans, two were frozen to death on the march, and two were killed in the action. By noon of the next day Cad-

walader had crossed the river to Burlington, but no sooner had Donop heard what had happened at Trenton than he retreated by a circuitous road to Princeton, leaving behind all his sick and wounded soldiers, and all his heavy arms and baggage. Washington recrossed into Pennsylvania with his prisoners, but again advanced, and occupied Trenton on the 29th.

When the news of the catastrophe reached New York, the holiday feasting was rudely disturbed. Instead of embarking for England, Cornwallis rode post-haste to Princeton, where he found Donop throwing up earthworks. On the morning of January 2d Cornwallis advanced, with 8000 men, upon Trenton, but his march was slow and painful. He was exposed during most of the day to a galling fire from parties of riflemen hidden in the woods by the roadside, and Greene, with a force of 600 men and two field-pieces, contrived so to harass and delay him that he did not reach Trenton till late in the afternoon. By that time Washington had withdrawn his whole force beyond the Assunpink, a small river which flows into the Delaware just south of Trenton, and had guarded the bridge and the fords by batteries admirably placed. The British made several attempts to cross, but were repulsed with some slaughter; and as their day's work had sorely fatigued them, Cornwallis thought best to wait until to-morrow, while he sent his messenger post-haste back to Princeton to bring up a force of nearly 2000 men which he had left behind there. With this added strength he felt sure that he could force the passage of the stream above the American position, when by turning Washington's right flank he could fold him back against the Delaware, and thus compel him to surrender. Cornwallis accordingly went to bed in high spirits. "At last we have run down the old fox," said he, "and we will bag him in the morning."

The situation was indeed a very dangerous one; but when the British general called his antagonist an old fox, he did him no more than justice. In its union of slyness with audacity, the movement which Washington now executed strongly reminds one of "Stonewall" Jackson. He understood perfectly well what Cornwallis intended to do; but he knew at the same time that detachments of the British army must have been left behind at Princeton and New Brunswick to guard the stores. From the size of the army before him he rightly judged that these rear detachments must be too small to withstand his own force. By overwhelming one or both of them, he could compel Cornwallis to retreat upon New York, while he himself might take up an impregnable position on the heights about Morristown, from which he might threaten the British line and hold their whole army in check. — a most brilliant and daring scheme for a commander to entertain while in such a perilous position as Washington was that night! But the manner in which he began by extricating himself was not the least brilliant part of the manœuvre. All night long the American camp-fires were kept burning brightly, and small parties were busily engaged in throwing up intrenchments so near the Assunpink that the British sentinels could plainly hear the murmur of their voices and the thud of the spade and pickaxe. While this was going on, the whole American army marched swiftly up the south bank of the little stream, passed around Cornwallis's left wing to his rear, and gained the road to Princeton. Toward sunrise, as the British detachment was coming down the road from Princeton to Trenton, in obedience to Cornwallis's order, its van, under Colonel Mawhood, met the foremost column of Americans approaching, under General Mercer. As he caught sight of the Americans, Mawhood thought that they must be a party of fugitives, and hastened to intercept

them ; but he was soon undeceived. The Americans attacked with vigor, and a sharp fight was sustained, with varying fortunes, until Mercer was pierced by a bayonet, and his men began to fall back in some confusion. Just at this critical moment Washington came galloping upon the field and rallied the troops, and as the entire forces on both sides had now come up the fight became general. In a few minutes the British were routed and their line was cut in two ; one half fleeing toward Trenton, the other half toward New Brunswick. There was little slaughter, as the whole fight did not occupy more than twenty minutes. The British lost about 200 in killed and wounded, with 300 prisoners and their cannon ; the American loss was less than 100.

Shortly before sunrise, the men who had been left in the camp on the Assunpink to feed the fires and make a noise beat a hasty retreat, and found their way to Princeton by circuitous paths. When Cornwallis got up, he could hardly believe his eyes. Here was nothing before him but an empty camp : the American army had vanished, and whither it had gone he could not imagine. But his perplexity was soon relieved by the booming of distant cannon on the Princeton road, and the game which the "old fox" had played him all at once became apparent. Nothing was to be done but to retreat upon New Brunswick with all possible haste, and save the stores there. His road led back through Princeton, and from Mawhood's fugitives he soon heard the story of the morning's disaster. His march was hindered by various impediments. A thaw had set in, so that the little streams had swelled into roaring torrents, difficult to ford, and the American army, which had passed over the road before day-break, had not forgotten to destroy the bridges. By the time that Cornwallis and his men reached Princeton, wet and weary, the Americans had already left

it, but they had not gone on to New Brunswick. Washington had hoped to seize the stores there, but the distance was eighteen miles, his men were wretchedly shod and too tired to march rapidly, and it would not be prudent to risk a general engagement when his main purpose could be secured without one. For these reasons, Washington turned northward to the heights of Morristown, while Cornwallis continued his retreat to New Brunswick. A few days later, Putnam advanced from Philadelphia and occupied Princeton, thus forming the right wing of the American army, of which the main body lay at Morristown, while Heath's division on the Hudson constituted the left wing. Various cantonments were established along this long line. On the 5th, George Clinton, coming down from Peekskill, drove the British out of Hackensack and occupied it, while on the same day a detachment of German mercenaries at Springfield was routed by a body of militia. Elizabethtown was then taken by General Maxwell, whereupon the British retired from Newark.

Thus in a brief campaign of three weeks Washington had rallied the fragments of a defeated and broken army, fought two successful battles, taken nearly 2000 prisoners, and recovered the State of New Jersey. He had canceled the disastrous effects of Lee's treachery, and replaced things apparently in the condition in which the fall of Fort Washington had left them. Really he had done much more than this, for by assuming the offensive and winning victories through sheer force of genius, he had completely turned the tide of popular feeling. The British generals began to be afraid of him, while on the other hand his army began to grow by the accession of fresh recruits. In New Jersey the enemy retained nothing but New Brunswick, Amboy, and Paulus Hook.

On the 25th Washington issued a

proclamation declaring that all persons who had accepted Lord Howe's offer of protection must either retire within the British lines, or come forward and take the oath of allegiance to the United States. Many narrow-minded people, who did not look with favor upon a close federation of the States, commented severely upon the form of this proclamation: it was too national, they said. But it proved effective. However lukewarm may have been the interest which many of the Jersey people felt in the war when their soil was first invaded, the conduct of the British troops had been such that every one now looked upon them as foreign enemies. They had not only foraged indiscriminately upon friend and foe, but they had set fire to farmhouses, murdered peaceful citizens, and violated women. The wrath of the people, kindled by such outrages, had waxed so hot that it was not safe for the British to stir beyond their narrow lines except in considerable force. Their foraging parties were waylaid and cut off by bands of indignant yeomanry, and so sorely were they harassed in their advanced position at New Brunswick that they often suffered from want of food. Many of the German mercenaries, caring nothing for the cause in which they had been forcibly enlisted, began deserting; and in this they were encouraged by Congress, which issued a manifesto in German, making a liberal offer of land to any foreign soldier who should leave the British service. This little document was inclosed in the wrappers in which packages of tobacco were sold, and every now and then some canny smoker accepted the offer.

Washington's position at Morristown was so strong that there was no hope of dislodging him, and the snow-blocked roads made the difficulties of a winter campaign so great that Howe thought best to wait for warm weather before doing anything more. While the Brit-

ish arms were thus held in check, the friends of America, both in England and on the continent of Europe, were greatly encouraged. From this moment Washington was regarded in Europe as a first-rate general. Military critics who were capable of understanding his movements compared his brilliant achievements with his slender resources, and discovered in him genius of a high order. Men began to call him "the American Fabius;" and this epithet was so pleasing to his fellow-countrymen, in that pedantic age, that it clung to him for the rest of his life, and was repeated in newspapers and speeches and pamphlets with wearisome iteration. Yet there was something more than Fabian in Washington's generalship. For wariness he has never been surpassed; yet, as Colonel Stedman observed, in his excellent contemporary history of the war, the most remarkable thing about Washington was his courage. It would be hard indeed to find more striking examples of audacity than he exhibited at Trenton and Princeton. Lord Cornwallis was no mean antagonist, and no one was a better judge of what a commander might be expected to do with a given stock of resources. His surprise at the Assunpink was so great that he never got over it. After the surrender at Yorktown, his lordship expressed to Washington his generous admiration for the wonderful skill which had suddenly hurled an army four hundred miles, from the Hudson River to the James, with such precision and such deadly effect. "But after all," he added, "your Excellency's achievements in New Jersey were such that nothing could surpass them." The man who had turned the tables on him at the Assunpink he could well believe to be capable of anything.

In England the effect of the campaign was very serious. Not long before, Edmund Burke had despondingly remarked that an army which was always obliged to refuse battle could never expel the in-

vaders ; but now the case wore a different aspect. Sir William Howe had not so much to show for his red ribbon, after all. He had taken New York, and dealt many heavy blows with his overwhelming force, unexpectedly aided by foul play on the American side ; but as for crushing Washington and ending the war, he seemed farther from it than ever. It would take another campaign to do this, — perhaps many. Lord North, who had little heart for the war at any time, was discouraged, while the king and Lord George Germaine were furious with disappointment. “It was that unhappy affair of Trenton,” observed the latter, “that blasted our hopes.”

John Fiske.

ALEC YEATON'S SON.

GLoucester, AUGUST, 1720.

THE wind it wailed, the wind it moaned,
And the white caps flecked the sea ;
“An’ I would to God,” the skipper groaned,
“I had not my boy with me !”

Snug in the stern-sheets, little John
Laughed as the scud swept by ;
But the skipper’s sunburnt cheek grew wan
As he watched the wicked sky.

“Would he were at his mother’s side !”
And the skipper’s eyes were dim.
“Good Lord in heaven, if ill betide,
What would become of him !

“For me — my muscles are as steel,
For me let hap what may ;
I might make shift upon the keel
Until the break o’ day.

“But he, he is so weak and small,
So young, scarce learned to stand —
O pitying Father of us all,
I trust him in Thy hand !

“For Thou, who markest from on high
A sparrow’s fall — each one ! —
Surely, O Lord, thou ’lt have an eye
On Alec Yeaton’s son !”

Then, helm hard-port, right straight he sailed
Towards the headland light :

The wind it moaned, the wind it wailed,
And black, black fell the night.

Then burst a storm to make one quail
Though loused from winds and waves —
They who could tell about that gale
Must rise from watery graves!

Sudden it came, as sudden went;
Ere half the night was sped,
The winds were hushed, the waves were spent,
And the stars shone overhead.

Now, as the morning mist grew thin,
The folk on Gloucester shore
Saw a little figure floating in
Secure, on a broken oar!

Up rose the cry, "A wreck! a wreck!
Pull, mates, and waste no breath" —
They knew it, though 't was but a speck
Upon the edge of death!

Long did they marvel in the town
At God his strange decree,
That let the stalwart skipper drown,
And the little child go free!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

PASSE ROSE.

XIII.

It had been felt by all the inmates of the Abbey of St. Servais, after Brother Dominic's return from Immaburg, that his journey had wrought in him some strange transformation. He who used to labor at his desk with such patience, content to spend an entire day on a single gigantic capital (though able to copy in that time an entire epistle of the blessed St. Peter in Tironian characters), now sighed at his window like a longing girl, or paced the garden walks in restless self-communion. Brother Dominic was himself aware of this change, al-

though he would have strenuously denied it, had it been brought to his charge; for at times, in the oval of the capital he was tracing, a face looked out upon him, his pen was entangled in a tress of yellow hair, and a mist of blue eyes hid the page altogether.

Reflecting upon his experiences at Immaburg, he was at least ready to admit there was that in the world he had not suspected, and that the wine of a king is sometimes stronger than that of an abbot. He endeavored in vain, however, to retrace in sequence the events of his journey. At whichever end he began, he came always to that fatal cup on the

eve of his departure from the villa, — a cup in which the strands of memory had dissolved away. Certain he was that before setting out from the abbey he was no favorite of the prior. How then should the woman know that he had the prior's esteem? It was equally true that before his journey he gave no thought to the coarseness of his frock, which now irritated and displeased him as he recalled the *cedal* of soft texture about the neck of the woman who roused him from his nap in the strangers' hall at Immburg. So dear to him had been his copying-desk, its parchment and inks of vermillion and gold, that when he fell asleep he was dreaming of nothing more than to be seated at it again; and now he gazed listless at the manuscript spread before him, and his former pursuit afforded him no satisfaction. More than this, a fragrance other than that of the holy spices mingled with the smoke of the censer, and a voice not the reader's ravished his ear in the very midst of the sacred offices.

Exactly what had happened while the fumes of the wine were upon him he could not tell. A confused recollection of messages given and taken; of seeing the captain with the demon; of the demon itself, which nevertheless had thrust an arm of honest flesh under his nose, and had entered the house of God freely without signs of terror; and above all, of a face and voice sweeter and more potent than even the king's wine, was all he could recover from memory. He felt conscious of having committed some grievous error, but whether it consisted in holding converse with the woman or the demon, in receiving the message or in surrendering it, he could not determine. On his homeward way he had reflected upon what he should say to the prior when he rendered an account of his journey, and after much misgiving had purposed to tell in all sincerity how a woman of the princesses' household had given him letters for a certain goldsmith

of Maestricht, but had taken them again, saying she would dispatch them by another messenger; also, how another, whether woman or devil he knew not, had bidden him tell the prior she was well. Less than this he dared not utter, more he could not. But when, after relating the issue of his mission to the king and the queen's reception of the missal, the prior questioned him of other matters, between his own confusion and the chill of the prior's eye, his courage failed him, and he held his peace altogether.

Had any one deemed it worthy of notice, a change as great as that which had befallen Brother Dominic might also have been observed in Friedgis, after the last visit of Passe Rose to the abbey. Upon the apathy and dejection into which misfortune had plunged him she had blazed like a star. Suspicious as he had been of her sincerity, it was only when she failed to reappear that he realized what credit he had attached to her promises. As the days passed, his suspicions had deepened. But a hope once kindled is hard to kill. The monotony of the abbey life jarred with this hope and irritated his expectancy. As he lay awake at night, listening for the song of the cuckoo, balancing the girl's promise against her long delay, those mysterious words of the gospels, "in kings' houses," came to him with all the assured conviction of Passe Rose's utterance, and he followed the courses of awakened hope and desire as the Northman's bark follows the rising wind. Did the girl indeed speak truly? He would verify her words in person. Being a slave, to flee was to steal, and to steal was to lose, for the first offense, an eye; for the second, the nose; for the third, life. Beyond the instant when, outside the abbey walls, he should set his face in the direction Passe Rose had so vaguely indicated as that of Aix, he had no plan. But to plan was not his nature; he would meet what the

future brought as the bark's prow meets the waves. Surely the collar was an omen from the gods, — the gods, always forgotten in prosperity, denied in misfortune, and remembered again at the first gleam of hope! Of a truth the gods lived; for on the very eve of his projected flight Brother Dominic came to his cell, bidding him prepare to accompany the Prior Sergius on the morrow to Aix as his servant. Aye, surely, the gods lived!

Upon Brother Dominic, whom the prior also took with him, the announcement of this second journey produced a strange exhilaration. Inasmuch as Sergius, the abbot being still weak, went to represent the latter on the occasion of the return of Pepin, victor in the campaign against the Avars, it was natural that Brother Dominic should argue that he was certain to share with the prior the king's hospitality, — a thought well calculated to excite pride. And it was thus he sought to explain the elation which the anticipations of this journey caused him, as he rode one morning of the harvest month from the abbey yard, just as the sun rose out of the wood of Hesbaye. "I have served God these many years," thought he, drawing himself erect on his mule; "the saints forbid I should now serve the devil!" If it pleased him to go to Aix, certainly that was because he should mingle there with great people and witness a great pageant. Vassals of the king from the Marches of Spain to the land of the Obodrites, nobles from Brittany and Carinthia, prelates of the Church and dignitaries of the State, the king himself, his young queen and fair daughters, women of the royal household, — when Brother Dominic reached this point in his enumeration, the beatings of his heart forced him to grasp the mule tightly, till the vision had passed. Surely the woman was right; he had the prior's favor, else why was he now his companion? It was strange; who had told her? Yet the very sweet-

ness of truth was in her voice, and her eyes — Here Brother Dominic's heart was seized with such new tremors that the Saxon Friedgis, who walked behind with the servants and beasts of burden, looked to see him lose his hold altogether.

Mounted upon a fiery horse whose restive movements he controlled without seeming to heed them, the Prior Sergius rode alone in advance of Brother Dominic's gray mule. At a little distance he might have been mistaken for some *fidèle* of the king, on his way to the Champ de Mai to fulfill the service of the ban; or, if one observed his Roman dress, prescribed for the clergy, for one of those Frankish prelates in whose veins ran the blood of a conquering race, and whose instincts of enterprise and audacity often led them to exchange the solitude and idleness of the cloister for the excitement of war or the adventuresome life of missionary conquest. As he drew near, one observed a certain grace and elegance of carriage, betraying his Italian descent, and announcing, in spite of his dress, a courtier of the Eastern Empire rather than a prelate of the West. On closer inspection, one saw the pale face of the scholar, possessing the magic and reserve of learning, and forgot in its dreamy gaze both the courtier and the warrior-priest.

These contradictions in the external appearance of the prior were paralleled by the differences of opinion in which he was held. The monks of St. Servais, being forbidden to speak ill of another, would have testified that he was fair of speech, just in government, and nice in the discharge of his duties as in the care of his person. Yet his glance begot in them all an uneasy self-examination. When a rule was broken, one thought of the prior first, of God afterwards. The guests at the monastery table, on the other hand, won by his manner and cheer, were loud in his praise; except it were some surly fellow

who, while the rest fed on the prior's smile, growled in his beard over his cups, "Such a smile never fattened man nor ox." The children, playing in the court as the prior rode out on the road to Aix, ceased their sport at his approach. For them he was so much black shadow, chilling their laughter as the passing cloud dulled the crimson mist of maple buds on the hill slope beyond the ponds in spring. More sensitive than their elders, they responded more quickly to the iron string which vibrated under the pleasantest tones of the prior's voice.

A shepherd of the abbey had once found a dog in the woods at a she-wolf's teats, and enticed it back on his return at night. None had ever suffered from its bite, yet all who saw it, sleek now and well favored, asleep in the gate, remembered that it had wintered with the wolf. The prior constrained the same deference.

If, as the woman of Immaburg had said, Brother Dominic enjoyed the prior's favor, it was evident that he did not possess his confidence, for Sergius rode in front, alone, paying him no heed. Untroubled, however, by this thought, the monk ambled contentedly behind his superior, his face smiling as the landscape lying before them under the ascending sun. Surely no one knows the day which God has made who has not seen it break, nor loves it well who does not greet its first approach, when flowers are bedewed and birds sing. For what man, if he delights in the face of his mistress, will not go before her coming to see her countenance when joy is fresh upon it? Brother Dominic was no poet to feed upon dew and larks' songs, and it was not long before the cravings of his stomach, stimulated by the morning air, carried his hand to his wallet. Yet a poet's thoughts, unformed and unuttered, stirred in his simple soul.

The road which the prior had taken, traversing the luxuriant meadows about the Meuse, soon entered the narrowing

valley, following close now to the river's dancing waters, and now to the oak-crowned cliffs, whose bastions, like a mighty fortress, overtopped the deep moat of the stream. Alive to new impressions, his lips moving softly to a bubbling stream of pleasure, Brother Dominic saw all that passed before his eyes: the corn-flag whence the black-bird shook the dew in his sudden flight; the hamlets hidden among the trees; the villages nestling to the water; the barges floating by; and above, the bluffs of towering rock, out of whose heart the Roman stronghold overhanging the valley had long ago been hewn, and whose quarries now furnished the material for the royal edifices of Aix.

It was clear that in taking the longer road to his destination the prior proposed to spend the night at Visé, a royal bourg where the king had established one of those hospitable houses which afforded free shelter and security to travelers, and which were designed to facilitate commerce and intercourse throughout the kingdom. Brother Dominic remembered the place well, for he had passed this way on his return from Immaburg; and it was not long before the rude movements of his mule and the exhaustion of his wallet combined to render it a very haven of rest and fruition to his quickened imagination. It was with no little satisfaction, then, that he saw at last its outlying farm-buildings, and detected, as he approached, the savory odors of roasting flesh and steaming stews.

The sound of a horn woke the valley echoes as they entered the inclosure. The prior, well known at Visé, was received with ceremony; one hastening to take his horse as he dismounted, another running to fill a copper bowl with water for his ablutions. Brother Dominic, content to mingle with the throng gathered about the fountain, finished his toilet quickly, not failing to observe, meanwhile, among the trees, the smok-

ing dome of the kitchen, which, like an immense beehive, swarmed with servants running to and fro, and gave forth sounds and scents most agreeable to his senses.

"Sir," said a voice, suddenly, at his side, "tell me if, by the grace of God" —

Brother Dominic turned to see who it was thus plucking him by the sleeve, but, the press being great, he discovered no one, and passed with the rest into the room where the tables were spread. Scarcely, however, had he seated himself when he felt his sleeve pulled again, and heard a plaintive voice in his ear: —

"Tell me, in the name of the good God, if by his grace thou hast seen anywhere my dear daughter" — And then came the servants bearing covered dishes, and once more his interlocutor disappeared before he could discover who it was thus addressing him.

After the repast was over, accustomed as he was to the hour of meditation prescribed by the rules of the monastery, and bewildered by the songs and tales of those who lingered at table, he betook himself to a quiet, sunny seat in the open air, where, finding his lids growing heavy, he began to repeat the five canticles whose first letters form the name of the Blessed Mother; and while thus engaged he thought himself transported, by some magical power, to the strangers' hall at Immaburg, and that a voice, sweeter than honey, took as it were the very words of the canticle out of his mouth. Rousing himself with an effort, he perceived that in fact a woman sat beside him, but resembling in no wise the woman of the princesses' household. Her hand shook, whether from age or palsy he could not tell; her voice, sweet though feeble, trembled; her eyes, vacant of intelligence, were yet restless and full of lights.

"Sir, I beseech thee — she was the gift of God. Never did she suck these breasts, yet was she mine. See, this

was her girdle. Sawest thou ever one so small? I keep it here, warm, within my bosom. Surely thou wouldst know her by this girdle. Well, then, who hath taken her from me? Listen. I have a house in Maestricht — In Maestricht, did I say? Yes, that was right, — a house with a garden. Loriots sing there every morning, but she sings there no longer. Tell me, I pray thee, why the loriots sing there, when she is gone; it is not fitting." Troubled by her incoherency, Brother Dominic made a motion to rise. "Nay, I beseech thee, tell me first where she is; the world is so very large, — never before did I conceive it was so large. How is it possible I should find her? Every one must search. Thou wilt know her by her mouth, — a little mouth, like a red rose. No one has so sweet a mouth. Ah, my God, the rose-leaves are not softer nor so fragrant! If one followed the bees, surely one would discover her," — her face brightened; then, relapsing into her monotone, — "but they fly so fast! Who can follow the bees? That is impossible."

"Good mother" — interposed Brother Dominic.

"Aye, good mother, — that is what she used to say, — good little mother. I remember it well, when she said this, standing beside me: her breast reached to my shoulder, — she was obliged to stoop to kiss me. Oh, I remember it well! I have a long memory, for it is a long while. Let us see how long it is. My husband began on that day a silver image to the Virgin. It is said that the king has forbidden that one should prostrate one's self before an image, but to make an image of silver, delicately carven, for God's altar, that is quite different" —

"Is thy husband, then, a goldsmith?" interrupted Brother Dominic, remembering suddenly the message with which *Passe Rose* had charged him.

"Does not every one in Maestricht

know Werdric the goldsmith?" replied the woman. "But it is only I who know why he works day and night on the Virgin's image. That is because he struck the gift of God. Did I say he struck her? It seems to me that he struck her." She passed her hands over her eyes, in the endeavor to recollect. "When a blow is given the blood runs to the spot. That is what I saw. Where the grass is trampled, there the wild boar has passed. Is it not so?"

"Good woman," said Brother Dominic, "methinks thy daughter is well. When I was at" —

"Oh, she is well, never fear. Every night she comes to my bed. Only that cursed collar which the fay gave her has cast a spell about her. Hast thou heard how the fay lost its girdle? My child found its comb by a pool in the wood of Hesbaye. Who would not pick up a comb of gold? I do not blame her. But when she laid hold of it, the fay gave forth such sobs and wailings that her heart was touched, — her heart is so tender!" Father Dominic could but be interested in this narration. The great pagan gods were indeed gone forever, but a host of lesser divinities, like the skirmishers of a retiring army, still lingered in the sacred places and haunted the popular imagination. "So she gave back the comb, receiving in its stead a collar of gold, — cursed collar! It has bewitched my child" —

"Wait a little, my good mother," interposed the monk. "Listen a moment. When I was at Immburg, at the king's villa, a girl like the one thou tellest of bade me say to the goldsmith" —

"Aye, aye, the goldsmith, — that is my husband. He is making an image for the Virgin Mother because he struck a virgin. That is just. It is very easy to appease the Blessed Mother. Her heart is like the good God's. She will forgive. But my child will not forgive so easily. The blow cut her heart in twain."

"I tell thee I have seen thy daughter!" cried Brother Dominic; "that is to say, I have no doubt of it. When I was at Immburg, a woman came to me after supper — Wait a little, — there were two. One gave me letters, the other bade me say she was well. Certainly the message must have been for thee. One of the two I saw not, but heard her voice only. Either she gave me the letters for the prior, which is clearly impossible, since I did not see her; or she took the letters who did not give them, which is contrary to reason; or the demon — God defend us!" said the monk, scratching his head in perplexity, "would I had told the prior the whole truth! Only, not knowing the truth, how could I utter it?" And pleased at the sudden discovery of this balm to his troubled conscience, Brother Dominic smiled on his companion.

His words had made no impression upon her mind. Even the announcement that he had seen her daughter passed unnoticed, and as he spoke she continued muttering to herself with that incoherency of a mind hurried on by the torrent of its own disordered thoughts, and powerless to fix its attention upon even the objects of its desire. But her senses, reveling like hounds escaped from the leash while the master is abroad, were alive to sights and sounds beyond the knowledge of others, and she raised her head suddenly at the rustle of leaves in the thicket behind her to see the prior disappearing softly; and, leaving the monk bewildered by his strange interview and the misgivings which it had aroused, she plunged into the bushes, crying, "Seigneur, listen in the name of Christ" —

"The blessed St. Servais preserve us!" thought Brother Dominic, doubly troubled with pity for the woman and concern for himself. Renouncing at last the effort to reconcile the contradictions of memory, he entered the house to inquire of the king's vidame if the woman

were indeed the wife of the goldsmith of Maestricht.

"Aye," replied the vidame, "her husband cannot restrain her;" and tapping his forehead, "God hath taken her wits from her. They say at Maestricht that she hath housed a demon these ten years."

Remembering his experience with the demon, Brother Dominic trembled. Many were his prayers and brief was his sleep that night at Visé; and riding behind the prior on his mule the next morning, it seemed to him that Sergius read his thoughts whenever he turned to speak with him, and that the very birds, fluttering from the boughs as they passed underneath, laughed aloud at his trouble. But gradually the morning sun cleared his brain of bodings, as it had cleared the fog from the valleys. The wood was fresh and cool. At the crossing of the Geule he saw the road which branched to Immaburg. Soon the ford of the Wurm was passed, and then the towers of Aix rose up unexpectedly on the skirt of the forest.

At the city gate their entrance was blocked by a passing troop. Sounds of laughter and women's voices filled the echoing archway, and the prior, checking his horse to observe the riders as they went by, smiled when his eye fell upon the Saxon Rothilde, between Gesualda and Agnes of Solier. Her face was bright and her laughter gay. "Robert of Tours returns with Pepin from Hungary," thought the prior. Then, as he looked, the girl's face grew white, and the smile left it. "So," thought the prior, "am I then come amiss? Nay, little one, I will give thee thy lover over the king's will — and body."

Behind the others, Friedgis, on foot, and Brother Dominic, on his mule, could see nothing, and the troop was soon gone, like a flight of swallows. Then the three rode in, — prior, monk, and slave, — little dreaming that each was thinking of the same woman.

XIV.

It had been a day of delights for Brother Dominic. He had sat at table with the abbot of Fontenelle, director of the royal buildings, with whom the Prior Sergius lodged; and though his place was with those of less degree, it was enough for him that the meats were well seasoned and garnished with flowers, that the wine in his goblet was interdicted by no vow, and that the crystal jar of honey stood at his elbow. Free to come and go, he had passed the morning hours in viewing the imperial city, whose growing splendors he doubted not would eclipse those of Rome itself. He had wandered at will through its streets and squares, stood on the foundations of the vast theatre which the king was building beyond the northern gate, marveled at the mighty columns transported so great a distance for the new basilica, dipped his hands in the springs whose heat proclaimed the reality of regions infernal, and braved the guards at the palace gate to gaze at the king's abode. But more than all these things, at the evening hour, while sitting, fatigued with wonder, on one of the marble benches of the palace court, he had seen the woman of Immaburg. Ah, fool that he was! to be so overcome that he must needs stare, without the wit to speak or move, as at a were-wolf issuing from a cavern! His back was turned to the place whence she came, but as she passed a smell of sweet ointment carried him in a twinkling to the strangers' hall at Immaburg; and then strength fled from his limbs, so that when he would have risen the damsel was already far from him. Worst of all, when he would have followed her, — for what purpose God knows, — a devil of a soldier at the gate beset him with questions, jesting at his haste, and charging him with evil intent, so that for very shame he forced himself to go another way than that the woman had taken.

Rothilde had not so much as noticed the monk. Her face was covered as she crossed the court, though it was late twilight. One would have sworn her to be only some servant of the palace, — as indeed the soldier had thought, — for her head-cloth was of coarse serge, and her shoe-nails sounded on the stones as she walked. Paying no heed to any she met, she went her way by the street which skirted the eastern side of the palace to the church of St. Marcellus, into which she disappeared. If it was dusk without, it was night within, and she stood inside the door till her eyes were accustomed to the darkness; then, following the wall, entered one of the side chapels, where the obscurity was almost complete. Against the pier hung a small votive casket, inclosing a sweet gum, from which the smoke curled upward in spirals. In the centre of the chapel was a sarcophagus of Parian marble, executed in Italy for the king. Upon this the girl seated herself, gathering one foot beneath her, and waited. A verger came down the nave, and lighted four candles before an altar in the opposite aisle. The taper in his hand hovered a moment about the candles, was effaced by a pillar, reappeared again, then vanished altogether. Silent and immobile, the girl watched the retreating light. It was evident that she did not wish to be observed, yet in her attitude there was an insolent unconcern. Her hood had fallen from her hair, where the black pearls of Robert of Tours shone with a dull lustre in the candle-light reflected from the pavement.

Yesterday, at the Liege gate, she had seen Friedgis, her Saxon lover. Till the dancing-girl spoke his name in the supper-room at Immaburg, she had forgotten him. Yet she had loved him — once. He stood with the asses behind the monk to whom she had given the papers for the prior. Had he seen her? How her heart had leaped! “What ails thee?” Gesualda had said,

observing her pallor. Certainly it was her collar the dancing-girl wore at Immaburg. At the sight of it the past had come back like the memory of a dream, — her Saxon home and lover. She changed her posture mechanically, shrugging her shoulders with a movement of disdain. How was it possible she had ever loved him? Her eyes followed the smoke ascending from the casket along the rough surface of the wall to the carved capital, where, curling outward, it crept along the curve of the arch to the keystone. Did he know where she was? Had he come seeking her? She remembered the look the dancing-girl had given her when uttering his name. Did she perchance come from him? The smoke, escaping from under the arch of the chapel, floated higher into the vaultings of the aisle. “Come up hither,” it seemed to say, “above the pavement where the multitude kneel, into the tribune of the king.” Rothilde leaned forward to watch its ascending spiral. She had sought the dancing-girl after supper, and from the gallery had seen her conversing with the monk at the door of the chapel. But when she descended to speak with her, she found no one, and seeing the captain approaching had retreated hastily. “Friedgis, the Saxon slave who keeps the gate for the monks of St. Servais,” — that was what the girl had said. A slave, leading the asses! how could it be that she had ever loved him! — and her blue eyes followed the smoke-wreaths, stealing ever upward softly, as if fearful of hindrance or surprise, into the great dome.

A sound caused her to turn her head and draw her cloak about her. In the shadow of the pillar near the font something moved. Slipping from her seat, she removed her shoes, and gliding obliquely in her noiseless sandals towards the black figure beside the font, paused, as if to dip her finger in the holy water; then, with a quick motion, threw back her head-cloth and revealed her face.

"Enough," said the prior softly; "cover thyself." Without doubt he remembered the monk Fardolphus, who, secreted beneath one of the altars, had overheard the conspirators of Pepin the Bastard, and had hastened to tell the king. With a gesture the girl led the way into the recess of the chapel, where she seated herself again on the lid of the sarcophagus. The distant candles shone on her face, still uncovered; the fillet of pearls gleamed in her hair; her teeth glistened between her parted lips. "Cover thyself," repeated the prior authoritatively. She obeyed but in part, and reluctantly. It seemed to give her pleasure to reveal a little of the beauty concealed behind the coarseness of her garment. Standing between her and the light, the prior looked at her attentively, struck anew by this beauty which the Abbot Rainal had thought to consecrate to the service of God. Keener in his perceptions than the abbot, the prior had seen in this convert, destined for the Saxon mission, a tool of another temper, fitted for other ends. More learned, too, than his superior, the prior was acquainted with the writings of certain Greek authors, who maintained that moral character may be discovered in the expression of the face, even in the forms of the members; that the shape of the extremities indicates the fineness or coarseness of the intelligence; and that in the movements of the body are revealed those of the soul. Looking about among the king's household for an accomplice, when his eye fell upon Rothilde, it had rested on her face with satisfaction. In truth, the Greek was right. Does the habitual state of the soul leave no trace upon its dwelling? See how she has decked her body. Is not that eye which delights in the things of sense the eye also of the soul? Those fingers, so frail, yet so full of nervous energy, are fingers to clutch at a crown. That mouth, so small, what passions tremble on its fine lines, what de-

sire sleeps in the hollow of its lips! "It is she I seek," the prior had said, looking into her eye. It was a blue eye, trustful, but not trusty; in repose clear as a shallow pool in an open field, — then filling with sudden lights; one saw there what one would, — stars or flames. When he first saw her, she wore, as now, the black pearls of Robert of Tours, to whom the king had refused her in marriage. Should he win her to his purpose by playing on her love of kindred and home, fill her soul with the desire of vengeance? "Nay," said the prior to himself, observing her more closely: "to such an one a nation is less than a man; she will do greater things for her lover than for her country." On inquiry, he learned that Robert of Tours had won the young queen to his suit. The king, however, remained obstinate, and to rid himself of further importunity sent the girl to the convent of Eicka, to take the veil. So chance threw her into the prior's hands; for the convent of Eicka belonged by royal diploma to the abbot's domain, and during the latter's sickness its oversight, both as to internal order and external affairs, fell to the prior's charge. Having thus become director of the girl's conscience, he had opportunity to study her character, and, by mitigation of the rules in her favor, to establish himself in her confidence. He knew how to render worldly pleasures attractive in condemning them, and to deepen the sullen rage of her disappointed ambition by dwelling upon the irrevocableness of her lot. To strip her arms of their jewels and her dress of its silver fringes, to break her garnet girdle and lay it on the altar, to give herself over to the austerities of fasts, vigils, and macerations, to abandon her passionate love for the mystical substitute offered her, — all this the prior knew how to paint in words fit to quicken her terror and disgust for the tomb to which she saw herself destined in the very plenitude of life and ambition.

Meanwhile, he had obtained, through the young queen's intercession, the king's permission for her return to court, on condition that she renounced all hopes of marriage.

On the eve of her consecration Sergius entered her room. Sleepless with rage and fear, she saw him leaning above her bed, shading his face from the taper in his hand.

"What wilt thou of me?" she stammered, pressed against the wall.

"To leave this grave, and take thy place in the queen's household."

She raised herself on her elbow, still gazing at him fiercely from her blue eyes.

"Rise and dress thyself. The horses are at the gate."

"The king relents?" she said, dazed.

The prior smiled.

"What wilt thou of me?" she asked again, sitting up in bed, and searching his face.

"Obedience."

"And afterwards?"

"Obedience."

"Afterwards?" she insisted.

"On the night I bid thee, to open the door of the king's apartment, and lead him thou findest without to the king's bed. Afterwards," said the prior softly, "I will give thee to Robert of Tours in marriage."

That night Rothilde set out for the court, wearing her girdle and pearls.

Not a little vain of his perspicacity in having divined what lay beneath the innocent expression of her blue eyes, the prior had often smiled at the abbot's naive projects for Rothilde; but after her return among the queen's women, he had often also experienced a nervous apprehension of what he had discovered. Having, as it were, been unmasked by his penetrating eye, the girl made no further effort at concealment from him, seeming rather to take an insolent satisfaction in revealing more than he had perceived. On several occasions, trem-

bling for her discretion, he had been on the point of saying, "Cover thyself!" as just now, when she threw off her disguise in the church of St. Marcellus, despite the candle-light shining in her face. Moreover, if in discovering the weakness of another one acquires a sense of superiority, in profiting by it one falls into bondage; and Rothilde, sitting on the lid of marble, was more at ease than the prior, walking irresolutely to and fro between the chapel walls, as if dreading to make use of the instrument which he had chosen.

"The king is still obdurate," he said at length, pausing before her, and approaching the subject in hand indirectly.

"Thou art not come to tell me that!" replied the girl, returning his gaze.

"Nay," he said quickly, "but to remind thee of thy promise" —

"I remember," she interrupted. "Is the time come?"

"Within a month's time I will wed thee in this very place with Robert of Tours — if thou darest."

"Why ask?" she replied dryly, leaning forward and resting her chin in her hand.

"I have here the abbot's ring," continued the prior, drawing it from his pouch; "with this ring one may enter the palace at all hours, even to the king's chamber. Only, to reach the king's chamber, one must know the way" —

"Especially when it is night," interposed Rothilde.

"It is for thee to show the way. Thou wilt wait at the stair by the door of the audience hall." The prior spoke rapidly, and the girl listened intently. "He who wears this ring" —

"Who?" she interrupted again.

Sergius made a gesture of impatience — "will come after matins, at the eighth hour of night. He will show thee the ring, and will follow thee."

"I will be there." She reached forth her hand. "Give me the ring, that I may know it when I see it again. Is

the night fixed?" she asked, examining the ring attentively.

"Not yet. He who" — The prior hesitated.

The girl looked up. "Strikes," she said, observing his repugnance.

— "is not yet come."

"Who is he?" she whispered.

"A Greek from Pavia. His arm is sure. When — when it is over" — He paused, feeling his way softly, and seeking fitting words.

"Well?" said the girl.

He laid his hand on her arm, and, grasping her robe, drew her palm from her chin. "Such a secret is for two only, — thee and me." She seemed not to comprehend, but her eyes dilated. "This man cannot live. If he escapes, gold will buy his tongue as it hath bought his hand; if he is taken, if there should be an outcry, torture will loosen it. Escape he must not, and if taken — dead — the dead keep their secrets, and ours."

For a moment neither spoke nor moved.

"Yes," murmured the girl absently, "that were better." She sat motionless, like a figure sculptured on the lid of the sarcophagus.

The prior drew a poniard from his cloak, and laid it softly beside her. Her eyes, half closed, looked beyond him, and he could see her bosom rise and fall under the cendal.

"He — the Greek — is not yet come?" she said almost inaudibly.

"Not yet. He who came with him is here. They parted company for greater surety." He was going to say more, but saw she was no longer listening to him. Her eyes were fixed on the blade lying beside her. The head-cloth had fallen again upon her shoulders, but the prior paid no heed to it. He seemed fearful of disturbing her, watching her as a fox watches a pheasant approaching.

"I would see him, the Greek, first," she said at length, lifting her eyes.

"It shall be as thou wilt, when he comes," he replied eagerly, unable to repress his joy.

"And if he fails?"

"He will not fail."

As he spoke, footsteps echoed in the vaultings. The girl snatched the blade from the stone, and drew the cloth over her face.

"Dost thou know the tower by the ford of the Wurm, on the road to Im-maburg? — to the east, beside the river, a hundred paces. Bring thy Greek thither at night, the third day. Here — the ring — quick" — and slipping from her seat, the girl glided from the chapel, and disappeared in the darkness.

In the street she threw back her hood, and filled her lungs with the cool night air. Absorbed by her thoughts, she was not conscious of the dagger in her hand till she emerged into the open space before the baths, where a torch flared in the wind. Secreting the weapon in her cloak, and covering her face quickly, she crossed to the opposite side, to avoid those going in and out, and in her agitation stumbled against a passer-by. She recoiled, holding herself flat against the wall, — it was Friedgis! Dieu! how coarse he was! She followed him at a little distance, cautiously. He walked carelessly, looking from side to side, the cord of his tunic swinging against his bare legs. Notwithstanding her emotions, the girl laughed, it was so droll. What would he do if he knew? At the gate of the palace he stopped, scrutinizing its massive walls, and moving from place to place, like a spy observing the camp of an enemy. The girl's heart beat heavily. Did he know? At last he went slowly away. She could see him looking back from time to time, till his form grew indistinct in the darkness. As if possessed by a sudden idea, she took a few quick steps after him; then paused a moment, undecided, and finally turning back entered the gate. Within the court the lights shone on the

pavement, and she followed the encircling gallery in the shadow of the pillars. At the stairs in the angle, some one sitting on the lower step rose at her approach, and between the folds of her head-cloth she recognized the monk of Immaburg. Unable to resist the promptings of his imagination, Brother Dominic had lingered the entire evening in the vicinity of the palace. Now that the vague hope he cherished was so unexpectedly realized, timidity paralyzed him, and, ill at ease under the glance of those eyes which fascinated him, he would have fled, had not the girl laid hold of his sleeve.

"Art thou not he to whom I gave the papers at Immaburg?" she asked, peering into his face.

"Aye," replied Brother Dominic, trembling.

"I saw thee yesterday at the gate with the prior of St. Servais;" and in spite of his trouble, this mark of interest was not without its effect. Seeing his tremor, Rothilde smiled assuringly, as one encourages a child. "There was another with thee, — he who held the asses."

"Aye, the porter."

"Stand not here; the night is cold," said the girl, pulling him by the robe along the gallery. Brother Dominic's courage began to return in the obscurity.

"What porter?" she asked.

"Of the abbey; a Saxon serf whom the king gave the abbot."

"The good abbot! It was he who baptized me in the wood at Ehresberg." They were passing under the gallery towards the gate. "Does he lodge with thee, this porter?"

"At the abbot of Fontenelle's," replied Brother Dominic proudly.

"This way," said the girl, drawing him after her. He felt her hand in his, warm as the spring waters in the king's baths, but it suggested to the poor monk no place of torment. "Thou gavest the

papers to the prior?" Brother Dominic trembled again. "He has much faith in thee, therefore I trust thee." Her hand pressed his, and Brother Dominic passed from apprehension to ecstasy. "Hast thou lodgings of thine own at the abbot's?"

"Aye, a goodly chamber in the court, with a Damascus carpet."

The girl could but laugh. "Truly, a Damascus carpet!"

The laugh smote his heart like the ripple of soft fingers on a lute's strings.

"Aye, I will show it thee," he stammered, amazed at his own daring.

"What said the dancing-girl to thee at Immaburg?" asked Rothilde abruptly.

But Brother Dominic could articulate nothing. As to many others, so it happened to him that, having often thought to see demons, now that one assailed him he did not recognize it. At the archway of the court where he lodged he paused. He heard behind him the girl's breathing, and, observing no one, entered softly, hugging the wall's shadow, suddenly full of resources.

Before the narrow door of his room he hesitated, terrified at what he was doing. The girl pushed him aside, and entered.

A taper burned on the table. Uncovering her face, she glanced rapidly about her. Brother Dominic stood in the door. "Listen," she said, approaching him and pulling him within. "I would see this Saxon. Bring him here to me, and leave us a little space." Brother Dominic, a moment before ready to abandon this adventure, perceiving now that it was to see another she had come, stood stubbornly his ground. She laid her hand on his sleeve and smiled reassuringly. "Then come again." For such a smile the monk would certainly have gone to fetch Cerberus from the Acheron. "Hasten," she said, pushing him gently.

When he had gone, the girl threw off her hood, removed her shoes, and

surveyed herself eagerly. Her underskirt was short, closely fitted, and its points were tied with silver cords. Her neck was visible under a veil of tissue, fastened behind to her hair. Between the draperies of her outer tunic shone her girdle, set with garnets, and the silver lacings of her sandals, binding the stamped leather above her ankles. Satisfied with the result of her inspection, she stood waiting, her back against the door. Presently the door was pushed open, and Friedgis entered. As he crossed the sill, the girl, leaning against the door, closed it deftly and slid forward the bolt. Friedgis had at first seen no one; then he uttered a suppressed cry of joy and surprise, and caught her in his arms.

XV.

Is there any one who, in years of ripeness, does not look back with wonder upon the things which charmed his childish fancy? And if, perchance, for any reason, he must needs feign an outgrown pleasure, what more vapid and wearisome than a former delight outlived and dispossessed of power? The shining flint contents no longer the eye which has seen the diamond's lustre; the softest fleece chafes the limbs that have felt the touch of spun-silk raiment; and the heart that has fed in a king's palace from the golden dishes of vanity and ambition, what palate hath it for things which once satisfied its unwhetted appetite? Far away, indeed, for Rothilde, were the wooden huts and sheep pastures of Bardengau. In Friedgis' clasp, so strong with sudden, unfeigned joy, a thrill of revolt ran through her, as her body had shrunk from the touch of her serge garment. Yet she let him have his way, and clung to his neck, her head upon his breast, her blue eyes smiling under the pearl chaplet. It was a long journey

from the camp at Ehresberg to this chamber at Aix, and she must needs go over it all with her lover, recounting, between his kisses, what had befallen her. There were questions to ask and to answer, a story to tell and to hear, and, after the first thirst of his heart was slaked, other questions hard to parry; and while he gave her lips scarce time to speak, fearing to utter a sound, lest joy, like a frail vase, should break at a murmur, she smiled through her half-shut eyes and held her shrinking body still, with no thought but of Robert of Tours, no anxiety but to know how long a time the poor fool of a monk without would give her to accomplish her purpose.

"How knewest thou I was here?" he whispered.

"I saw thee with the monk at the gate."

"And thou camest at once?" He stooped and kissed her. "I knew thou wert here. There came a girl to the abbey wearing thy collar. It was she who bade me seek in the king's house."

"The captain's dancing-girl," thought Rothilde; then aloud, "It was to seek me thou camest?"

"Aye, indeed. But for this journey of the prior's I had come alone. The girl spoke like a seer." Then he bent to her lips again. What mattered these things? Why waste time in speech? Silence and kisses were better.

The minutes slipped away, he not heeding them, she counting them. At last, sighing, she unclasped his arms and stood up. "I must be gone; it is time," she said.

"Go?" he stammered, bewildered. "Whither?"

She touched her lips to his forehead. He saw now for the first time her silver-corded dress, the girdle and pearls, and a shadow of jealous fear crossed his face.

She saw it, and smiled sadly. "Why am I here?" she said reproachfully.

"Because thou lovest me," he replied, springing to her side.

"And thou?"

"Thou knowest I would die for thee."

She freed herself gently from his clasp. Why did she look at him so pitifully? What was she going to say to him? She made an effort to speak, smiled helplessly, and turned away, her eyes bright with tears. A terrible fear began to oppress him. Suddenly she turned again, standing before him. Her eyes shone dry as fire; her very body, rigid with purpose, seemed changed. "Whither do I go?" she said, in a hard voice. "Whither, indeed, but to the king's palace! The girl spoke truly. See,"—she loosed the pearls from her hair,— "here are the proofs. Where will a maid find such but in a king's palace?" Friedgis stared at her in silence. "For what end should a king take a captive from the dust of the road to put sandals on her feet and deck her hair with pearls?" She watched the poison work in his veins. "He hath slain her kindred and laid her roof in ashes. One thing yet remains undone, — to waste her heart with fire as he hath wasted her land. Hush! The monk is at the door." Friedgis was advancing towards her. She put out her hand to stay him, gathering her cloak from the floor, where it had fallen when she entered, and drawing it about her.

"Thou shalt not go," he said hoarsely, seizing her arm.

Her eyes softened with pity. "Art thou able to contend with a king?"

He still held her arm. In her fingers were the pearls of Robert of Tours. "Give me the gems;" and taking them from her hand, he ground them under foot. "Thou goest back willingly to thy king?"

"And if I go,"—she loosed her dress, and drew forth the prior's poniard,— "what dost thou fear? Tell me, when thou strikest, when the foe's arms are locked about thy neck and thine eyes

swim with mist, when time presses, where dost thou push the blade home? Is it not here?" She laid her hand on his breast. "Fear nothing. I am strong — and I am thine."

"Give me the blade," he demanded. "When the eyes are thick with mist it is too late. I am stronger than thou."

She trembled now, recoiling before him. "Thou — the king" — she murmured, retreating as he advanced. "Nay, not thou" —

"Give it me," he repeated sullenly.

"Nay, nay," she pleaded. "They will slay thee. Let me go. Thou art mad — they will slay thee — it is not possible." Her back was against the wall, his hand on her wrist; his fingers loosed hers from the handle. With a sudden gesture she let go, and tore the veil from her throat and bosom. "Strike here, then; that were better. If thou lovest, strike. It is I who lead thee to death. If I had not come! — but I loved thee! Strike. I tell thee, now, while I love thee!"

The blade fell from his grasp, his frame shook, and he sank at her feet, hiding his face in his hands.

She stooped quickly, picked up the fallen poniard, and adjusted her dress. "Listen," she said, between her breathing, and forcing his hands from his face. "Death is not sweet to those who love, but it is sweet to those who hate. Dost thou remember the dead we left to the vultures by the Weser? In the night their wounds cry out to me. If I lead thee to his chamber," — she lowered her voice, — "the king's, that were a thing worth dying for; I and thee together."

She raised her head. Brother Dominic was tapping irresolutely at the door.

"To die!" she whispered passionately in his ear. "Nay, I will not have it so! I love thee — we will fly. Leave it only to me — I have a way. For him, death and justice; for us, life and love." He had caught her again in

his arms. "Nay, nay." She struggled. "Loose thy hold. Let me go. The monk will rouse the house. My shoes!" She slipped her sandaled feet into them, drew back the bolt, cast a quick look of promise and triumph at her lover, and closed the door behind her.

Brother Dominic, waiting impatiently without, had at first laid his ear to the door and listened. Then, fearful of discovery, he hid himself in an angle, squatting in the shadow. He had forgotten the five canticles, upon whose efficacy he relied in hours of peril, but had resolved to put an end to this mystery, when the girl opened the door suddenly upon him.

"Dear monk," she said, pressing his hand in her own, "I have seen thy carpet; another time I will see thee. Thou hast done me service, and when I come again I will pay thee in what coin thou wilt; only be discreet. Farewell."

Enveloped in her cloak, she hurried through the arch into the street. She had done well to come! Friedgis was seeking her. She had felt sure of it. He knew where to look, too; the girl had told him. Who was this girl? Aye, she had done well to come. What wax men were in soft hands! That was a happy thought, to say the king loved her; if it were only so indeed! Just now she might have slain Friedgis, when he lay at her feet, and, again, when he held his lips to hers. The temptation was strong, though the monk was at the door, — she loathed him so. But this was better. The idea came to her when the prior said the Greek had not come. Pray God he might not come! As she hurried on, she met the prior returning home. There was another with him, and the two were laughing. "Fool!" she said to herself, turning to gaze after them. "Fret not over thy Greek. I have one to take his place, one whom I fear not to use thy blade upon, — only, by thy God, dear prior, I will use it before he goes in to the king, and I will

waken the king myself. If he gave the monk Fardolphus an abbey for revealing the Hunchback's plot, he will give me my lover. Nay, what will he not give, if I have but the wit to ask aright?" And in her exultation a cry of triumph burst from her lips.

XVI.

It was one of those mornings such as come only in the early autumn. The air was crisp, sonorous, and still. On inhaling this air, so pure, so invigorating, one thought of the wood, its odors and lights, its leaves and birds. The king had gone to Frankenburg to hunt, and no wonder. For some other day, less alluring, the sordid suit, the pitiful complaint, the accounts of the vidame; for some other day, less fair, the disputations of the school, those terrible questions, What is man, what is life, what is death? and those terrible answers, A guest in his own abode, the expectation of death, a doubtful journey. To-day, a spear, a horse, and the wood!

On his way to the service of the first hour, Brother Dominic inhaled this air with delight. On rising from his bed, his foot had encountered the girl's fillet of pearls. Some were missing, their fragments scattered on the floor; the rest were whole. What a sweet odor they exhaled! But he thrust them quickly out of sight into his pouch, for shame afflicted him sorely, and never does an evil action appear so shameful as in the gray light of dawn. He wished to flee from himself, and hastened out into the street, already full of people, with whom he mingled gladly, listening to their conversation, greetings, and laughter. When conscience convicts, one feels one's self an outcast; so it comforted Brother Dominic to join this stream of life, to enter the church with the congregation, to raise his voice with others in the anthem, and to listen to the

clerks reciting the psalms. Fortified by all these things, he said to himself that he was not so bad, after all. Having breakfasted, he felt still easier, and found nothing better to do than to go to the service of the third hour, also. Yet he was conscious that he was no longer the same man. Ordinary sights and sounds had acquired a new significance; a veil had been torn away from life. As he returned, a band of singers and players, issuing from the church of St. Marcellus, descended the steps of the parvis strewn with flowers; and following the instruments came the newly married, hand in hand. The pair possessed for him a strange fascination. They walked erect, knowing all observed them, blushing and hiding their joy. Dieu! how beautiful it was! As he went his way, two maids preceded him; they had baskets, and pruning-knives to cut the grapes from the vines. They chatted gayly, and one said, "If he comes to-day, do thou walk beside me in the same row;" then they laughed, one with pleasure, the other with envy. Was the world then so full of love? It suddenly occurred to him that he ought to restore the pearls; and he began to imagine with what dignity he would comport himself.

"Here — thy pearls."

"Heaven bless thee," she would say. "I had feared" —

"Heaven bless *thee*, and save thee indeed," he would answer, and go his way.

Rehearsing this scene, he took the broken fillet from his pouch.

"Sawest thou the queen as she passed to the chase?" said one girl to the other.

"Aye; she is fairer than the last one."

"And all the women with her? One had a girdle of dragons and lions."

"The images of those who will one day devour her."

"I would I had one like it, nevertheless," sighed the other. Then they laughed together.

"How still the palace is! There is

not a soul left," observed one, as they passed before the gate.

Brother Dominic paused. Surely, since all were at the chase, it were no harm to enter. He crossed the court, and stopped under the balcony. It was here he had seen her. He might sit down now in tranquillity; there was no danger she would come. Within, a maid talked with a page over the stair-rail. "When wilt thou come again?" asked the page in a low voice.

"How can I tell?" she replied, leaning on the balustrade.

"Adieu," said the page reluctantly.

"Adieu," answered the girl. The boy lingered.

"If perchance thou wishest a kiss — take one," said the girl. He took three; then light feet ran up the stairs.

"What a world!" thought Brother Dominic, as if he formed no part of it, and contemplated it as he would contemplate an object held in his hand. "After all, it must be so," he added reflectively. The sun, rising above the roofs, began to shine in his face; so he left his seat and walked along the gallery. At the angle was an open space separating the main from the lateral buildings. A stairway, ascending from the gallery, led to an elevated platform, uncovered to the sky. A woman servant, bearing a jar on her head, coming down the steps, gazed at the monk curiously. What was he doing there? Was he perchance going into the gynæceum? At the foot of the steps she turned to observe him. Fatigued by the ascent, Brother Dominic was sitting in the shade. "Yes, certainly, it must be so," he was repeating to himself, turning over the pearls in his hand. A second stairway, covered by an arch, led down to the level of the court on the other side. The gate at its bottom step was open. He could see shrubbery and hear birds. "There must be a garden there," he thought. Holding his robe in his hand, he went down the passage steps leisurely. How still it was! As

the girl had said, every one was at the chase. Aie! that were fine, — to gallop in the wood, spear in hand, after the deer; and he began to imagine himself in full pursuit, the flanks of his horse white with foam. It must be easier to ride a horse than a mule, it appeared so simple; he would throw the rein on the neck, and leave his companions far behind. How they sped! like an arrow from the bow, horse and rider as one. And now, entangled in the thick copse, the stag was at bay, its horns were lowered, it was about to charge. The spear flew. "Dieu! what a fine blow!" said a voice from behind, — hers, whose purple hair-band fluttered at the head of his lance, dyed deeper now in the jet of blood. Agitated and perspiring at the thought of this scene, Brother Dominic started back. Where was he? God preserve him! the garden was full of women. It resembled the cloister at Maestricht, only more spacious, more beautiful, and with women for monks. He turned precipitately to retrace his steps, when, under the trees close to the spot where he had come, he saw a maid looking full upon him. Her spindle trembled with her laughter; her eyes shone with merriment, as only Agnes of Solier's could. He must have passed her as he entered, and there she sat, more terrible in her beauty and her laughter than the dragon at the gate of the garden of Hesperus. Every woman in the place ceased her work to stare at him: this he knew well, though his back was turned. Had God then delivered him, like Job, into the power of Satan?

In his confusion he made the sign of the cross with the girl's fillet of pearls. Seigneur, what a rosary for a monk!

At the sight of the black gems in his hand Agnes ceased her laughter. Rothilde's pearls!

"Whence hast thou the pearls?" she called to him, making a sign that he should draw near.

"The pearls?" stammered Brother

Dominic, assailed in an unexpected quarter. "I found them hard by."

"Hard by?"

"Aye. Some one hath dropped them in the court. I was seeking her to whom they should belong."

"Give them here," said Agnes, reaching out her hand. The monk obeyed with alacrity, ready to profit by any way of escape. "Some one hath set his foot upon them," she said, examining them.

"It was not I. I found them so when I rose from bed." Ah, cursed tongue! What was he saying?

"From bed?" said Agnes of Solier, looking up with surprise. "Thou saidst hard by, in the court."

"In the abbot's court," stammered Brother Dominic, sinking deeper in the mire, — "the abbot of Fontenelle's, where I lodge."

"Is thy bed then in the court?" asked Agnes of Solier, marking his confusion and observing him sharply.

"Nay," gasped Brother Dominic, seeking to extricate himself, "said I in the court? In my chamber." Seigneur! his tongue would prove his ruin; and the girl had said, "Be discreet!"

"In thy chamber?" said Agnes of Solier, pricked with curiosity.

"It was not to me she came, but the Saxon, — the porter." Brother Dominic perceived that he was no longer responsible for what he was saying. It was the devil that spoke, not he. If ever a man was possessed of a demon bent on his ruin, and the girl's too, it was he. He heard himself speak with terror; he endeavored to arrest his tongue, — impossible. There was but one thing to do, — to fly. Never would he betray the girl! He cast a despairing look about him, and called the saints to his succor for a desperate effort.

"Wait!" cried Agnes, rising from her seat. "I would speak with thee."

But Brother Dominic's foot was on the stair, and naught but a wall or a barred gate could arrest him. "Blessed

St. Servais, aid me ! ” he ejaculated, taking two steps at a time. Ah ! if ever he got back to his desk again, he would serve God indeed.

Many a good resolution is conceived in fear, and a nightmare serves sometimes to wake one from moral lethargy. In the heat of his ignominious retreat Brother Dominic formed a pious resolve. To his excited imagination, the garden into which he had unwittingly penetrated, with its flowers, fountains, and maidens, became a symbol of that paradise whence our first parents were driven, and before the reproaches of his conscience he fled as they had fled before the sword of the angel. He would go back to that quiet cell whose window overlooked a world with which he could not cope, a paradise whose trees bore such sweet but terrible fruits of knowledge, and with whose realities he was unfit to wrestle. God had provided that cell for such as he, and he had known no peace since he left it. The world was too vast a scene for his activities ; it entangled him in matters whose issue threatened soul and body. Every step involved a peril. He would go back to that solitude where he could hear the voice of God. The mirth of the abbot’s table, its wine and flowers ; this woman whose smiles entranced him,

whose garments shed forth perfumes ; these hours of idleness breeding dreams of forbidden pleasures ; this great capital whose splendors allured and overwhelmed him, — how should a simple monk contend with such things ! Danger ? It was the very fragrance of the flower, the sparkle of the wine, the glimmer of the girdle and the beauty which it zoned. Doubtless others to whom God gave his grace might walk in safety amid such perils, as the three holy ones had stood in the flames of the furnace clothed in the dew of purity. But as for him, he would that very day gain the prior’s permission to return to Maestricht. This resolution was taken before he reached the palace gate, and in passing from under the portal the air seemed fresher, his step more buoyant, and he experienced the charm of that cloister garth he had forsaken with so foolish a pride, desirous of seeing the world from whose vortex he was now escaping with his soul in his hand.

The prior was abroad when he returned. Evidently God would try his purpose. He would fast that day, and observe the hours. Firm in his resolve, he recited his prayers incessantly, keeping his room, and rising even at midnight to attend the service in the king’s oratory.

Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

A DIFFICULT PROBLEM IN POLITICS.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, in his article entitled *A Word More About America*, expressed the opinion that the people of the United States had solved “the political and social problem ;” and Professor Von Holst, in his *Constitutional History of the United States*, has declared that “in political questions of a concrete nature the Americans are, on an average, more competent judges

than any people on the continent of Europe.” These criticisms from abroad are based on keen insight, extensive observation, and profound scholarship. Their correctness in the way of generalization needs not to be questioned. Nevertheless, the operation of our government is constantly revealing important phases of the political problem which are yet unsolved, and are taxing

to the utmost the American aptitude for politics. Foremost among them is the conflict between the States in dealing with internal affairs. Upon the subjects, broadly stated, of foreign relations, war or insurrection, commerce, the currency, the postal service, naturalization, bankruptcy, patents, and copyrights, the United States are a nation; they may have a national policy and uniform laws. But as to all other matters, including most subjects intimately affecting material and social interests, the United States are a confederation; they may have at the same time thirty-eight different policies and as many conflicting systems of law. Though they possess a common spirit, common habits, sentiments, interests, and social conditions, yet in the regulation of these interests and conditions they assume toward one another the attitude of foreign states. Hence legal anomalies and absurdities are of frequent occurrence. A single piece of property may be taxable in several States at the same time; and a railroad corporation or insurance company may be subject to as many conflicting systems of law as there are States in which it does business. What would constitute a marriage in one State may in another have no such legal effect; persons divorced in one State may in another be lawful husband and wife; and a man may at the same time have two or more legal wives, each in a separate State.

The condition of the law thus exemplified exists not only as to commercial transactions and domestic and social relations, but also as to wills, intestacy, educational and charitable institutions, and the whole range of legislative enactment. Its effect in discouraging material development and in unsettling the home and society may easily be inferred. No wonder that, as a president of the American Bar Association lately said, "lawyers everywhere feel the necessity of a prompt and thorough reform of modern state legislation." Yet, when

a remedy is sought, it is not to be found. In the words of a learned writer, these are "wrongs without a remedy; there is no organized instrumentality for their correction within the four corners of our system of government."

The causes of this conflict of law are deeply rooted. Indeed, they reach back to the settlement of this country, and are imbedded in the nature of our government. The earliest settlements were made at points widely apart, and for objects very dissimilar. They encountered various conditions of soil, climate, and other surroundings. Among the colonists were represented many nationalities, many religious sects, and all grades of society. To be sure, the prevalence of the English common law and some voluntary borrowing from one another's codes were unifying influences. Moreover, the colonial charters usually required that the laws and institutions established should not be repugnant to the laws of England. But the charters were interpreted freely, and some colonies, notably Massachusetts Bay, refused to acknowledge any control in establishing their institutions. In fact, the colonies did not so much recognize their position of England's dependencies as they pursued their destiny as independent communities. Under a consciousness of individuality and a local pride, they organized their politics each after its own ideals. Hence great diversity arose among them in political, social, and legal institutions.

With the growth in population and in wealth these differences were correspondingly intensified. They gave rise to a sectional spirit which finally dominated the relations of the colonies. In the struggle for independence of England, though yielding somewhat to the necessity of union, this spirit remained still a distracting and paralyzing influence. It gave form to the Articles of Confederation, and made them inadequate to the exigencies of the Union;

and when, therefore, a stronger general government became inevitable, this was framed and adopted only through a compromise between these rival spirits of sectionalism and nationality.

The question of uniformity in state legislation was one of those upon which this issue was most clearly drawn. In the Constitutional Convention, Mr. Madison called attention to "the propensity of the States to pursue their particular interests," and insisted that "in developing the evils which vitiate the political system of the United States, it is proper to take into view those which prevail within the States individually, as well as those which affect them collectively." He accordingly favored Edmund Randolph's resolution, giving Congress a negative on state legislation, and the power to legislate on all subjects affecting the peace and harmony of the Union. Of course this proposal met determined opposition. "The national legislature, with such a power," said Elbridge Gerry, "may enslave the States." "Will any State," asked John Rutledge, "ever agree to be bound hand and foot in this manner?"

Nevertheless, the point was at first substantially carried. For though the suggestion of a negative upon state legislation was not followed, the convention did resolve, first, that the national legislature ought to possess the right "to legislate, in all cases, for the general interests of the Union, and also in those to which the States are separately incompetent, or in which the harmony of the United States may be interrupted by individual legislation;" and, secondly, "that the jurisdiction of the national judiciary shall extend to cases arising under laws passed by the general legislature, and to such other questions as involve the national peace and harmony." Had these resolutions become embodied in the Constitution, the history of our legislative development might have been far different from what it is.

For though too great opportunity might have existed for the encroachment of Congress, at the same time uniformity in state legislation might have been made possible.

It would seem that the advocates of state rights fully appreciated the danger to which their principle was exposed. For though defeated in open convention, they continued the struggle in private committee, and were, apparently, successful. All the resolutions having been submitted to a committee of detail to be formulated into a constitution, the two above recited received no mention in the report, and all subsequent efforts to introduce them before the convention were promptly voted down. This sudden change may be imputed largely to the growing conviction that the people would refuse to ratify a constitution abridging too much the powers of the States. Timothy Ellsworth thus expressed this feeling: "The people of the States are strongly attached to their own constitutions. . . . The only chance we have to support a general government is to graft it on the state governments. . . . In this way only can we rely on the confidence and support of the people." The purpose for which the delegates had been chosen was to render the Constitution "adequate to the exigencies of the Union," — an end which, as experience under the Articles of Confederation had shown, could not be attained unless full and definite powers were given to Congress on subjects recognized as national; for example, commerce, defense, revenue, and foreign relations. Such powers, it was believed, the people could be induced to concede; but to ask them, in addition, to do what, on the other hand, did not appear indispensable, namely, to curtail still further the rights of the States, would be vain, — it might be fatal. Hence Madison's suggestion that this was the opportunity "to secure a good internal legislation and administration to the particular States," at first

adopted, was finally put aside. Excepting the subjects of bankruptcy and naturalization, the exclusive control by the States of their internal affairs remained undisturbed by the Constitution as it had come down to them from early times; and thus it has remained to this day.

This stagnation in one part of our political system is the more conspicuous when contrasted with the rapid growth of the spirit of nationality. In the Constitution this principle found at last a substantial expression, — a government within its limits truly national. But that government, as is the case with every fundamental law, was one only in outline. “Constitute government how you please,” said Burke, “infinitely the greater part of it must depend upon the exercise of powers which are left at large to the prudence and uprightness of ministers of state.” In the exercise of this discretion, Hamilton and his colleagues, whose duty it became to fill in this outline, to organize and to start the machinery of government, addressed themselves to their task, keeping always in view the purpose of the founders, — the strengthening of the central government that it might be “adequate to the exigencies of the Union.” As a consequence, the general government, in adjusting foreign relations, defending the frontier, and maintaining peace, came more and more into prominence, and took its rightful place as the sole representative and director of the national life.

But even more in the development of public policy than in the establishment of the government has the principle of nationality been consolidating the Union. “The leading thought in Hamilton’s financial policy,” says Von Holst, “was the creation of national interests.” The various features of that policy, the Assumption Bill, the Funding Act, the tax laws, and the National Bank, all greatly extended the influence of the national government at the expense of the States. Likewise his scheme for

the encouragement of manufactures laid the foundation of the system of protective duties, which has gradually brought nearly all the industries of the country into such intimate relations with Congress that they are constantly affected by the manœuvres of parties. Moreover, Hamilton’s doctrine of “implied powers” has been used to a remarkable extent in increasing the power of Congress and in solidifying the Union. Under this warrant, Congress has carried on, at the expense of the national treasury, a great system of internal improvements, and aided in the construction of continental railways, extending its influence throughout the land.

With this rapid growth in federal activity there has been a corresponding increase in a nationality of sentiment. The people, being affected in so many important relations by the national government, gradually transferred to it more and more of the interest before exclusively felt in the state governments. They began to feel a common citizenship in a great country, and to assimilate one another’s habits, customs, and thought.

This was not true, however, of the country as a whole. Exasperated by the agitation in the North for the abolition of slavery, the South came more and more under the domination of the principle of sectionalism, which existed in the Constitution side by side with the principle of nationality, and had given rise to a distinct method of constitutional interpretation and a distinct line of political doctrine. Under this influence, the tendency at the South was rather to resist the encroachment of Congress, to maintain fidelity to the state governments, and to emphasize individuality in thought and in conduct. Yet as the struggle over slavery increased in violence, it became itself a unifying influence, till at last North and South fought in solid phalanxes to determine the nature of our political system. The result confirmed the fact that we are a nation,

not a confederation, and by abolishing slavery put aside a great obstacle to a nationality of sentiment, and initiated a unification of our institutions, the last step in the attainment of a truly national life.

In this direction, however, the assimilation and harmonization of our institutions and laws, the nineteenth century has witnessed but little progress. There has, indeed, been some unconscious movement toward uniformity. As a common foundation of all state legislation lies the English common law. Trained in this and starting out from it, the courts of the different States, under similar conditions of social and material development, have tended to arrive at common principles. Often, expediency has led courts and legislatures, especially in the newer communities, to follow the judicial decisions and to copy the laws of other States. At times, also, the interests involved in interstate commerce, refusing to endure the barriers of conflicting laws, influence a revision of state legislation in the direction of uniformity.

Nevertheless, these influences have but slightly offset the individuality and selfishness displayed by the States. The new communities successively formed out of the great West have been for the most part uncontrolled in the management of their internal affairs; and often, following after new, untried principles, they have disregarded precedents set by the older States, and adopted novel policies and laws. As a result, the conflict of law, formerly confined to the acts of thirteen legislatures, is now extended throughout the laws of thirty-eight States, nine Territories, and the District of Columbia.

Of course the spread of population has brought a corresponding development in social and material activities. Our first century under the Constitution has, indeed, been, as Mr. Gladstone has lately said, "a century of national ad-

vancement that is without a parallel in history;" and we may, with him, "look forward to its probable continuance upon a still larger scale." The major part of commercial and legal transactions and of domestic and social relations are affected by the enactments of state legislatures. Surely some effort should be made to secure in the action of these bodies a degree of harmony corresponding to the importance of the interests involved and to the present state of civilization.

As to what the nature of this effort should be there is ground for difference of opinion. In the case of the Territories and the District of Columbia the way is clear. Congress has power, by article four of the Constitution, to "make all needful rules respecting the territory" of the United States, and, by article one, "to exercise exclusive jurisdiction in all cases whatsoever" over the District of Columbia. Under this authority, Congress has passed laws for the suppression of polygamy. The protection of monogamy by similar laws could rest on the same authority, and is equally essential to the public welfare. Indeed, a step in the right direction has already been taken. In 1887 Congress enacted that every ceremony of marriage in any of the Territories of the United States must be certified by the person who performs it, and signed by the parties, and filed in the probate court. Let the national legislature go forward until there is uniformity in all the laws of marriage and divorce throughout the Territories and the District of Columbia. Of course a Territory, when admitted to the Union, would become, like the other States, sovereign over its internal affairs, and such laws of Congress would not continue in force unless reenacted by the new state legislature. But the body of law, once having been established by Congress and approved by public sentiment, would probably not be changed by the State.

Moreover, such action by Congress would be a wholesome example for the States. With reference to the latter, the problem of reform presents more difficulty. As to one subject a solution has been suggested by recent events. In 1886, under the power, expressly granted in the Constitution, "to regulate commerce . . . among the several States," Congress passed the Interstate Commerce Law regulating transportation. By the thorough discussion which the measure received in the press as well as in Congress, the people were enlightened as to the import of that power. Moreover, the Supreme Court has recently declared that besides the matter of transportation, "the power also embraces within its control all the instrumentalities by which that commerce may be carried on, and the means by which it may be aided and encouraged." Reciting these facts, a committee of the American Bar Association has reported that uniformity of law relating to business transactions may be attained by congressional legislation for the regulation of commerce among the States.

Whatever may come of this novel suggestion, as to internal affairs in general the Constitution does not expressly give to the national government control over the legislation of the States; and by the Tenth Amendment, "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." Hence any direct interference by act of Congress with the States in these matters would be unconstitutional; and this conclusion is supported by the highest authorities.

This has been a great obstacle to the attainment of uniformity in the laws of marriage and divorce, the imperative need of which has long been evident; and it has been suggested by eminent writers that the Constitution should be amended so as to give to Congress full

control over these subjects. To the effectiveness of such a step in securing uniformity the experience of some foreign countries could testify. A case to the point is that of Switzerland, which was stated somewhat at length in *The Atlantic* for February, 1888. Down to 1874, the constitutional development of Switzerland and its experience in regulating the celebration of marriage was analogous to that of the United States. Similar conflict and uncertainty existed in the laws enacted by the cantons, and the interference of the central government was likewise resisted as unconstitutional. But in 1874 the new Constitution expressly transferred that subject from the cantons to the general government; and in 1876 uniformity was at last secured by a national law. Likewise in the new civil codes of the German Empire and of the Kingdom of Italy, the celebration of marriage was put into the control of the central government, and uniform laws resulted.

It is to be noted, however, that these changes were carried through in the course of radical readjustments of the powers and the forms of government, and upon a current of popular favor,—conditions not to be expected at present in the United States. No considerable revision of the Constitution has taken place since its adoption. Indeed, excluding the amendments made before the government was fully established, only once in our history have the conditions been favorable for the least amendment of the Constitution, and that upon but one subject. After a discussion of the subject of slavery and the nature of our government, lasting for nearly three quarters of a century, and issuing at last in civil strife, the resulting upheaval of public sentiment was sufficiently great to bring about the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments. The opinion has some currency that there are premonitions of a second great wave of popular feeling, this time upon the

subject of the liquor traffic. Should this opinion prove well founded, possibly there could be associated with the effort to protect the home by an amendment prohibiting the liquor traffic a movement to protect the family by an amendment giving Congress control of marriage and divorce.

But, to leave the field of speculation, the amendment last mentioned must be brought about, if at all, under the normal conditions of society and by the method provided in the Constitution; and the probability of this being effected at present is slight. For, apart from the lack of popular interest in such a movement, the nature of the machinery to be used is most discouraging. Its framers could hardly have realized how complicated and unwieldy it would become in the development of our political system, else they would have made it simpler. An amendment must first be proposed either by a two-thirds vote of Congress, or by a convention called by Congress on the application of two thirds of the several States, and must then be ratified either by the legislatures of three fourths of the several States, or by conventions in three fourths of the States. The result is that the Constitution is almost incapable of amendment.

Moreover, there is a popular feeling that "there must be no tinkering with the Constitution." Arising soon after the establishment of the government, at first as a partisan sentiment, this feeling afterward passed beyond party lines into a popular worship; and it became the orthodox opinion that the Constitution embodies the best form of government yet devised, and contains within itself an infallible and all-sufficient rule of political action. This conviction has all along been strengthened by the favorable comments of eminent foreign observers.

Thus has grown up throughout the United States a strong aversion to any amendment whatever, — especially to

any that, like the one suggested, tends to curtail the rights of the States. The old doctrine of state rights is still a force in our politics, though it acts in a limited range. It is manifested in a widespread determination to maintain the constitutional rights of the States; and so far it has the support of the Supreme Court, particularly in recent decisions.

In view of these circumstances, it has often become necessary, in order to reform an abuse in our politics, to resort to measures neither the most direct nor the most effective; and such seems to be the need in the matter in hand. Since it is at present impracticable to amend the Constitution, if immediate relief is to be had from the conflict in state legislation, some other expedient must be devised, not inconsistent with that instrument, and not offensive to the political prejudices of the people.

In recent years, the problem has been studied with a view to uniformity, especially in the laws of marriage and of divorce; and a plan advocated by one of the most eminent authorities upon this subject has met with much favor. In 1881, Theodore Dwight Woolsey, formerly president of Yale University, in discussing the subject with a representative of the New York Herald, said: "The advantage of uniformity must be evident to every one. It cannot be secured except by voluntary action on the part of the legislatures of the different States. The most direct way of bringing the matter to the attention of the legislatures would be for representatives of all the States to meet for the preparation of measures to be presented for enactment. If the governor of each State would appoint or request a competent person to represent his State in such a convention, the result might be the thorough reformation of the marriage and divorce laws of the nation." It would be expected that each legislature, upon the recommendation of the governor,

would enact such a measure as should result from the deliberations of this convention; and that Congress, upon the advice of the President, should extend the measure over the Territories and the District of Columbia. Of course the work of the convention need not be restricted to the subjects just mentioned; it might be applied to other subjects also in which uniformity should be deemed expedient.

It must be admitted that this scheme is without precedent, and that any State that would enact such a law would be able at any time thereafter to repeal it. But also without precedent are the circumstances of the evil, and if uniformity would result between a few States only, this might be a leaven which would gradually permeate the whole.

At any rate, this plan holds out a reasonable hope of immediate relief. As such it merits a trial. But from the fact that the trial itself depends upon the voluntary action of many officials and of many legislatures, nothing whatever can be done without the vigorous and constant support of public sentiment. It would seem that the initiative would be most suitably and most effectively taken by the bench and the bar; for they may fairly be expected to know both the present condition of the law and the proper means for its reformation. This obligation has already been recognized to

some extent. In 1882, the Bar Association of Kings County, New York, took measures to petition the governor of that State to appoint commissioners to an interstate convention, in accordance with the suggestion of Dr. Woolsey. In 1887, the American Bar Association, at the request of Professor Simeon E. Baldwin, of New Haven, instructed its Committee on Jurisprudence and Law Reform to inquire and report "whether it would not be desirable to promote the enactment in the several States of some uniform law" for the celebration of marriage. It is the express object of this association to promote "uniformity of legislation throughout the Union" through the medium of local councils acting directly upon state legislatures. But its meetings are brief and infrequent. It can best accomplish its purpose by advocating through its local councils the appointment by the several States of commissioners to an interstate convention. Such a body could give the subject that sustained and thorough consideration which its importance requires. It would have to deal with the evil in our political system, than which there is no other so deeply rooted, so far-reaching, and so injurious. There is scarcely a single business interest, hardly a person, who is not injured, directly or indirectly, by this omnipresent conflict and confusion of law.

Frank Gaylord Cook.

PALM SUNDAY IN PUEBLA DE LOS ANGELES.

SOME one hundred miles from the city of Mexico, and within twice that distance of Vera Cruz and the sea, and some seven thousand feet up into the clear, crisp air, lies the city of Puebla. The streets are broad and clean, the plazas filled with trees and rich in flowers, the markets exceptionally interesting.

Above this charming city tower, like huge sentinels, the two great volcanoes Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl.

The legend of its founding is quaint and somewhat characteristic; moreover, there is no shadow of doubt as to its truth.

The good Fray Julian Garces, the

first consecrated bishop of the Catholic Church in Mexico, conceived the most praiseworthy plan of founding, somewhere between the coast and the city of Mexico, a haven of refuge and safe resting-place for weary travelers. Upon one eventful night, when his mind was filled with this noble resolve, he beheld a lovely plain, bounded by the great slope of the volcanoes, watered by two rivers, and dotted by many ever-living springs, making all things fresh and green. As he gazed, his eyes beheld two angels with line and rod, measuring bounds and distances upon the ground. After seeing the vision, the bishop awoke, and that very hour set out to search for the site the angels had shown him; upon finding which he joyously exclaimed, "This is the site the Lord has chosen through his holy angels, and here shall the city be;" and even now the most charming and delightful of all the cities on the southern slope is this Puebla de los Angeles. Nothing has occurred since to shake confidence in the wisdom of the good bishop, nor impair the value of his undertaking, and to-day the idler, the antiquary, and the artist rise up and call him blessed.

But the pious bishop did not stop here. As early as 1536 he laid the cornerstone of the present cathedral, completed one hundred and fifty years later. This noble edifice, in its interior adornments, lofty nave, broad aisles divided by massive stone columns, inlaid floor of colored marble, altars, chapels, and choirs, as well as in its grand exterior, raised upon a terrace and surmounted by majestic towers, is by far the most stately and beautiful of all the great buildings of Mexico.

Before I reached the huge swinging doors, carved and heavily ironed, I knew it was Palm Sunday; for the streets were filled with people, each one carrying a long thin leaf of the sago palm, and the balconies with children twisting the sacred leaves over the iron railings,

to mark a blessing for the house until the next festival.

I had crossed the plaza, where I had been loitering under the trees, making memoranda in my sketch-book of the groups of Indians lounging on the benches in the shade, and sketching the outlines of bunches of little donkeys dozing in the sun; and mounting the raised terrace upon which the noble pile is built, I found myself in the cool, incense-laden interior. The aisles were a moving mass of people waving palms over their heads, the vista looking like great fields of ferns in the wind. The service was still in progress, and the distant bursts of the organ resounded at intervals through the arches.

I wedged my way between the throngs of worshipers, — some kneeling, some shuffling along, keeping step with the crowd, — past the inlaid stalls, exquisite carvings, and gilded figures of saints, until I reached the door of the sacristy. I always search out the sacristy. It contains the movable property of the church, and as I have a passion for moving it, — when the sacristan is of the same mind, — I always find it the most attractive corner of any sacred interior.

The room was superb. The walls were covered with paintings set in gilded frames; the chests of drawers were crammed with costly vestments. Two exquisite tables covered with slabs of onyx stood on one side, while upon a raised shelf above them were ranged eight superb Japanese Imari jars, — for water, I presumed. When I entered, a line of students near the door were being robed in white starched garments by the sacristan; groups of priests, in twos and threes, some in vestments, others in street robes, were chatting together on an old settle; and an aged bishop, white-haired, was listening intently to a young priest dressed in a dark purple robe, both outlined against an open window. The whole effect reminded me of one of Vibert's pictures. I was so ab-

sorbed that I remained motionless in the middle of the room, gazing awkwardly about. The next moment the light was shut out, and I was half smothered in the folds of a muslin skirt. I had been mistaken for a student chorister, and the sacristan would have slipped it over my head but for my smothered protest. Had I known the service, I think I should have risked the consequences.

The sacristy opened into the chapter-room. The wanderer who thinks he must go to Italy to find grand interiors should stand at the threshold of this room and look in; or, still better, rest his weary bones for half an hour within the perfectly proportioned, vaulted and domed apartment, hung with Flemish tapestry and covered with paintings, and examine it at his leisure. He can select any one of the superb old Spanish chairs presented by Charles V., thirty-two of which line the walls; then, being rested, he can step into the middle of the room, and feast his eyes upon a single slab of Mexican onyx covering a table large enough for a grand council of bishops. I confess I stood for an instant amazed, wondering whether I was really in Mexico, across its thousand miles of dust, or had wandered into some old palace or church in Verona or Padua.

At the far end of this chapter-room sat a grave-looking priest, absorbed in his breviary. I approached him, hat in hand.

"Holy father, I am a stranger and a painter. I know the service is going on, and that I should not now intrude; but this room is so beautiful, and my stay in Puebla so short, that I must crave your permission to enter."

He laid down his book. "*Mi amigo*, you are welcome. Wander about where you will, here and by the altar. You will disturb no one. You painters always revere the church, for within its walls your greatest works are held sacred."

I thought that very neat for a priest

just awakened from a reverie, and, thanking him, examined greedily the superb old carved chair he had just vacated. I did revere the church, and told him so, but all the same I coveted the chair, and but for his compliment and devout air would have dared to open negotiations for its possession. I argued, iconoclast that I am, that it would hardly be missed among its fellows, and that perhaps one of those frightful renovations, constantly taking place in Mexican churches, might overtake this beautiful room, when new mahogany horrors might replace these exquisite specimens of the seventeenth century, and the whole set be claimed by the second-hand man or the wood-pile.

Then I strolled out into the church, with that vacant air which always marks one in a building new to him, — especially when it overwhelms him, — gazing up at the nave, reading the inscriptions under the pictures, and idling about the aisles. Soon I came to a confessional box. There I sat down, sheltered by a protecting column.

There is a fascination about the confessional which I can never escape. Here sits the old news-gatherer and safe-deposit vault of everybody's valuable secrets, peaceful and calm within the seclusion of his grated cabinet; and here come a troop of people, telling him all the good and bad things of their lives, and leaving with him for safe-keeping their most precious property, — their misdeeds. What a collection of broken bonds, dishonored names, and debts of ingratitude must he be custodian of!

The good father before me was a kindly faced, plethoric old man; a little deaf, I should judge, from the fanning motion of his left hand, making a sounding-board for his ear. About him were a group of penitents, patiently awaiting their turns. When I halted and sought the shelter of a pillar, the closely veiled and muffled figure of a richly dressed señora was bowed before him. She re-

mained a few moments, and then slipped away, and another figure took her place at the grating. I raised my eyes wistfully, wondering whether I could read the old fellow's face, which was in strong light, sufficiently well to get some sort of an inkling of her confidences; but no cloud of sorrow, or ruffle of anger, or gleam of curiosity passed over it. It was as expressionless as a harvest moon, and placid as a mountain lake. At times I even fancied he was asleep; then his little eyes would open slowly and peep out keenly, and I knew he had only been digesting and assorting his several informations. One after another they dropped away silently, — the Indian in his *zarape*, the old man in sandals, and the sad-faced woman with a black *rebosa* twisted about her throat. Each had prostrated himself, and poured through that six inches of space the woes that weighed heavy on his soul. The good father listened to them all. His patience and equanimity seemed marvelous. I was so engrossed that I forgot I was an eavesdropper, and could make no sort of excuse for my vulgar curiosity which would satisfy any one upon whose privacy I intruded; and, coming to this conclusion, I was about to shoulder my trap and move off, when I caught sight of a short, thick-set young Mexican, muffled to his chin in a *zarape*. He was leaning against the opposite column, watching earnestly the same confessional box, his black, bead-like eyes riveted upon the priest. In his hand he held a small red cap, with which he partially concealed his face. It was not prepossessing. The forehead was low and receding, the mouth firm and cruel. As each penitent turned away, the man edged nearer to the priest, with a movement that attracted me. It was like that of an animal slowly yielding to the power of a snake. He was now close enough for me to see great drops of sweat running down his temples; his breath came thick and short; his whole

form, sturdy fellow as he was, trembled and shook. The cap was now clenched in his fist and pressed to his breast, the eyes were still fastened on the priest, the feet moving a few inches at a time. When the last penitent had laid her face against the grating, he fell upon his knees behind her, and buried his face in his hands. When she was gone, he threw himself forward in her place, and clutched the grating with a moan that startled me. I arose from my seat, edged around the pillar, and got the light more clearly on the priest's face. It was as calm and serene as a wooden saint's.

For a few moments the Mexican lay in a heap at the grating; then he raised his head, and looked cautiously about him. I shrank into the shadow. The face was ghastly pale, the lips trembled, the eyes started from his head. The priest leaned forward wearily, his ear to the iron lattice. The man's lips began to move; the confession had begun. Both figures remained motionless, the man whispering eagerly, and the priest listening patiently. Suddenly the good father started forward, bent down, and scanned the man's face searchingly through the grating. In another instant he uttered a half-smothered cry of horror, covered his face with the sleeve of his robe, and fell back on his seat. The man edged around on his knees from the side grating to the front of the confessional, and bowed his head to the lower step of the box. For several minutes neither moved. I flattened myself against the column, and became a part of the architecture. Then the priest, with blanched face, leaned forward over the half door, and laid his hand on the penitent. The man raised his head, clutched the top of the half door, bent forward, and glued his lips to the priest's ear. I reached down noiselessly for my sketch-trap, peeled myself from the column as one would a wet handbill, and, keeping the pillar between me and the

confessional, made a straight line for the sacristy.

Before I reached the door the priest overtook me, crossed the room, and disappeared through a smaller door in the opposite wall. I turned to avoid him, and caught sight of the red cap of the Mexican pressing his way hurriedly to the street. I waited until he was lost in the throng, drew a long breath, and dropped upon a bench.

The faces of both man and priest haunted me. I had evidently been the unsuspected witness of one of those strange confidences existing in Catholic countries between the criminal and the Church. I had also been in extreme personal danger. A crime so terrible that the bare recital of it shocked to demoralization so unimpressible a priest as the good father was safe in his ear alone. Had there been a faint suspicion in the man's mind that I had overheard any part of his story, my position would have been dangerous.

But what could have been the crime? I reflected that even an inquiry looking towards its solution would be equally hazardous, and so tried to banish the incident from my mind.

A jar upon the other end of the bench awoke me from my reverie. A pale, neatly dressed, sad-looking young fellow had just sat down. He apologized for disturbing me, and the courtesy led to his moving up to my end.

"English?"

"No; from New York."

"What do you sell?"

"Nothing. I paint. This trap contains my canvas and colors. What do you do?" I asked.

"I am a clerk in the department of justice. The office is closed to-day, and I have come into the church out of the heat, because it is cool."

I sounded him carefully, was convinced of his honesty, and related the incident of the confessional. He was not surprised. On the contrary, he re-

counted to me many similar instances in his own experience, explaining that it is quite natural for a man haunted by a crime to seek the quiet of a church, and that often the relief afforded by the confessional wrings from him his secret. No doubt my case was one of these.

"And is the murderer safe?"

"From the priest, yes. The police agents, however, always watch the churches."

While we were speaking an officer passed, bowed to my companion, retraced his steps, and said, "There has been an important arrest. You may perhaps be wanted."

I touched the speaker's arm. "Pardon me. Was it made near the cathedral?"

"Yes; outside the great door."

"What was the color of his cap?"

He turned sharply, looked at me searchingly, and said, lowering his voice, —

"Red."

A few days later I wandered into the market-place, in search of a subject. My difficulty was simply one of selection. I could have opened my easel at random and made half a dozen sketches without leaving my stool; but where there is so much wealth of material one is apt to be over-critical, and, being anxious to pick out the best, often loses the *esprit* of the first impression, and so goes away without a line. It was not the fault of the day or the market. The sun was brilliant beyond belief, the sky superb; the open square of the older section was filled with tumble-down bungalow-like sheds, hung with screens of patched matting; the sidewalks were fringed with giant thatched umbrellas, picturesque in the extreme; the costumes were rich and varied: all this and more, and yet I was not satisfied. Outside the slanting roofs, heaped up on the pavement, lay piles of green vegetables,

pottery, and fruit, glistening in the dazzling light. Inside the booths were hung festoons of bright stuffs, rebosas and *pañuelos*, gray and cool by contrast. Thronging crowds of natives streamed in and out the sheds, blocked up narrow passageways, grouped in the open, and disappeared into the black shadows of an inviting archway, beyond which an even crisper sunlight glowed in dabs, spots, and splashes of luxuriant color. There was everything, in fact, to intoxicate a man in search of the picturesque, and yet I idled along without opening my sketch-book, and for more than an hour lugged my trap about: deciding on a group under the edge of the archway, with a glimpse of blue in the sky and the towers of the church beyond; abandoning that instantly for a long stretch of street leading out of a square dotted with donkeys waiting to be unloaded; and concluding, finally, to paint some high-wheeled carts, only to relinquish them all for something else.

I continued, I say, to waste thus foolishly my precious time, until, dazed and worn out, I turned on my heel, hailed a cab, and drove to the old Paseo. There I entered the little *plazuela*, embowered in trees, sat down opposite the delightful old church of San Francisco, and was at work in five minutes. When one is dazzled by a sunset, let him shut his eyes. After the blaze of a Mexican market, try the quiet grays of a seventeenth-century church, seen through soft foliage and across cool, shady walks.

The church of San Francisco is another of the delightful old churches of Puebla. I regret that the fiend with the bucket and the flat brush has practically destroyed almost the whole interior except the choir, which is still exquisite with its finely carved wooden stalls and rich organ. But I rejoice that the outside, with its quaint altar fronting on the *plazuela*, façade of dark brick ornamented with panels of Spanish tiles, stone carvings, statues, and

lofty towers, is still untouched, and hence beautiful.

Adjoining the church is a military hospital and barracks, formerly an old convent. I was so wholly wrapped up in my work that my water-cup needed refilling before I looked up and about me. To my surprise, I was nearly surrounded by a squad of soldiers and half a dozen officers. One fine-looking old fellow, with gray moustache and pointed beard, stood so close that my elbow struck his knee when I arose. The first thought that ran through my head was my experience of Sunday, and my unpardonable imprudence in imparting my discoveries of the confessional to the sad-faced young man on the bench. Tracked, of course, I concluded, — arrested in the streets, and held as a witness on bread and pulque for a week. No passport, and an *alibi* out of the question! A second glance reassured me. The possessor of the pointed beard only smiled cordially, apologized, and seated himself on the bench at my right. His intentions were the most peaceful. It was the growing picture that absorbed him and his fellow-officers and men. They had merely deployed noiselessly in my rear, to find out what the deuce the stranger was doing under that white umbrella. Only this, and nothing more. I was not even permitted to fill my water-bottle myself. A sign from my friend, and a soldier, with his arm in a sling, ran to the fountain, returned in a flash, and passed the bottle back to me with so reverential an air that but for the deep earnestness of his manner I should have laughed aloud. He seemed to regard the water-bottle as the home of the witch that worked the spell.

After that the circle was narrowed, and my open cigarette-case added a touch of good fellowship, everybody becoming quite cozy and sociable. The officer was in command of the barracks. His brother officers — one after another was introduced with much form and

manner — were on duty at the hospital except one, who was in command of the department of police of the city. A slight chill ran down my spine, but I returned the commandant's bow with a smile that established at once the absolute purity of my life.

For two hours, in the cool of the morning, under the trees of the little plazuela, this charming episode continued; I painting, the others around me deeply interested; all smoking, and chatting in the friendliest possible way. At the sound of a bugle the men dropped away, and soon after all the officers bowed and disappeared, except my friend with the pointed beard and the commandant of the police. These two moved their bench nearer, and sat down, determined to watch the sketch to the end. The conversation drifted into different channels. The system of policing the streets at night was explained to me, the manner of arrest, the absolute authority given to the *jefe politico* in the rural districts, — an execution first, and an investigation afterwards, — the necessity for such prompt action in a country abounding in bandits, the success of the government in suppressing the evil, etc.

"And are the crimes confined wholly to the country districts?" I asked. "Are your cities safe?"

"Generally, yes. Occasionally there is a murder among the lower classes of the people. It is not always for booty; revenge for some real or fancied injury often prompts it."

"Has there been any particularly brutal crime committed here lately?" I asked carelessly, skirting the edge of my precipice.

"Not exactly here. There was one at Atlitxco, a small town a few miles west of here, but the man escaped."

"Have you captured him?"

"Not yet. There was a man arrested here a few days ago, who is now awaiting examination. It may be that we have the right one. We shall know to-morrow."

I kept at work, dabbling away at the mass of foliage, and putting in pats of shadow tones.

"Was it the man arrested near the cathedral on Palm Sunday?"

"There was a man arrested on Palm Sunday," he replied slowly. "How did you know?"

I looked up, and found his eyes riveted on me in a peculiar, penetrating way.

"I heard it spoken of in the church," I replied, catching my breath. My foot went over the precipice. I could see into the pit below.

"If the American heard of it," said he in a low voice, turning to my friend, "it was badly done."

I filled a fresh brush with color, leaned over my canvas, and before I looked up a second time had regained my feet and crawled back to a safe spot. I could hear the stones go rumbling down into the abyss beneath me; then I concentrated myself upon the details of the façade, and the officer began explaining the early history of the founding of the church, and the many vicissitudes it had experienced in the great battles which had raged around its towers. By the time he had finished the cold look went out of his eyes.

The sketch was completed, the trap bundled up, three hats were raised, and we separated.

I thought of the horror-stricken face of the priest and the crouching figure of the Mexican; then I thought of that penetrating, steel-like glance of the commandant.

So far as I know the priest alone shares the secret.

F. Hopkinson Smith.

STUDIES OF FACTORY LIFE: THE AMERICAN AND THE MILL.

THE statement is frequently made that "the Americans have everywhere been driven out of the factory." It is true that they have almost universally quitted the lower grades of work in cotton-mills, but it must not be hastily assumed that they left in any such manner as would justify the use of the expression that they were driven from it. To say that they were *driven* seems to imply that if their departure were not actually compulsory, it was at any rate an experience which would not have come to them had their social and national life developed in an orderly way. The phrase would also warrant the inference that the movement out of the factory was downward, towards a less satisfactory condition and towards inferior sorts of labor.

It should not be said that the Americans were driven, if it can be shown that their passage into the factory, through it and away from it, was due to a spontaneous and a measurably successful effort to accomplish results and obtain objects which they desired. The entire process then takes its place among those oscillations of the masses which conduce to the healthy growth of society. The matter is worthy of conscientious study, since the world is beginning to demand that all institutions shall have a moral as well as an economical or political justification for existence. If it be found that a people are inevitably degraded through mill service, and that they are nearly certain, in the course of succeeding generations, to sink rather than to rise, then the factory must be condemned by all persons who believe that the purpose of being on this planet is ethical, and that it is immoral to foster practices and methods which deteriorate the human race. If, on the other hand, an examination of

the subject shall lead to the conclusion that certain classes of mill people have not been vitally injured by their life, it will become proper to inquire into the causes which have preserved them, in order to learn whether their salvation be due to their association with the factory, or whether it is consequent upon particular characteristics which they have themselves brought into that association. The student must also be careful to remember that if the latter be the case with any race or class which is sharply distinguished in its nature from other classes, some of these different races or classes, not possessing the same preservative qualities, might be less favorably affected by factory life, and might be finally moulded into a very dissimilar shape by experience of that mode of work and existence. The study of the subject is the more valuable, as it may serve to suggest that if the factory is not always wholly harmful to all its workers, it might be possible, by intelligent effort, to render it less harmful to any laborers. It may prove that this object is to be attained through some modification of the system, which will help the operatives to surround themselves with such influences as will tend to develop in them the characteristics which have been efficacious in elevating other classes. There is need of such effort, for even if every body of factory employees have not suffered vitally because of their connection with the institutions of manufacturing, moreover, even if some of them have been able to rise through that connection, it still does not follow that these institutions have ever been rendered as innoxious or as beneficial as they might have been had they been founded, or were they now administered, with conscientious reference to ethical laws.

We do not suppose we can throw so much light, in this paper, on the relation of the Americans to the mill as would solve all question about the function of the factory in civilization, but we hope to present some facts which may at least point in the direction of perfect knowledge, and that wisdom which is the fruit thereof. Factory life to-day differs in many respects from factory life fifty or more years ago, and it is hard to draw correct inferences from one about the other. Still, the understanding of the earlier condition may help to the full comprehension of the other. The modifications which the system has undergone are due partly to moral and partly to material causes. The history of the future will probably be marked by changes also due to both these kinds of causes. Any discovery in science, in the utilization of physical forces, which should have the effect of encouraging the dispersion of labor, rather than its concentration in cities and in large establishments, would alter many aspects of the laborer's present attitude toward life, and that world wherein, it is supposed, he has a soul to nourish as well as a stomach to fill. On the contrary, should the present disposition to economic centralization continue, it is still impossible to forecast all its phases, or to decide beforehand how they may greatly affect its moral tendencies. But at bottom the relation of human beings to each other is ethical, and material powers alone will never furnish all the elements necessary to solve moral questions. Under all conditions of science and all conceptions of political or economical law, and under every sort of institution, men will hurt or help each other according to the presence or absence in them of a controlling sense that they owe a duty to each other: the employer to the laborer, the laborer to the employer, and each one to his fellow. All problems resolve themselves finally into the struggle for personal righteousness.

In an earlier paper, treating of the village system, I have briefly sketched the history of the Americans in connection with cotton manufacturing. I propose now to consider the subject in greater detail. In the first part of the century, all the operatives were natives. This state of affairs lasted without important modification for nearly fifty years. The history of the male operatives was such as I have indicated in the former paper. Those of ordinary ability lived and died in the service. The more capable ones in each generation rose to be overseers, superintendents, and manufacturers. At first the weavers were all women. At that time hand-mules were used, and these, of course, were run by men, and they required more operators to a given number of spindles than the present machinery necessitates. The old dressing-frames took more hands to do the same work than are now needful, and these were all masculine hands. In the carding and picking rooms, also, more men and boys were then employed. The young men of that period, I am informed, despised weaving as a business, and did not think it worth while to learn to do it. The wages were too small to suit them, and then, as now, the less lucrative employments were passed over to the feminine portion of the working corps; it being accepted among the principles of practical if not of theoretical economics that no wages are too small for women. When the foreigners came to this country, the men began to take looms to run. It would be a forced conclusion to maintain that the entrance of men into the trade helped to cause the rise in the wages paid to weavers, but the history of this branch of labor is rendered rather curious by the fact that it is one which in this country was first entirely relegated to women, and which has been better paid since the other sex have shared in it. In most kinds of work, the men have been the first laborers, and women

have come in later; and sometimes their advent has been opposed, lest it should lower the wages.

The careers of the mill women naturally differed from those of the men. There was no promotion for them in the factory. Their way to rise was to marry out of the necessity for continuing to work in it. Men began to be weavers in Rhode Island about 1848 and 1849. The day of labor was much longer than at present. General Butler has lately given the figures for Massachusetts. They do not differ essentially from those applicable to the smaller State, except that in the latter commonwealth the enactment of a ten-hour law was delayed several years after it had been adopted in the former. I am told by a man who for many decades has been a superintendent that he was "in a cotton-mill in 1826, and worked from fourteen to fifteen hours per day up to 1833 or 1834." Then the hours began to lessen. After 1850 the time was twelve and eleven and a half hours, till 1862, when it was reduced to eleven. This remained the established number for more than twenty years, till the ten-hour law was finally adopted in Rhode Island. In any attempt to estimate, from these figures, the comparative hardship of the operative's lot at different periods, it must be remembered that although, in bygone years, the day of labor was longer than it is now, the machinery was much less rapid in motion, and consequently the strain on the person who tended it was not so unrelenting as at present. All the mechanical changes, however, have not been of a nature to increase the drain on the operative's strength. A superintendent of large experience once told me that the hardest work done in the mill, in proportion to the strength of the worker, was performed by girls thirteen and fourteen years old. Some alterations in the machinery have, in recent years, rendered easier this particular process in the manufacture.

The wages were of course smaller in former days, from four to six dollars a week for weavers, while at present they range from six to twelve dollars. Overseers in 1850 received from nine shillings to ten shillings sixpence a day, and now, for rooms of the same size, they are paid sixteen to eighteen shillings, and work two hours less a day. The shilling is sixteen and two thirds cents.

When, at the beginning of the century, the cotton business arose, it afforded the girls of New England the first opportunity to find occupation outside their homes sufficiently important to affect the destiny of any large number of them. They rushed into the new opening, not dreaming that they were precipitating their sex into the maelstrom of modern industry, or that they were merely the advance guard of a great army of female workers, whose disadvantageous attitude towards economic forces is one of the most fruitful sources of suffering in our social body. It was not the stupid girls who, in that early day, broke away from the monotony of farm life, or the still worse helplessness of existence with parents too poor to be farmers. It was the bright, eager young women, who went to the mills to earn money, and free themselves from the semi-servitude engendered by dependence on relatives. The story has often been told of the Lowell factory girls who published a paper, and in time settled to no meaner avocation than that of author or social reformer. There are legends also of a generation of Yankee mill girls who sent to Preston S. Brooks the suggestive tribute of thirty pieces of silver, after his assault upon Charles Sumner. But the careers concerning which these stories are related belong to a late period in the history of the Americans' connection with the manual part of cotton manufacture, and some of them were exceptionally striking. Still, such incidents indicate something which it is important to understand, and that

is that the nice girls of New England for many years became mill operatives. Of course I do not mean that such labor was ever aristocratic, but that it possessed a certain social sanction which it does not now command. A consideration of the average fortunes of the native help leads to the same conclusion. The mill girl had worldly superiors then as the dressmaker, the typewriter, the telegraph operator, the common-school teacher, has now, but she was from exactly the same stock, and was herself just the same sort of girl, as are the ones who now follow these different vocations. She maintained her dignity while in the mill, and if she left it before she grew old it was because she wanted to leave it, — usually because some man wisely wanted to marry her. Her marriage was generally sensible, and sometimes brilliant. In studying the traditions of the whole period, one finds occasional hints of that romance which attaches to all history, as amid the homely details one catches now and then a glimpse of ideal beauty, and comes upon the trace of some girl whose loveliness attracted a fate quite different from that of her village comrades. It is happily due to the purity of New England ethics that this fate is more often found to be joyful than sad.

I suppose it would be impossible to obtain statistics which would tell us much either of the life of the Americans who were operatives, or of the after fate of their descendants. But every person who has been long familiar with the native residents in the older manufacturing towns is necessarily acquainted with many family histories, which reveal the essential features of that former time, when factories were small, and owners and workers were often not only neighbors, but friends. They were all subjected to the ancient New England village tradition of substantial equality. They were of one blood, they held to one religion, and called each other very generally by their Christian names. "Of

that early time," writes a lady now more than eighty years old, "I have many recollections, when the wife of Mr. S—— met the wives of overseers not only in her church work or at prayer-meetings, but in social equality."

I have received accounts of a Quaker family who, about the year 1820, came from a more rural district to a Rhode Island manufacturing village, bringing with them eight or ten young girls, some of whom were also Quakers. The family established a boarding-house for mill operatives. The girls went into the factory. It is a little difficult to imagine young Quakeresses exchanging their soft "thees" and "thous" amid the din of print-cloth looms, a little hard to fancy their queer, sober-hued bonnets resting during working hours in some not over-dusty corner of a cotton-mill. Yet such things were in that far-off year of our Lord, who in all the course of his brief life on earth uttered few maxims that seem in perfect harmony with orthodox political economy. These girls went to "meeting" on "first days," — one's pen writes almost involuntarily the beloved Quaker dialect, — but history records not what they did about the fifth-day meeting, or whether they freed themselves from toil once in a while on the fourth day of the week, so that they might attend the monthly gatherings of their sect for religious edification. Doubtless the Spirit was with them, even though they were obliged to pass the solemn hours within factory walls, and we will trust they heard its holy whispers sound through the buzzing of the machinery. There have been many since their day whose ears that buzzing has deafened to all such whispers.

The girls who belonged in the place, the daughters of old established country families, called on the daughters of the boarding-house keepers, whom they had seen at "meeting." Very likely there were those who would not or did not call, either through indifference or because

of some slightly aristocratic notion, but those who went held good positions in such society as existed in the neighborhood. One of the visitors still remembers sitting with her youthful companions in the big room into which they were ushered, while the women of the house brought in and introduced one by one all their boarders who had become factory girls. I have been able to learn the subsequent history of several of these young women, and indeed often visited the home of one of them, after she had become a lovely old lady. They married well, most of them well even in a worldly sense. But there is no evidence going to show that they were influenced to make their marriages by any feeling that they stood, as operatives, in any special need of altering or bolstering up their position. They led refined, honorable, and presumably satisfactory lives in after years, as the wives of business men, some of whom were cotton manufacturers. Their descendants to-day are prominent and educated members of society in the towns and cities where they live.

Of course, in dwelling on the prosperity in affairs which attended so many of these people, I do not mean to imply that their acquisition of property settles the whole question as to whether they were helped or hindered in growth by their connection with the mill. It is an old truth, yet one of which each new generation needs to be reminded, that increase in wealth and elevation in society are not always accompanied by a commensurate spiritual, moral, and intellectual development. Still, after investigating the history of many families of tradesmen, mechanics, merchants, and manufacturers who are immediately descended from operatives, my impression is strong that this portion of the American race accomplished, on the whole, a healthy growth in all directions during the first half of the century. They were a sturdy and worthy folk, who merely

passed through the factory in the course of a natural transformation from a rural into a town and city population. This transformation was rendered inevitable, at that time, by the general development of the country, its resources, and its national character.

Sometimes the rustic operative left the mill and returned to his native fields. Even now, in one of the shore towns of Massachusetts, an old woman lives and dispenses hospitality to summer boarders, and is called "aunt" by all the neighbors, who in 1825, at the mature age of fourteen, left her home on the seashore, and went with another girl on a coasting vessel to Providence. Her mother was a widow, possessed of eight children, and need there probably was for every one to venture early into the world. After serving awhile at a boarding-house in the town, this girl strayed up the Blackstone River to a manufacturing village, whose noisy growth not only disturbed the quiet meadows, but in time necessitated the building of a dam, which caused some of the best farming land in the vicinity to be overflowed and lost to agriculture. Here our young damsel worked in the mill till her health failed, under the confinement and fatigue of the long laborious days, and she was obliged again to become a housemaid. Later, however, Fall River, which was then beginning to take a prominent place among factory towns, attracted her and all her family into its busy life. She grew to womanhood amid the spindles, but she married at last a man from her old home, and returned to the seashore.

The career of one girl, which came long ago to my knowledge, presents in a curious way elements both vulgar and exceptional.

In the following brief narrative of her experience, I will assume that her name was Caroline. She sprang from a very poor and not very reputable family. Her father died in prison. She was one

of nine brothers and sisters, and when a child she was not sent to school nor taught to read. Here certainly seemed to be fine material for the making of another "Margaret, the mother of criminals;" but there was some stuff in the girl's character, some element in her soul, which preserved her from such a fate. Her widowed mother moved from a rural district to a small manufacturing village about the year 1830. Caroline was put into the factory, but at what age I cannot tell; probably, however, while still in her early teens. She went to church, and I am unable to say positively whether she had ever been in the habit of going to church when the family abode in the country, but the person to whom I am indebted for her story thought she had not there been accustomed to attend any religious services. It was in the little village meeting-house that the girl began her education. She used to commit to memory the text from which the minister preached, doubtless availing herself therefor of his welcome repetitions of it during the sermon. There was an old Bible in her home, and she would repeat the text to one of her mill comrades who could read, and get her to find it for her in the treasured volume. The sentence being found, she would study the words, comparing their appearance with her recollection of them as first, second, and so on in the text, till she knew how each looked, and could distinguish it in other places on the mysterious printed pages. The more she learned, the more she wanted to know. One day, when she was nineteen years old, a woman grown, whose thoughts might naturally have turned to lovers, or to pleasant household images amid which her own young self should have leave to walk, the desire for knowledge crystallized into decisive action. She put her work in the mill in charge of some one else, one noon-time, and started along the road that led through the village to the next town. She stopped at every

house on the way, and asked at each the same question: Would the mistress take her in and give her board, and let her have time to go to school, if she would do housework in all her leisure hours? She went on in this search for more than a mile, till she found a Quaker woman who accepted her terms. She lived in that family for some time, and attended a small private school, where the other pupils were very little children. I do not know whether the teacher gave her the tuition, or whether she had saved money enough to pay the fees. The latter hypothesis seems less likely in view of the fact that, as she was a minor, her wages had always belonged to her mother. The need of that mother to exercise her full prerogative is quite apparent when it is considered that not only was Caroline one of nine offspring, but that the widow, after they came to the factory village, had married a widower, who was also blessed with nine sons and daughters, and that three additional infants were in the course of time born into this composite family.

Caroline continued her service as housemaid and her attendance at school till whatever resources she had had, either of money or clothes, were exhausted, and she was compelled again to become a wage-earner. She then returned to the mill. About this time the business passed into the hands of new owners, whose families took up their residence in the village. Caroline applied for help to one of the ladies, who she thought would be interested to aid her in her studies. She asked to do housework, live in her family, and receive a small compensation, and expressed the hope that her mistress would teach her. Her requests were granted, and she proved to be "the most eager scholar I ever saw," said the lady, in after years. The girl insisted on knowing the meaning of every word that she learned to spell, and her eyes would grow prominent with excitement as she

added one fact after another to her store of information. She took a lesson every day, till circumstances again led to her return to the mill. Later, however, her mistress procured her the opportunity to enter a small country boarding-school, where she paid her way with work, until she had finally acquired a fair amount of what is called an English education. The end of her story is disappointing. It suggests the baffling and mysterious nature of that spiritual mystery which lurks behind the average human existence. It is sometimes the hardest phase of life to understand, and it may be that comprehension of it is most necessary to one who would form any true theory, not only of social life as it is and as it should be, but also of the essential character and destiny of the soul. It is the old puzzle, Why should man prefer to hitch his wagon to a donkey rather than to a star? An elderly man, of extremely miserly habits, proposed to Caroline, and she married him. I have no means of knowing whether either before or after marriage he was ever able to inspire her with any affection. He did not look like a man whom a woman could love, but it may be that she did care for him. Still, when she told her friend, the manufacturer's wife, of her intention to marry him, she stated as a reason for her decision that he had three thousand dollars, and she thought that if she united herself to him, and should have children, they need not grow up in ignorance, as she had done, for she should be able to send them to school. Pathetic prescience of the womanly heart! Fortunately, it was justified, and one of her daughters took a normal school course and became a teacher. Caroline herself was left a widow in middle life, with sufficient property to insure her comfort. I do not know that she ever sought to cultivate her mind beyond the point at which her hardly gained schooling left her, and some doggerel verses which she once

wrote and showed to a friend proved that her mental life was very meagre.

As the century advanced, the West began to be known to enterprise. The gold mines of California attracted young men thither, while in New England much new business developed; and many of the operatives had by this time acquired habits or capital which prepared them to seize firm hold of these new and tempting opportunities. Women also found chances for other employment. The girl who could become a school-teacher or a telegraph operator had no mind to be a weaver. She even came to prefer to be clerk in a store, or to work in a thousand manufactures more dainty than that of the cotton mill. But this very cotton business shared in the great impetus which was pulsing through the material life of the whole country, and its importance grew. More mills were built and larger ones, and more hands were needed than ever before, just in the very years when the Americans were seeking other avenues of labor. A shrewd observer of that period writes me: "There were not so many Americans left the mills as you would suppose. The mills increased in size and numbers. Then the foreigners rushed in, and it made it look as if the Americans had all gone." My own knowledge of particular cases leads me to the opinion that the way in which the natives "left the mill" was something like this: There came a time when the parents, who either had been or still were operatives, did not put their children into the factory, but started them in other and more desirable pursuits. Thus the supply of American help failed for lack of new recruits, rather than through desertion on the part of those already in the service, except such desertion by the grown females as had been always the customary consequence of marriage. Most of the men who in 1850-60 were mill workers probably remained such to the end, but their

sons took up other labors and sought other careers. There would thus have been a great gap left in the factory but for the incoming of the Irish. It is curious to see how these waves of movement in the American and the Irish national bodies fitted into and supplemented each other. The foreigners were stimulated to come here by the accounts they received of the wonderful opportunities offered by this young and rapidly growing country, and they were urged and pricked on by their circumstances at home. They came just as the Americans began to tire of factory work. The door of the mill stood wide open. The foreigners had no time, no means of support, to enable them to seek other employment or to test other roads to fortune. The Americans had stood so long in the factory shelter — such as it was — that they had had time to study the resources of their country and the possibilities of their situation. So they walked out of the mills, or rather the younger generation refused to enter, and the foreigners, who must go somewhere and do something immediately, walked in, and filled the great inclosures with their voices and with the clang of the machinery which they guided.

The Irish were not, in the true sense of the word, imported by the manufacturers. They were not sent for, and they were not taken, as has been sometimes carelessly alleged, for the sake of lowering wages. They came of their own accord, and the general tendency of wages has been upward, during the last eighty years. The mill superintendent whom I have already quoted, and whose experience of factories began in 1826, says, "The help have made more money since 1840 than they ever did before." He adds that he has never known of manufacturers sending "over to the old country after help to work in mills," "but" he has "known them, when a family had a son or daughter here, to advance a sum to bring the

whole family out here, and let them work out the advance, but" "they always paid them the same price that they did others for the same work." Such occasional loans to persons who wanted their relatives to join them here cannot be classified as concerted efforts to import foreign help.

Sometimes, an American family that had left the mill returned to the service, and a few of the original native employees lingered on to a very late period. One of the last of these in a certain town was an old woman, who had been retained in some nominal employment long after her usefulness was past. When, finally, she could not even go to the mill, she was given room rent, and the town eked out whatever she had saved for her support and that of an aged crone who lived with her. A person who visited her shortly before her death found her room and her attendant rather dreary in appearance. The lower class of Americans is divided into two sorts: one kind is very neat, the other extremely untidy, and old Mary and her familiar were apparently of the latter order. A small, battered brass kettle was the only article of furniture which seemed in any way to connect the women and their belongings to those conditions of New England life whence they had sprung. Everything else smacked of such poverty and such manners as are indigenous to factory tenement-house life. There was nothing especially interesting about Mary, except that she was herself a relic, and that she showed a childish and rather touching glee when some very big oranges were given her, till she spoke of one of the owners of the mill, a young man, scarcely more than a boy, who had died suddenly some dozen years before. His memory was fresh in the heart of the aged dying woman; she "had thought so much of him," she said. She praised him because he had that kindly manner, which seems so easy to attain that one wonders

it is not more common, in view of all the love it is sure to excite. "He always had a pleasant word," she declared, "for every one, as he went through the factory." And then she spoke of the Sunday morning in April when he died. "They told me," said she, "as I was comin' out o' meetin' that he was dead, an' I hurried home, an' I come up-stairs, an' I did n't stop to take off my bonnet an' shawl, but I throwed myself, as I was, right down there on the floor, an' cried."

It has been said that the reason why rich and poor can so seldom help each other is because their difference in condition renders each unable to really understand and sympathize with the experiences, both of joy and sorrow, that come to the other. Love alone can bridge the gulf made by unlikeness, and give perfect comprehension. This aged creature of poverty and of toil, that spring day, entered into the same mystery of grief whose shadow lay on the home of those who owned the mill where she worked and the tenement on the floor of which she lay sobbing. But unfortunately the sort of love which is actual personal affection is rare between persons who belong to classes widely distinct from each other. Perhaps it is quite as often felt for the higher by the lower as the other way. Nor is this very strange. Undoubtedly, people of culture, of refined and dainty ways, are more calculated to inspire personal love in their inferiors than they are to feel it themselves for natures and characters more rudely moulded. Can no sympathy, then, be established between the higher, who are not always the richer, and the lower, who are not always the poorer ones of earth, which shall constitute the bond of a vital relation between them all? I think there is a love which, if less personal, is not less genuine than any love between equals, which the superior can feel for the inferior, and which can supply the necessary medium through which kind-

ness may pass without hurtful or offensive condescension. The divine love which has been the hope and solace of the world through the ages is of this character, and it has been the yearning desire of humanity to see it incarnated beyond the possibility of mistake in a human being. He who will bend his soul to the task of cultivating in himself this love for those who need it will not find any true culture of brain or any real refinement of nerve a hindrance to its growth. It is the finest force that the heart can generate, and no fineness is antagonistic to it. All that opposes its development, however delicate may seem the mental fibre that offers itself in opposition, is, in truth, only the brutal element in man, masking itself under some finical fancy.

The fact that the particular body of people who passed through the factory into other employments generally bettered their condition by so doing does not prevent it from being true that the growth of affairs has of late years developed another class of American workers, who in some respects are quite as badly off as were the factory operatives of that early day. These are certain classes of working girls in the cities. They have more refined associations, it is true, but these very associations must sometimes possess a teasing, tormenting quality, like the oft-quoted waters that surrounded Tantalus. Still, the preference which the American girl shows for an employment which brings her into a sort of contact with things and with customs which she considers elegant or beautiful cannot be wholly condemned or deplored. It argues a desire for something good, even if it does not always show a very clear perception of what is good. The shop girl's taste for the beautiful may at times be very false, but, such as it is, she has some opportunity to gratify it. On the other hand, no art and scarcely any beauty even of artifice enter into the life that is spent in the factory and the factory tenement. In the village

there may be natural beauty, but nature has generally, I believe, less attraction for the uneducated mind than have those productions of man which suggest luxury and adornment. The domestic affections may soothe and delight, but existence in the mill town is to the laborers bare of all that is elevating or refining on the side of the intellect or the æsthetic sense. This fact is worthy to receive serious consideration, beside the opinion which is occasionally maintained that the common human creature needs the alleviation of art, in order to escape from the turmoil of passion and of painful effort into the atmosphere of beauty, even more than the uncommon and superior being needs such alleviation.

Another thing must be remembered. According to the notions of the day, the social position of the shop and sewing girl is higher than that of the factory girl. If she ceased to be the former and became the latter, she might defeat her hope of making a marriage suitable to her views of life. This is not an entirely idle or valueless motive. So long as the feminine nature is harmonious with home life, and is sympathetic to the duties and joys consequent upon wifedom and motherhood, the desire which retains women in occupations which they believe to be favorable to the formation of satisfactory marriages is both healthy and conservative of the well-being of society.

Undoubtedly, the working girl often chooses her avocation from motives of shallow vanity or vulgar conventionality; more often she merely drifts towards some convenient occupation, a helpless straw upon the current of that industrial stream whose direction is determined for her and for all her kind by forces utterly beyond her control. She is a sewing girl, and not a factory girl, because she belongs to this generation, not because she prefers to be the one or the other. To say that she is sometimes governed by trivial motives is simply to affirm

that she manifests such frailties and errors of judgment as are inherent in humanity, both male and female. To say that she frequently has no real choice how she shall work, but is obliged to seize the first opportunity which custom presents to such as she, is merely to affirm that she, like the masculine laborer, is a victim to the exigencies of the labor market.

It is, therefore, not probable that any needed relief to the city working girls of American birth is to come through the extended removal of their labor from its present sphere to that of the cotton factory. Still, the events of social movement are so strange that they cannot be foretold; and even while considering the unlikelihood of such a change, my mind is forced to contemplate a possible drift again of the descendants of the Puritans into the mill. There are many natives there now, but they are of recent foreign extraction. As the distinction becomes less marked between this class and that which claims a longer inheritance in the American name, the two may assimilate in the factory as they now share some other avocations. A generation will soon arise whose grandparents only were foreign-born; and when it comes to that, their difference will not be very clearly defined from their comrades with whom it is a question of ancestry but a little farther removed. The American mill girl will not feel then that her companion is entirely alien to her in blood and breeding.

There are places in all cotton factories, and especially in those devoted to the more complicated processes of manufacture, which require more delicate labor of hand or brain than the merely elemental spinning and weaving, and in the present day an American man is occasionally found employed in them, or a Yankee girl may be discovered in one of the more sheltered nooks in the great industrial structure. There are still American superintendents, and some-

times there are overseers of native birth. Once in a while, on the other hand, the extreme shiftlessness, the hopeless unthriftiness, which sometimes characterizes the New Englander results in equally extreme poverty, and drives a family into the lower horde of mere machine operators. It may be that it is still an

open question whether these exceptional cases are to be regarded as simply survivals of a past order, or as indications of a coming change of attitude towards mill work on the part of the descendants of the people who, many generations ago, occupied the rural districts of New England.

Lillie B. Chace Wyman.

THE ATHLETIC PROBLEM IN EDUCATION.

ALTHOUGH the tendency of athletic sports to find a definite place in our educational institutions has doubtless, on the whole, proved beneficial to the interests of society, it promises to effect certain grave changes in our system of education. On the one hand, the needs of mental training for the duties of society are constantly increasing: each decade makes it more difficult to accomplish the sufficient education of youth. On the other, the development of the athletic motive trenches more and more upon the time and the interests of the student. Already educators of the youth in the mother country and her intellectual dependencies are struggling to bring about some satisfactory equation between these two classes of needs. Most of them clearly eye the advantage which is derived from physical sports. They see also only too clearly how in many instances these sports tend to turn the youth away from the interests of the higher culture. In the following pages I propose to consider the origin of the athletic impulses embodied in our sports, and their place in our system of education.

The disposition of mind and body which leads our youth so strongly towards the diversions of athletic sport rests upon several enduring inherent motives. In all the lower animals which are akin to man, indeed in nearly all

the mammalia, we find the young endowed with a sportive humor. As soon as they come into possession of their bodies, they begin to exercise them with vigorous antics, which, though they seem purposeless, are, physiologically considered, thoroughly purposeful. It is characteristic of all these creatures that the development of the brain keeps ahead of the muscular growth until the adult state is attained. The rapid growth of the body demands that it have a large amount of education in movement, a training which would not be gained by the ordinary functions of life. Sport comes in to exercise the frame, and so to perfect the process of growth. The friskings of two lambs in mimic combat or the endless capers of a young monkey are as necessary for their growth as the food which is built into the body. In man the period of growth is remarkably long. It lasts for a greater time than in any of his lower kindred, except perhaps the slow-growing elephants, and the changes which supervene between the time of birth and the perfect state of the body are greater in man than in any creatures mammalian.

Besides the need of training of the body which characterizes man, he requires a culture of the mind in a measure not demanded in the case of any other animal. It is therefore fit that with human beings the period of sport

culture, the time during which the two sides of life, the material and the mental, are receiving their education, should be greater than in any other creature. Sport, that is activity relating only to growth of mind and body, of necessity occupies a very large place in the history of a human being. There are other reasons why our ordinary sports have a place in the history of man greater than that which they possess in the period of development of lower creatures. The intelligence of man, and the keen sympathetic understanding of his fellows which arises from that intelligence, awaken the desire to conquer for conquering's sake. Some one has defined man as separated from other creatures by the fact that in him alone do we find progressive desires which are stimulated by their very satisfaction. From this peculiar form of the contending motives comes the impulse to win in contentions of every sort. Whoever has gained a sense of the contentions on which all human advance depends must value the development of this motive. Civilization is in fact made up of unnecessary accomplishments, of deeds which have been done beyond the limits of the moment's need.

Looking upon athletic sports in this way, considering them as a branch of natural education, the true trainer of youth will hesitate before he rashly ventures to interfere with the motives which lead to such diversions. He will see that he must reckon with this nature in his effort to impose the newer and as yet less natural arts of the higher intellectual culture. He will see that the form and quality of man took their ancestral shape in just such pleasurable activities as are manifest in our sports, and not in the grim work of the money-getting world for which he is endeavoring to fit the being. He will, moreover, see that the moral status of the youth which it is his first duty to affirm has a certain gain from these modes of action. The habits of

command, of coöperation, and of laboring under defeat, qualities of the utmost value in maturer life, on which indeed the very successes of the race may depend, are cultivated in sportive contention, as they cannot be in any more artificial training. The teacher may prescribe the conditions of success in all modes of battle with the amplest illustrations from history without giving the youth a tenth part of the masterful quality which wins victories that he might obtain in a game of foot-ball. Therefore I say that the first duty of the educator is to look carefully to his processes when he begins to interfere with this ancient mode of culture.

The point that physical culture attained through the sportive motive is essential to the moral and bodily welfare of the race being accepted, the educator has to consider what are the evils which are likely to arise from the excessive development of these forms of exercise, — evils of a moral and physical sort. Considering first the physical effects of sports, we find a number of matters which demand the attention of the investigator. First among these effects upon the body, we may reckon the danger to life and limb incurred in a number of such diversions. It is a curious fact that nearly all our sports are based upon the effort to get possession of a ball: cricket, base-ball, foot-ball, lacrosse, tennis, all the common sports of youth except rowing, rest upon this contrivance. From the earliest dates of sport down to the present time, these little spheres have been the basis of diversions. Foot-ball, perhaps the oldest of these amusements among our people, has, as is well known, certain grave dangers. In the beginning of sports which grew up among the rustic population of England, the people of adjacent parishes played the game, all the able-bodied peasants taking a part in it. The ball was commonly kicked from the church of one parish to that of the other, and the contest lasted

often for many hours. When the sport came into the possession of school-boys, it was gradually organized, until at the present time it is subject to a very elaborate body of rules, and the number of contestants is limited to eleven on each side. The sport necessarily involves a system of training by which rude strength is combined with address in a very beautiful manner. The manifest aim of modern rules concerning this game is to limit the importance of mere brute force in contest, and it increases the value of the skill in individual action and perfection of combination among players. Although a good deal of risk is met in this sport, the regulation which it has of late undergone has diminished the element of danger, at the same time increasing the educational value of the diversion. To the ordinary well-conditioned young man the game has some eminent advantages. It teaches him to keep a cool head in moments of great activity. In it he learns to take considerable risks of bodily pain without hesitation, and to combine his action with that of his mates. It cultivates swift judgment, endurance, and self-confidence, without which even the naturally brave can never learn to meet danger. In no other form of activity can we, during times of peace, hope to give as valuable training to youth as is afforded by this sport. It appears to me well to bear with the dangers incurred in this violent form of exercise in order to retain in our system of discipline the peculiar training which is afforded by it alone.

Next to foot-ball, the sport of lacrosse, the only social custom which we have derived from the aborigines of this country, commends itself to the educator. As with foot-ball, lacrosse was originally a game played between large numbers of contestants. It has come now to the same limitation as regards numbers that we find with foot-ball. Like that sport, though in a less degree, it demands a

willingness to take bodily risks and an ability for creating swiftly formed co-operation between the persons engaged in the amusement. It has an advantage over foot-ball in that it does not necessarily involve the rude personal bodily contact between the contestants. If they touch each other in the strife, it is with the instrument by which the ball is thrown towards the goal.

Cricket and base-ball are to a great degree exempt from physical danger; at most the hands of the player suffer in the game. Even as much as the preceding sports, these minor forms of the ball games serve to train the youth in a swift and ready coöperation with their mates. Lawn tennis, at the moment the most popular of the ball sports, has the objection that the player is generally self-contained in his work, and does not obtain the training in coöperation which is the peculiarly precious element in the other related sports.

The only other coöperative diversion which is common enough among our students to give it any educational value is that of rowing. Aquatic contests with the oar have, as in the sports before mentioned, the general advantage that they require coöperation between those engaged in the labor, and this in a high measure. To attain success, the boating crew must devote the leisure of a year or more to the task of working together. A man thus learns to bring his activities into adjustment with those of his mates. The difficulty with this art, considered from the point of view of mental training, is that the individual is called upon to convert his body into a machine, which moves in rhythmical unity with the bodies of others. While the man engaged in foot-ball or other similar sports has to keep his mind in the highest degree awake, ready for instant and varied action, the boating man acts in a more mechanical way. His duty is to expend all his energies in a perfectly even manner during the twenty minutes

in which he is engaged in his strife, and the less he thinks while he is about his work the better his chance of success. This imperfection in the nature of the sport is partly compensated for by the fact that the work of a year in training is devoted to a moment of accomplishment in the actual race. It is something for the youth to learn the value of long-continued sacrifice directed to a single end.

The exercises of the gymnasium are what may be termed house exercises, generally involving no coöperation between the individual and his mates. Those sports which are self-contained, to run faster, jump higher, or put the shot further than any one else, may teach the individual the valuable art of putting forth all his energies to accomplish a given result, and in so far they are good; but lacking the coöperative element, they have a less moral value than the associated field sports. Only one of the house sports has an element of coöperation, — that known as the tug-of-war; and here the coöperative element is relatively small. Each individual is taught to sustain the utmost stress for a period of short duration, without much regard to the work of his fellows. The tug-of-war resembles, in certain features, the boat-race, but it appears to be of less moral value than any other coöperative sport. Pugilism and wrestling, which once held so large a place in popular sports, still have a small share in our house exercises. On the whole, however, they appear to be dying out. Their only good side is in the training which they give the youth in the capacity to stand punishment. They are very objectionable in that the close personal contact in the struggle necessarily leads to brutality. If, however, the youth can engage in such sports, and at the same time keep the mastery of his rage, they afford a certain kind of moral training which is not to be despised.

In considering the disadvantages at-

tendant on these several forms of diversion, we observe that the risk of physical accident is relatively small. Thus in the games at Harvard College during the last five years, although perhaps a thousand students have taken an active share in the contests, there has been no case in which death has been brought about, and it is doubtful if the maiming of any person has been so serious as to endanger his work in life. Where, as at the above-named school, the sports are supervised by a competent master of exercises, the risk of bodily ills is so very small that nothing but an unreasoning worship of life would lead to any criticism upon them on account of casualties which might occur.

It is possible, according to some medical testimony, that the excessive cultivation of the body in youth may lead to a speedier decay in middle life. The testimony on this point is conflicting, but it seems probable that such is not the case. The strain of the most vigorous contest upon the muscular and nervous system is not greater than those which are met by soldiers and others engaged in the serious activities of life. The statistics concerning the careers of those who have been engaged in university races, both in this country and Europe, do not indicate that these contests permanently impair the health of those engaged in them. It thus appears that we may dismiss the apprehension that athletic exercises are harmful to the body. We may well deem the immediate evidence of strong health and endurance which characterizes those who cultivate these arts as a substantial gain, and one not offset by any future disadvantages.

When we consider the effect of athletic sports upon the mental and moral development of youth, the question becomes of a more embarrassing character. In presenting the matter, I shall first turn the reader's attention to one effect of athletic exercises, which has not been

recognized in any writings I have seen upon the subject. This is the influence of athleticism in retarding the development of the mind. There is a great diversity in the peoples of northern Europe as to the age at which the mind acquires its normal powers. One of the commonest sources of perplexity in the management of young men arises from the fact that the mental development is not always coördinated with physical growth. This seems to be conspicuously the case in the youth of the United States. In watching for a quarter of a century the tide of youth which sets through Harvard College, I have paid a good deal of attention to those cases in which there has been a manifest retardation in the mental development. Many observers have noted that the youth of frail bodies frequently attain to something like intellectual maturity at an early age. In European countries it appears not unusual that boys of sixteen exhibit very nearly their full powers, or at least show to the observer what their ultimate capacities are to be. My personal contact with college students has been of an intimate nature. I have known rather more than three thousand such students under twenty years of age. Among none of these have I observed such instances of precocity as appear to be not uncommon in other countries. I am therefore inclined to think it likely that the American youth is, in the language of the naturalist, more atrocious than those of other lands; that is, his mental growth is more than usually retarded. This appears to coincide with the experience of American life-insurance companies in this country, — an experience which shows that the longevity of the American man is rather greater than that of the race on the other side of the water. From the same contact with youths from all sections of the country, in Harvard College, I have come to the conclusion that a high measure of physical activity tends

to postpone the period of mental maturity. I think the youths who have been much given to field sports, or who, in other words, have attained a vigorous growth, are apt to be from one to two years behind their mates in their intellectual development.

Although it is a serious inconvenience to our educational system to have such diversities between the physical and mental development, and in many regards disadvantageous to the youth of vigorous body to be bound to their fellows in a race for intellectual gains, their minds are, in the end, none the less good for being slow to come to a full measure of capacity. It seems likely that they are surer of long life from the slower growth at the beginning of their careers.

Turning now to the mental and moral evils of contestive sports, we find a more puzzling field of inquiry. In all forms of games, the principal interest in the performance is derived from the motive of the contestants to overcome their antagonists. As long as this effort is limited to the exercise of skill, to the training in coöperation and individual sacrifice, the result is in a high degree enlarging to the youth. Whatever of the mean impulse towards victory there may be is overwhelmed by the larger and more humanistic motive. The difficulty is that the winning is almost certain to become dearer to the contestants than the action which leads to it. The result is a temptation to resort to subterfuge in order to secure success. No one can attentively watch any of our college sports without being occasionally struck with the evidence of this debasing spirit. More commonly it is found among the keenly interested spectators than in those actually engaged in the games; but it is sometimes evident even there. Thus, in our base-ball games, one occasionally sees a youth endeavor to claim a point to which he knows he has no right. He trusts to the chances of the umpire not

being able to see the actual state of the case. As far as it goes, this evil habit is in the last degree degrading, and calculated to bear very ill fruit in the subsequent life of the man. Nothing can be worse in the way of a bar to an honorable career than the habit of winning unjustly. Let a man accept the principle that the chance failure of an arbiter to see through his tricks gives him a right to the gains they may afford him, and thenceforth the limits of honorable action will never be clear to him.

It is the custom of those who coach teams in contests to endeavor by their talk to worry their opponents. This evil has grown up in intercollegiate contests within a few years. It is now so serious as to threaten the wholesomeness of sport. The condition of the game of base-ball favors the use of this pernicious custom. It is necessary, in that sport, for the coach to direct the movements of certain men. It is undoubtedly very easy for him to make his shouting efficient in disturbing the work of his antagonists.

Another evil of the game arises from the fact that all the decisions of critical points depend upon hired umpires. My observation of this class of men has shown me that, as a whole, they are singularly just in their judgments. Their task is one of much difficulty, and is exposed to peculiar temptations. It is greatly to their credit that they are rarely suspected of deliberate injustice. Nevertheless, it seems to me unfit that the sports of students should be in any way involved with the actions of paid men belonging to a distinctly different class. In such a class there is of course a liability of trickery. Every now and then it is suspected that the gamesters who have money staked on the result of these contests pay the umpire for his influence in the result of the game. In almost all closely contested matches, it is easy for him to give the result to the side he may deliberately prefer.

The danger to the moral tone of these sports which arises from the services of hired umpires is connected with the larger evil of betting upon such games. It is a well-known fact that a great deal of money is staked, both by students and the outside public, on the results of intercollegiate contests. Sporting-men, in general, have a fancy for wagers on such events, for the reason that while there is some room for fraud, they feel on the whole more protected from it than in any other public sports. As between the students of the colleges, a great deal of money is commonly staked on the issue. Although the habit of making incidental wagers on the result of contests is perhaps not a very serious evil in itself, it breeds a habit of mind which readily leads to the youth's destruction. As in all immature people, even among the adult of uncultivated races, the gambling impulse is everywhere strong among students. All things considered, it is probably the most serious evil with which our higher schools have to deal. It appears to be worse in our secondary schools than in the universities. The worst evil of gambling is that it brings about a habit of mind which is apt to follow the youth through life. Other vices are often corrected by experience. This habit is characterized by singular permanence, and totally unfits the youth for the serious, unexciting, and laborious work of the world. In so far as matched games serve to develop the gamester humor in our youth, they are a curse to our institutions of learning. There is no question that they do afford the opportunity for much speculation of this description; but it is an open question whether, in case this opportunity of gambling were wanting, the motive would not find an outlet in other lines. Nevertheless, I am inclined to the opinion that the gambling which is induced by intercollegiate sports is a very serious qualification of their utility. There is some consolation in the fact

that the youth is apt to learn the lesson of discretion in the use of the speculative motive with less damage to his pocket or character by betting on the games of his mates than in more sordid ways.

In some institutions of learning it appears to have been noticed that athletic contests have served to diminish the interest of the student body in personal exercises. It is supposed that the interest of the individual student in his own physical culture is in some way diminished by the success of his comrades, who by virtue of their natural parts or long-continued training have attained to perfection in the art. Thus, in the report made by a committee of the board of overseers of Harvard College, the ground was taken that competitive athletics had served to lower the physical condition of the students, few taking part in such sports, for the reason that they could not attain distinguished excellence in their work. My own experience as a student and teacher in Harvard College, which extends altogether over a period of thirty years, does not support this judgment. I note in the first place that a poor physical condition is at present a matter of reproach to an individual, and he feels that he has to justify his bad state to his comrades by some kind of plea in extenuation. I notice furthermore that, in teaching geology in the field, set walks which twenty years ago surpassed the pedestrian powers of quite one half my students are now entirely within their abilities. That the reader may not be led to explain this difference by the fact of growing infirmity on my own part, I may say that not only the distances, but the times involved in the journey, are the same now as of old. There can be no question in my mind that the physical condition of the average student at Harvard College is vastly better than it was a score of years ago.

Along with this improvement in physical condition of youths has gone a decided gain in certain moral qualities. Thus between 1864 and 1870, it was not uncommon to find students in Harvard College seriously the worse for habits of drinking. I can recollect in those years a dozen cases in which I felt impelled to expostulate with young men on this subject. At least as many persons were known to me to be what we may properly call drunkards; but from about 1870, when the athletic motive began to develop, and particularly since the foundation of the new gymnasium, and the consequent wide development of field and house athletics, this vice has been rapidly diminishing. At present I do not know in my acquaintance with the students, which extends perhaps to half the members of the university, a single case in which the young man can be called a drunkard. I believe this gain to be due in large measure to the sense of pride in a physical state which affects by far the larger part of the students. Their experience in training, which is undergone in one way or another by a very large part of the young men, gives them by experiment a clear understanding as to the influence of hygienic conditions. In a similar way the use of tobacco has diminished. Between 1865 and 1880, it was not uncommon to find men so sodden with tobacco that they were unpleasant subjects to have in a small lecture-room. In this decade, I have found but two or three persons affected to this extent by tobacco. Even the use of tea and coffee, on the whole undesirable with youth, but extremely common in former years, has remarkably diminished. I am informed that only about one half the students who take their meals at Memorial Hall indulge in these beverages. In fact, the ways of the trained men in a college, like the customs of an army in a state where the military arm has great importance, are effective upon the body of

the folk. Reasonable living is necessary to athletic success, and the habits of those men become in a way a pattern for the school life.

Inquiries which have just been made by a committee of the college faculty, to whom was referred the report of the board of overseers concerning intercollegiate sports, have shown that about one half of the students in Harvard College submit themselves to the valuable physical and moral discipline involved in training. Though only a part of this number have attained to success as athletes, they all share the advantages which the preparation gives. The gain in physical and moral stamina which comes from such modes of life is incalculably great. All the teachers of Harvard College who have kept themselves in close relations with the students are sensible of this profit.

The question remains whether the competitive element in the contests is necessary for the perpetuation of what we may call the athletic motive. This is a difficult question to decide; but there are certain considerations which may not be without value. First, we note the fact that in all sports whatsoever the competitive element enters. A man may get a certain measure of diversion in solitary exercise; but we all know by experience how little inclined youth is to physical activities, except under either the stimulus of contention or the stimulus of example. It is scarcely to be supposed that the disciplinary training which is so desirable an element in our sports will be endured for any other end than the culture of the body. Mere exercise for the preservation of health does not commend itself to the untrained young man. This activity of the athletic motive in our schools has been secured by means of the competition between the students of the several colleges. We cannot expect to perpetuate the motive without the existence of the stimulus under which it has grown up.

Because we must look to intercollegiate contests for the stimulus which is to maintain the athletic activity of the students, it does not, however, follow that the amount of this competition need be very great. At present it appears to be excessive. Thus in the case of Harvard College, though the measure of the contention has been restrained by the action of the faculty, the athletic organizations enter into competition with about half a dozen other institutions, with the result that an unreasonable amount of time is given to such contests. It seems probable that all the necessary stimulus could be secured by having the contests limited to two or three schools. It is indeed possible that if there were no other competitions save those between Harvard and Yale, their youths would be provided with a sufficient incentive for the development of their athletic activities. It should be noted, however, that experience appears to show that where the competition is limited to a single organization, the spirit of contention becomes much intensified, and there is danger of having the antagonism develop in a dangerous degree, in a measure hurtful to the spirit of good nature which should prevail in such contests.

One of the most serious evils connected with athletic sports arises from the wild celebrations with which victory in important contests is received. All our larger colleges suffer from this evil. The fact is that youths are somewhat liable to outbreaks of a mob-like spirit, which is only partly subjugated even in completely trained men, and is very apt to overwhelm reason in persons who are not yet matured by culture. The only way in which an approach to adequate control has been had with these outbreaks is by the threat on the part of the college authorities to prohibit all contests with other colleges if the rejoicings are not moderated. This prohibitive element introduces at

once a bad spirit into the relations of the college authorities with the students.

It seems to me very desirable, in order to promote the educative value of these sports, that all forms of restraint should be brought about as far as possible by the action of the students themselves. At present, in Harvard College, the effort is to bring the moral and legal control of these diversions into the hands of a committee composed of members of the faculty, graduates, and representatives of their own body chosen by the students. There is reason to hope that this method may be successful, and that to the other profits of athletic culture we may add the training of moderation in action supplied by the rational sense of the student body. This is clearly the most hopeful way of ridding this branch of education of its evil.

We must bear in mind the fact that the revival of athletic sports in this country has been of decided advantage to our people. An inspection of the admirable records as to the physical condition of students, which are kept at Harvard University, show clearly that we have in the gymnastic habit a precious influence in our education. Whatever steps may be taken to guide this impulse in our youth, we must take pains not to stop the spring whence it flows.

It would be interesting to trace the relation of the modern athletic motive as it is developing in the English people to the general tides of thought which have affected that folk. It might be shown that the sportive humor which is now affecting that people appears to be a part of that curious reaction against the puritanic motive which so profoundly influenced this people for some centuries. For hundreds of years our race was singularly dominated by the schools of religious thought which condemned the body and all its spontaneous motives. We are now in the midst of a reaction against that long-continued depression. There is a certain risk that we may go

too far, for all such resurgences of motive have their dangers. There can be no doubt, however, that as a whole the change has been helpful to the state of man. As yet we have not begun to meet the evils which, from their devotion to sport, beset the upper classes of Rome. The man of to-day is a much gentler creature than the Roman. He is at foundation profoundly sympathetic, deeply affected by the Christian motive, and there is very little risk that our athleticism will take on the Roman shape.

It appears to me that the best method of meeting the evils which have arisen and are likely to arise from sports is to be found in a thorough-going understanding on the part of our young men concerning their place in life. To attain this end, our colleges should give as systematic instruction in the matter of sports as circumstances will permit. I cannot see but that it would be well to follow the plan already introduced into some of the colleges, of making gymnastic exercise a required element in the training. To the physical part of the exercise of such a course there might well be added a careful study of the anatomy and physiology connected with the problems of the muscular and hygienic development. The best education is that which mixes the rational with the impulsive or emotional motives. If the students could be brought to consider the matter of their diversions with a certain rationality of view, the effect would be to temper that element of fury which is now the only evil of these diversions.

The last point in the athletic problem which we shall consider is the relation of athletic sports to repose. Many critics of athletics have objected to the large amount of nervous expenditure involved in such diversions. In the first place they deplore the loss of this energy from more intellectual labor, and in the next place they object to the encroach-

ment upon the period of rest. The experience of our colleges shows pretty clearly that the evils likely to arise from the excessive devotion of time to diversions are not of a serious nature. Those inclined to be good students will do their intellectual work as well as their play, neither harming the other. The unintellectual person probably secures as much training in sport as he does in any other part of his employment. If there be embarrassments arising from excessive devotion to athletics, it is easy for the college authorities to remedy the matter by enforcing the requirements of study.

It has been suggested that athletic sports trench on the time which students should give to rest and quiet thought. To this we may answer that the need of rest other than that of sleep in the case of youth is very doubtful. Judging from the behavior of the youth of savages and of the lower animals, we

may fairly say that sport is the true rest of youth-time. It is true that the middle-aged man, the natural critic of youth, finds an intellectual as well as physical profit in contemplative repose, and therefore is inclined to favor the same habit in youth. Those of athletic organization are rarely meditative; it is rare, indeed, that youth is inclined to such habits, and it may be doubted whether they are likely to be good for him. We can afford to risk the loss of the contemplative habit, because there are few persons so organized as to make good use of this intellectual employment, and for the better reason that the world needs rather the swift reaction of man against his surroundings which the athletic habits favor. This quality the world will have at any cost. It can afford to pay empires for it, for on this capacity rests nearly all the successes which constitute human advance.

N. S. Shaler.

THE CRICKET.

PIPER of the fields and woods
 And the fragrant solitudes,
 When the trees are stripped of leaves,
 And the choked brook sobs and grieves;
 When the golden-rod alone
 Feigns the summer hath not flown;
 Then while evening airs grow chill,
 And the flocks upon the hill
 Huddle in the waning light,
 Thou, ere falls the frosty night,
 To the kine that homeward pass
 Pipest 'mid the stiffening grass.

Dark may dawn the winter days, —
 Where thou art the summer stays;
 Though the ruffian north winds roar,
 Lash the roof and smite the door,
 Thou from hearths secure and warm
 Laugh'st at the brewing storm,
 And thy merry minstrelsy

Sets the frozen fancy free.
 Dost thou dream, O piper brave,
 That from his sea-haunted grave
 He who praised thy song of yore
 Hath come back to hear once more,
 Through high noons, thy strident strain
 Borne o'er Enna's saffron plain?
 Long, long since the nectared hoard
 That the yellow bees had stored
 In the turf above his head
 Hath, by many a passing tread
 O'er the chamber of his sleep,
 In the dust been trampled deep.
 From his lentisk couch of rest,
 In his shaggy goat-skin vest,
 He shall rise no more to hear,
 With the poet's raptured ear,
 O'er the thymy pastures swell
 Morning sounds he loved so well.
 Other skies are over us,
 And afar Theocritus
 Slumbers deep, O piper small,
 And he will not heed at all
 Though be struck thy shrillest notes,
 Yet a voice like thine still floats
 O'er him where thy shy kin be
 'Mid the dews of Sicily.

James B. Kenyon.

MR. TOMMY DOVE.

I.

THE apothecary shop in Old Chester stood a little back from the street. There was a garden in front of it, but the fence which inclosed it was broken in places, so that an envious hand, had any such been known in Old Chester, could easily have broken off a cluster of cinnamon roses, or grasped a stately stem of tall white lilies.

The shop itself was but the square front room of Mr. Tommy Dove's old stone house. One of the windows had been cut down to make a door, so that customers might not wear out the white-

and-gray oil-cloth in his mother's entry; and the two front doors, side by side, were perhaps more of a distinguishing feature than the small pestle and mortar, which, suspended by some wires from an upper window, had long ago given to the wind and rain what gilding they possessed.

It was since Mrs. Dove's death that the fence had fallen out of repair, and wayfarers might be tempted by the bloom and richness of the garden; and since her death, too, the old front door had not been opened, and the gray house had lost its individuality as a home to become merely the apothecary shop.

Yet in spite of the closed shutters of the upper rooms and the silent entries, Tommy Dove still tried to feel that he had a home. He was glad to close the shop at night, first fixing the cord of the jangling bell, that he might be summoned if he were needed, and, going back into the kitchen, eat the somewhat uncomfortable supper which had been prepared for him by the woman who took charge of the house. He would open a book beside his plate, and eat, and read, and dream until Mrs. McDonald's heavy step warned him that she was impatient to put the kitchen to rights for the night. On such occasions Tommy would rub his hands together, and listen to his kettle singing on the fire, and think how cozy he was, yet with a sort of disappointment in himself, and a dim consciousness that he was losing some richness in his life, as he remembered, with a pang, that he was not grieving for his mother; and there was always the effort to drive his thoughts back to his own loneliness.

"Ah, it's hard on a man to have to make his own tea, and look after his household affairs!"

It pleased the apothecary to say "household affairs," and it pleased him yet more to meditate upon them in silence, with no shrill interruptions or commands. After long suppression and distrust, it was with a kind of wondering joy that this obedient son found the keys of the china-closet and the linen-press in his possession. True, their contents had no especial value, — "An ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own." So he counted the sheets and pillow-cases, and laid fresh sprigs of lavender among them with his own hands, and cautioned Mrs. McDonald to be careful in washing his old blue cups and saucers. He wished that she would not always reply, "Yes, yes, Mr. Tommy. Don't fret, dear." She meant it kindly, he was sure, but it hurt his new-born dignity a little.

"If mother had only called me *Thomas* instead of *Tommy*," he thought, "people would have treated me with more respect."

But if a man's own family snub him, he need not hope for anything more reverent than kindness from his immediate world. In a vague way Mr. Tommy realized this, and accepted the friendly nickname without a protest.

Part of the joy of being a proprietor expressed itself in the apothecary's garden. He no longer rose early to weed it, dearly as he loved it, and much as he missed those hours of dawn among his flowers. The *tropæolums* should trail half-way across the gravel path if they wanted to, and the sweet-peas might clamber up into the white rose if it pleased them. Tommy would not train them. He sometimes thought he knew how they felt. The broken fence did trouble him a little, but that it should not be mended was his unconscious protest at the past.

Yet he did bestir himself in this matter a week before the Temples came back to Old Chester. He was unwilling that Mr. Temple should see any disorder about the shop, or little Dick Temple, who used to beg for seeds from the balloon-vine to crack against his rosy cheek, or Miss Jane. They must not think he neglected his plants. So it was really a relief to him when he went out to his kitchen, one June evening, to know that the fence was mended, and not a single weed had hidden among the flowers. He seated himself by the open kitchen window, and, rocking slowly back and forth, stirred his tea with a small, thin spoon. The morning-glories outside made a frame for the distant hills, and for the yellow sunset with its filmy bars of gray cloud. Tommy was thinking how long it was since the great house at the other end of the village had been opened. Yes, it was surely eight years ago that the Temples had been in Old Chester. He

tried to adjust his thought of Dick. "Why, he must be quite a boy," he said. Then he reflected how the Temples would sympathize with him because of his mother's death. That they knew all about it the apothecary did not doubt. Was it not the most important event of his life? He wondered if Miss Jane had changed much; he even sighed a little as he thought of her. Miss Jane Temple, living in her brother's rich, comfortable house, with strong, bright interests all around her, seemed to this silent and somewhat timid man like a being from another world. Henry Temple's light-hearted indifference to everything outside of his own life had always awed the apothecary; but Miss Jane, in spite of her different world, was not like her brother, — she was quite simple, Tommy Dove thought, and gentle; so that when he saw her alone, on those rare days when she came to the shop, he was not at all afraid of her.

"Yes," he said to himself, putting his cup and saucer down on the broad white window-sill, "I should n't wonder a bit if she came in to tell me she sympathized with me, she's so kind."

And he was right in thinking Jane Temple would condole with him. She heard of Mrs. Dove's death soon after her return, and knowing less of the character of the deceased than most of Old Chester, she came very soon to the apothecary shop to say, with tears in her eyes, that she had heard of Mr. Tommy's loss, and she was so sorry. She was thinking of her own mother as she spoke, and the time when she was the guarded treasure of the big white house on the hill.

She had walked up the smooth gravel path with little Effie Temple hanging upon her hand, and she stood now at the low stone step. Mr. Tommy, leaning on his half-door and looking absently at the bloom and tangle of his garden, straightened up as he saw her coming, and hurried out to take the hand

she extended, and to stumble through some sort of greeting.

"And who is this little girl?" he inquired, buttoning his coat up to his chin with nervous fingers. The child's calm stare disconcerted him even more than Miss Jane's presence.

"This is my niece Effie," Miss Jane answered, smiling, for the child did not speak. "She was a baby when we left Old Chester."

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Tommy, — "oh, dear me, yes, indeed. I remember there *was* a baby. Won't you step in, Miss Jane? — and perhaps the little girl will let me make some hollyhock ladies to amuse her."

Effie frowned, but looked interested. "What are hollyhock ladies?" she demanded.

Her aunt did not go into the shop, though Mr. Tommy held the half-door hospitably open.

"I'll just wait down here," she said; and while Mr. Tommy went over to the row of hollyhocks, and, standing bare-headed in the sunshine, began to fill his hat with the silky blossoms, white and buff, rose-color and deep wine-red, she sat resting on the warm, broad step. She watched the row of pigeons sunning their white breasts on the ridgepole of the old barn, and listened to their long, rippling coo. A shadow from the honeysuckle about the door blew back and forth across the path, and up from the garden came the scent of sweet-elyssum and mignonette.

When Mr. Tommy came back, Effie, with her hands behind her and grave, unresponsive face, watched him strip off the calyx and bend back the petals, leaving a puffy yellow ball with nodding plumes upon a slender neck. The apothecary's fingers seemed all thumbs under the cool gaze of the child, but he managed to tie a blade of grass around the middle of the folded petals.

"That is a sash," he explained nervously.

"I think," observed Effie, slowly, "that nobody would know they were intended for ladies."

"Oh, Effie, dear!" said Miss Jane, pleadingly. But Tommy hastened to agree with the child.

"Oh, no," he said. "Oh, dear me, of course not. They don't look at all like ladies. But when I was a little boy I used to think they did, and I made whole families of them when the hollyhocks were in blossom; they were my dolls, you know."

"I didn't know boys played with dolls," Effie answered.

But Miss Jane looked distressed and apologetic, and it was perhaps because she feared Mr. Tommy's feelings had been hurt that she went through the shop into the small sitting-room beyond, and listened while he told her of his mother's sickness and death. But Effie's presence embarrassed him so much that, with a nervous desire to propitiate her, he opened the door of his corner-closet, and took out a cup and saucer of thin, fine china. There were little faded lavender flowers scattered over it, and the gilt upon the handle was somewhat worn, but it was delicate and pretty, and Tommy, standing in a streak of sunshine, with one lean hand upon the door of his closet, looked with wistful blue eyes at Effie.

"Perhaps," he said, "the little girl will take this little gift. I would be pleased if she would accept it."

"Oh, it is so pretty, Mr. Tommy," said Miss Jane. It would not have been kind to decline it, she thought, since Effie had been so naughty. "Say thank you, Effie. Indeed, you are too good, Mr. Tommy." And, in her mild way, as they walked home, she reproved the child because she had not seemed pleased.

But Effie was never known to hesitate for an excuse.

"Well, but, aunty," she explained, "why should that man give me a cup

and saucer? Have n't we *hundreds* of cups and saucers? And he kept calling me 'little girl,' — and his ridiculous old hollyhock ladies!"

II.

This little visit of Miss Jane's gave Tommy Dove much to reflect upon.

How gentle she was, how low her voice, how condescending her manner! Mr. Tommy knew no better than to call Miss Jane's timidity condescension, but that did not make him less happy. There was no one in Old Chester in the least like her, he thought; and then he fell to meditating upon his loneliness. He wondered how life would have seemed if his mother had not hated Mary Ellen Boyce, and the one dawn of love in all his cramped and timid life had been allowed to brighten into day. Yet, curiously enough, he found himself regretting his mother's sternness less than he had ever done before.

He thought of his talk with Miss Jane so often that week, that, without quite knowing why, he found himself, at the close of the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting, waiting outside the church door. But Miss Jane, stopping to speak to old friends, was so long in coming out that most of the congregation had dispersed; so Tommy, quite naturally, began to walk beside her as he said "Good-evening," and hoped that she "found herself very well."

Miss Jane answered with a gentle cordiality, which the apothecary thought beautiful, but all the while she looked anxiously up the moonlit road, which wound like a white ribbon back among the hills. "I asked Dick to meet me," she explained, "but very likely he has forgotten it. He is such a good boy, Dick is, but sometimes he forgets." Miss Jane's love was not of the fibre which demands the best in its beloved.

"If," said Mr. Tommy, eagerly, —

"if you will allow me to walk along with you, ma'am" —

"Oh, no, indeed, Mr. Tommy," she answered, quite fluttered and hesitating. "The lane is as quiet as can be, and the moon has made it as light as day. Oh, no, indeed."

But the apothecary urged her again with respectful anxiety.

"You ought not to be alone, if you'll allow me to say so, Miss Jane." And so he went to the very door of Henry Temple's house. Miss Jane had so many questions to ask about Old Chester, and he had so much to tell her, that the walk was a pleasant one to them both; and, with a friendly impulse, as she said good-night and thanked him for his kindness, she asked him if he would not come in.

It was with a strange sensation that, standing in the shadows at the foot of the white steps, Tommy Dove declined what he had never dreamed would be offered to him. But he did it, and then went back to his shop, and, sitting down behind the counter, leaned his head on his hands and thought it all over. He hoped that he had expressed himself well; "elegantly" was the word in Tommy's mind. He felt sure that his conversation about his books had been very genteel, but he doubted a little if it had not been vulgar to speak of such common things as the snails and rose-bugs in his garden. This troubled him, and he was not quite happy when he lighted his candle and went up-stairs to his bedroom, under the eaves.

Miss Jane had enjoyed the walk home, but she was a little relieved that Mr. Tommy had not accepted her invitation. "There are no lights in the parlor," she said to herself, "and I could n't have taken him into the library."

When she opened the library door, her sweet elderly face flushed by the night air, and her eyes dazzled by the light, Henry Temple glanced up at her over

his glasses long enough to say, "Well, Janey?" and then settled back into his newspaper; but Dick sprang up from his seat beside his mother's sofa with a conscience-stricken look.

"Oh, aunty," he exclaimed, "what a lout I am! I forgot all about prayer-meeting!"

"Why, Richard!" said his mother in dismay, and Mr. Temple put down his paper to say, "Were you to go for your aunt? I'm ashamed of you, sir!"

"Oh, it is no matter, dear brother," protested Miss Jane, her face shining with affection; "never mind, Dick. As though one could n't come home alone in Old Chester! — though, really, I did n't; Mr. Dove walked back with me."

"Dove?" said Henry Temple. "Oh, Mr. Tommy? Yes. Well, that was really very nice in him. Did n't his mother die last winter? Dick, you cub, have you apologized to your aunt? Janey, while I think of it, just see that my gun-case is mended, will you? The baize is torn at one end."

"And, aunty," Dick said, penitently, "if you'll forgive me this time, I'll go with you, as well as for you, next week. It's this beastly translation; just look at that stuff! — *Finditur nodus cordis*" —

Miss Jane took off her bonnet, and leaned over Dick's shoulder; ever since the days in which she taught him his A B C's, she had been impressed by her nephew's learning, but she did not comment upon it now.

"Yes, she died in January," she said, slowly. "He must be very lonely."

No one answered her; each member of the family had its own occupations and interests, and Miss Jane's pity was as unnoticed as the fall of a rose-leaf outside in the tranquil night.

The library was such a pleasant room, though it was dim with cigar smoke that evening, that it was easy to shut out other people's affairs and be simply comfortable. The window on the south side had a broad, leather-cushioned seat,

where Effie Temple was curled up reading by the light of a hanging lamp. The lattices were open, and the soft June air and the climbing roses came in together from the moonlit night. The walls were lined with books, and in the corners were racks for fishing-rods; a pair of spurs had been thrown down upon the table, already littered with papers and letters and bits of unfinished fancy-work. A liver-colored pointer had fallen asleep beside Mrs. Temple's sofa, her delicate hand resting lovingly on his sleek head, and a collie was stretched at the feet of the master of the house.

Miss Jane felt, vaguely, that this careless comfort was the reason of the indifference to the outside world. Mr. Tommy's sorrow could not touch any one here, and for that reason, perhaps, she kept it in her own heart; possibly because the interests of her life were not her own, but other people's, Miss Jane's heart had more room for Mr. Tommy's griefs.

"Really," said Mrs. Temple that night to her husband, after she had eaten the bowl of delicate gruel her sister-in-law had brought her, — "really, Janey is a great help; you have no idea how much, in a small way, she relieves me."

"I've not a doubt of it," responded Henry Temple, pausing with his boot-jack in one plump white hand. "Janey has n't any mind, particularly, but she is a very good sort of person to depend upon. It's lucky for us she never married."

"Well," said Mrs. Temple, doubtfully, "it is for us, Henry — but, perhaps, — don't you think for Jane it is n't so lucky? I'm almost sorry for Jane. Not but what she's contented, — in your house she could n't be anything else, — but a woman's happier to be married, my dear."

She smiled at him, adoringly; possibly her sister-in-law's usefulness had protected the romance of Euphemia

Temple's life, and kept her blind to facts. But her husband laughed. Henry Temple's laugh was so frequent and so cordial that every one felt him to be the most good-natured fellow in the world.

"Nonsense!" he said; "she's happy enough. What could she want better? A comfortable home, a chance to travel sometimes, — and I'm sure we are all really fond of Janey! No, no, she's happy enough. Besides, she might not have found a good husband."

And Mrs. Temple assented, with a sigh of thankfulness for her own blessings.

III.

Miss Jane thought very often of Mr. Tommy's sorrow. She saw him once or twice in the village after that walk home from prayer-meeting, and she met him again in the west pasture, where she had gone to look for wild strawberries for her sister-in-law, — a task which could not be entrusted to the dull eyes of servants, and Dick was too busy, and Effie did not like the July sun even as late as five o'clock.

Miss Jane had stopped to rest upon a ledge of rock, which the roots of a walnut-tree grasped like the fingers of a wrinkled hand. She liked to hear the rustle of the wind in the sweet-fern at her side, and the shrill cry of the crickets. She took off her broad hat, and smoothed back a lock of her pale brown hair; then she watched a wandering butterfly light upon a swaying stalk of mullein, and slowly open and close his velvety wings. She was wondering, her eyes fixed absently upon the brown butterfly, if it would be very long before her brother opened the old house again, — this country life was very dear to Jane Temple, — so she did not hear Mr. Tommy's step, and his voice startled her when he said timidly, "Good-evening, ma'am." But she was distinctly glad to see him; he was part of Old Chester to Miss

Jane. The apothecary's arms were full of pennyroyal, and he buried his face in it once or twice, as though its fragrance delighted him, though really it was only to hide his embarrassed joy.

"I've been picking pennyroyal," he said, as if its aromatic perfume needed any explanation; "it grows very thickly on the East Common." Then, a little awkwardly, he pulled out half a dozen sprays from his bunch, and offered them to Miss Jane. "Some like it," he observed.

"I do," answered Miss Jane; and from that it was easy to fall to talking of his garden, and how dear Old Chester was to Miss Jane, and how sorry she should be when November came, and she must leave it — "And it may be very long before we come back again," she ended, with a sigh.

They were both so interested they had not noticed how the shadows had lengthened, and then faded into the gray, warm dusk; but when they did, Miss Jane rose, nervously.

"Dear me," she said, "how late it is! I must make haste!"

Tommy stumbled along at her side over the uneven ground, trying to see the path through his great bunch of pennyroyal. "Miss Jane," he said, a little breathless as he tried to keep pace with her, "if — if you'll let me, I'll bring you a bunch of those cinnamon roses I told you of."

"Why, indeed, I shall be very glad to have them," she answered. "You are so kind. But I'm afraid it will be a trouble, Mr. Dove."

These little talks with the apothecary had lent him a new dignity in Miss Jane's eyes, and she no longer called him "Mr. Tommy."

"Why," he protested, — "why, it will be the greatest pleasure in the world, the greatest pleasure in the world!"

He walked to Henry Temple's gate with her, and then stood peering between the iron bars at her small figure hurry-

ing along the driveway under the overhanging trees.

Miss Jane was late, and she came breathlessly into the dining-room, to find the family at tea.

"Well, Janey," said her brother, "we began to think you were going to spend the night in the fields!"

"I am so sorry," Jane answered, with anxious contrition. "I really did n't know how late it was. Have you tried to make the tea, dear sister? Do let me take your place. I'm sure you are tired, and — I'm so sorry!"

"But what happened to you, Janey?" Mr. Temple asked, good-naturedly; he had finished his curry, and could afford to be interested in small matters. "I suppose you have brought home a bushel of strawberries?"

"No, she has n't!" cried Effie, shrilly, from her perch on Dick's knee. "She has n't been picking strawberries all this time. I went out to meet her, so I did, an' I got to the pasture bars, an' then I did n't go any further, 'cause I saw aunty sitting under the big walnut with Mr. Tommy Dove, — an' I don't like that Mr. Tommy Dove."

"What?" exclaimed Henry Temple, his eyes full of amusement. "This is very surprising, Jane!"

"Aunty, I'll get the strawberries for you, next time!" said Dick, with a laugh.

Miss Jane tried to make her somewhat weak voice heard. "I — I was just going to say, dear brother" — she began, her anxious face hot with blushes — "I met Mr. Dove; he came across the pasture, and I was resting — and he" —

"Yes, yes, we understand," said her brother, pushing his chair back. "Euphemia, I think Jane will prefer that Effie is kept at home in the afternoons. Effie, confine yourself to large facts, my child: say you went to meet your aunt, but spare the details. Eh, Jane?"

His jolly laugh drowned her answer,

and he did not wait for her to repeat it; indeed, the whole matter went out of his mind, nor did it occur to him again until a week later, when Mrs. Temple, with a droll look, told him that Mr. Tommy had brought Miss Jane a bunch of cinnamon roses, and had stayed talking with her upon the porch for nearly an hour.

"Well, now, see here," he said, as he flung his head back, with a laugh; "it's absurd, of course, but really Jane must be careful. It's very well to be kind and neighborly, — nobody believes in that sort of thing more than I do, — only, it must n't turn into 'Love's Offering,' Euphemia."

He was even careful to drop a good-natured sarcasm concerning Mr. Tommy in Miss Jane's presence, and had a moment of uncomfortable surprise in seeing his sister's face flush a little. But, after all, Jane was a woman and a Temple, and was but properly kind-hearted; so he ceased to be thoughtful for the apothecary, and spared him his ridicule.

The taking that bunch of roses to Miss Jane had been a great pleasure to Mr. Tommy. He thought of it so continuously that he was strangely absent-minded when he mixed his powders and potions, thereby causing no little anxiety to some nervous customers. He began to say to himself that Miss Jane had received his little nosegay with such kindness that he wished he had something better to give her. After meditating for several days upon this subject, it occurred to him that there was a certain blue chest in the garret, which held women's gowns and some small fineries of his mother's. Yet it was not until he had once more walked home from prayer-meeting with her that he made up his mind to open it, and see if it contained anything worthy of Henry Temple's sister.

The Dove house was full of the slumberous silence of the August afternoon,

when Tommy climbed the dusty stairs to search the blue chest. The garret under the roof was very hot, and there was a scorched smell from the worm-eaten rafters, that mingled with the pungent fragrance of herbs which were drying upon the floor. A blue fly buzzed fitfully up and down one of the small panes of glass in the window, and the hot silence was accented by the tick of the death-watch in the wall, or the muffled stir of bird life under the eaves outside. Against the brick chimney, which was rough with lines of mortar, were spiders' webs, gray with the dust of years; and in a tarnished brass warming-pan was a family of mice, that started at Tommy's step, the mother peering at him with bright, anxious eyes, and then running across the floor to hide beneath a loosened plank.

Tommy propped the window open with a broken sandal-wood box, which held nothing more valuable than some old yellow letters; the blue fly spread his wings and tumbled out into the sunshine, and the fresh air came in, in a warm, sweet gust. Then he lifted the lid of the chest and looked in. There was a vague regret for himself in Tommy's mind that the contents roused no sacred sorrow; indeed, he was much more conscious of what a refuge the garret had been to him in his boyhood, when he longed to escape from the sharp, scolding voice to which he never dared reply; but he forgot this as he lifted out two gowns and examined them critically. One was of shimmering gray, with small bunches of purple flowers scattered over it, and the other of thin changeable silk. He held them out at arm's-length and reflected.

They did not seem quite like the dresses Miss Jane wore, but he could not tell why. Then a thought struck him. He looked towards the door by which he had entered, and though he knew that in the empty house there were no other curious eyes than those of the gray

mouse, he stepped back across the uneven floor, and shut and bolted the door. There was a mirror in one corner, hanging high upon the discolored wall; its worn gilt frame flung a shadow on its powdery surface, but Mr. Tommy, standing on tiptoe, and holding the gray dress up in front of him, could catch a glimpse of the high waist and balloon sleeves. He shook his head: the dresses would not do, he thought; they did not look like Miss Jane. He laid the gowns down upon a cowhide trunk, upon the lid of which *Dove* was marked in brass nail-heads, and began his search again.

There was not much to hope for among the bonnets and chintz gowns and queer mantillas, but almost at the bottom of the chest he found a square package folded in silvered paper. This he opened anxiously. It contained a pale pea-green crêpe shawl, embroidered along the edge, and with heavy silk fringe laid straight and smooth. Tommy breathed quick with pleasure. He could not have explained it, but this seemed as though it belonged to Miss Jane. He replaced the other things, and then closed the lid and sat down upon it.

He shook the shawl out of its folds of forty years, and held it up to dusk and gleam in the sunshine. Yes, it was certainly beautiful, and it was the very thing for Miss Jane. But how should he give it to her? Was it best to wrap it up again, or to throw it over his arm, and just remark — incidentally? He lifted the silvered paper that it might help him to decide, but it fell apart along the worn creases. After all, that settled it. He would carry it to her folded across his arm; it would make too much of it to present her with a packet.

He shut the small window, and stopped to turn the pennyroyal over, and then he left the old garret to its hot stillness.

The apothecary was not in a position

to know that Henry Temple was entertaining some gentlemen at dinner that evening, but it would have spared him some pain could he have guessed it. As it was, he was impatient for the tall clock in the shop to strike eight, that, with the shawl upon his arm, he might walk up the shadowy lane to the white house on the hill.

As Mrs. Temple was too great an invalid to be present on such occasions, Miss Jane took the head of her brother's table. She was so silent and timid a hostess that by degrees Henry Temple's friends had ceased to feel that politeness made it necessary to try to include her in their conversation. Miss Jane had no small feminine opinions upon social or political problems, and she was filled with mild astonishment to learn that their talk of *der Aberglaube* was a religious discussion; indeed, she rarely knew what they were talking about, and it was always a relief to her when she was allowed to leave them to their cigars and wine, and retire to the parlor. There, on this still August evening, she sat nervously waiting to give them their coffee, while Tommy was hastening up the hill. There was a bowl of roses on the table beside her, and she was trying, by the light of two candles in the twisted arms of a tall candelabrum, to read one of her brother's learned books. Miss Jane was constantly "improving her mind." As Tommy caught a glimpse of her through one of the open French windows, it seemed to him that there was a halo round her bending head, such as he had seen about the gracious faces of pictured saints.

It was unfortunate that at that moment Henry Temple and his guests should have been coming, with talk and laughter, through the hall. It was impossible not to see Tommy's shrinking figure in the doorway, his small face quivering with embarrassment, and the green shawl upon his arm making a spot of white under the porch lamp.

"What does this person want, Jane?" her brother said in a low, annoyed tone.

"I — I must ask you to excuse me, brother," she answered, frightened, yet with the loyalty of a gentle heart. "I think Mr. Dove has come to see — me."

Henry Temple frowned. "Very well," he said, briefly; and then, with his charming, cordial voice, he joined again in the drawing-room conversation of the men, explaining with good-natured carelessness that they must pour out the coffee for themselves.

The apothecary followed Miss Jane to the library, but he would not sit down; he stood first on one foot and then on the other, nervously rolling the shawl into a muff to hide his hands. "I'll go right home again, ma'am," he said. "I won't interrupt you — I won't stay."

"Oh, please don't go, Mr. Dove," Miss Jane remonstrated, tremulously. "My brother is — is occupied, but I'll be glad if you will stay and talk to me."

So Tommy stayed a little while. Once, when Henry Temple came in to find some book, he rose, and said, "Good-evening, sir," with respectful timidity. Mr. Temple's good-nature was restored by that time, and he answered, "Oh, how are you, Mr. Tommy?" in a way which warmed the apothecary's heart. He did not stay long after that, but when he rose to go it took some little time to find suitable language in which to present his gift to Miss Jane. He stumbled over his words as he tried to tell her that he hoped she would accept it. "If you will please to take it," he ended, holding the shawl out to her entreatingly.

Miss Jane was as confused as he. "Indeed, Mr. Dove" — she protested.

"It was my — my dear mother's," he said, imploringly. "I'd like to think you were wearing it. There never was anybody else I could have given it to —

except Mary Ellen Boyce, and mother did n't like her, Miss Jane; and — if — if you would just be willing" —

"Why," said Miss Jane, the tears coming into her eyes with embarrassed pleasure, "I hardly know how to refuse, you are so kind, and it is so beautiful; only I — I ought not to accept it, you know."

"Oh, please do, ma'am!" burst out Tommy.

And Miss Jane could only take it, touching it with her white fingers in womanly enjoyment of its exquisite texture. "Why, it's as fine as a cob-web," she said. "You are too kind, Mr. Dove."

Tommy went home thrilled with happiness. Miss Jane thought him kind, — she had taken his little present, and said it was beautiful! The very existence of Mary Ellen Boyce faded out of his mind; his heart beat high with pride; he said to himself that he really did not know what he should do when Miss Jane went away from Old Chester.

Perhaps that was the moment when a vague, undefined thought came into the apothecary's mind. *Perhaps she need not go away!* Tommy was actually frightened at himself. "Why," he said aloud, "if Miss Jane knew I had thought of such a thing, she would be very angry with me."

Then the image of Henry Temple presented itself, and Tommy shivered. Nevertheless, with a sort of awful pleasure, he said again, "Perhaps she need not go away."

IV.

That was the first of half a dozen calls. Miss Jane began not only to enjoy them, but to look forward to them. It was impossible not to be touched by the subtle flattery of Tommy's timidity; and, after that, his honest belief in her judgment, which dared to be admiration, and the simplicity with which he began

to show how happy he was if he could but be near her, caused a deepening interest in Miss Jane's mind. Perhaps her pleasure was greater because her brother had been called away from home for a few weeks, and she did not fear his sarcasms. The amused and annoyed looks of Mrs. Temple and Dick hurt her only when she saw them; she began to feel a certain bravery for her own life which she had never known before. Dearly as she loved these dear people, and absorbed as she was in their interests, she began to see that it was possible that she might have an interest which should be all her own, and to realize that there was room in the life which they had seemed to fill for an affection which did not need their sanction. She began to have a feeling of proprietorship; a new and trembling dignity crept into her manner. To be sure, it could be overthrown by a word. Effie's remark that the green crêpe shawl she had boldly thrown across her shoulders was a hideous old thing made her quick to put it away; but there were some rose-geranium leaves from one of Tommy's nosegays between its soft folds. The alteration in her manner was so slight, however, that Henry Temple, at least, would never have noticed it, or been particularly concerned that the apothecary should call, had not Tommy's first visit after his return fallen upon an evening when her brother needed Miss Jane's services.

"Really, Euphemia," he said, on finding that Miss Jane had been summoned to the parlor to see Mr. Dove, "is n't this thing getting to be something more serious than a bore?"

Mr. Temple was standing with his back to the fire, his elbows on the mantelshelf behind him, and a cigar between his fingers. His handsome face showed decided annoyance. "I wanted Jane to copy some manuscript for me, and here comes this confounded apothecary to delay me. What business has the fellow

to be here, anyhow? What is Jane thinking of to allow it?"

As Mr. Temple reflected upon his own inconvenience, his irritation increased.

"It's clear enough what he's thinking of," said Dick, who was lounging about the room, with his hands in his pockets: "he's in love with aunty; the romance of the apothecary is a perfect nuisance in this household. I wanted her to mend my cap for me to-night. Effie, you humbug, why don't you learn to sew and mend your brother's things?"

"'Cause," Effie replied concisely; and then she added, "He met me in the village yesterday, that Mr. Tommy Dove did, an' he asked me if aunty was going to be at home last night, an' I told him no, she was n't."

"But, Effie, dear," protested her mother from the sofa, "she *was* at home!"

"I know it," said Effie calmly, "but I did n't want him round; she promised to play backgammon with me."

Mrs. Temple's troubled remonstrance was drowned in her husband's rollicking laugh.

"Well done, Ef!" he said; "but the ecclesiastical game should teach you a regard for truth, — though, on the whole, no; it would have the opposite result. Don't play it, child, if its effect upon your morals is so evident. But, seriously, Euphemia — Go to bed, Effie, and remember, I will not allow untruthfulness;" and when she had gone pouting up-stairs, for a punishment which it chanced to be convenient to her father to administer, — for the child's presence was a restraint in a conversation of this nature, — he finished his sentence: "I don't like this at all. Has this person been coming here to see Jane?"

"Yes, he has," said Dick, who was sitting on the arm of his mother's sofa, and examining the loop of his riding-whip critically. "It's perfectly preposterous. Something ought to be done."

"Oh, Richard, dear," said his mother

in her weak voice, "don't say such a thing to your father. It is nothing, my dear; he has called occasionally, but I've no doubt it has only been about — about my medicine."

"Nonsense," said her husband, briefly, with an annoyed glance at the clock. "Dick, just tell me how long this thing has been going on, will you? I won't get that manuscript off to-night!"

"Well," Dick answered, "he has been coming once a week, certainly. In fact, I think this is the second time this week. Mother, darling, you must take a good deal of medicine?"

"But there's no harm, Henry," she said, anxiously. "Sometimes I think we are almost selfish about Janey. We expect her to be satisfied to have only *our* pleasures, not her own!"

"Now, Euphemia," Mr. Temple answered, gesticulating with his half-smoked cigar, "you really must not be absurd, you know. I'm perfectly willing for Jane to have her own pleasures when they are reasonable or proper. But I don't propose to receive the apothecary at my house to divert Jane Temple, — granted it is only diversion, and nothing more serious. But I'm inclined to think it is more serious. Do you want Tommy for a brother-in-law, my dear?"

"If Janey were fond of him" — Mrs. Temple said, trembling.

"Euphemia," responded her husband, "you have heard me remark, I think, that I hate a fool; now try and understand, please, that I am only anxious for Jane's best happiness. Do you suppose she could be happy with such a person as this Tommy Dove? Pshaw! It is n't to be considered seriously, — it is preposterous!"

He flung his cigar down on the smouldering logs with an angry exclamation.

"Your father will have his joke," Mrs. Temple said, looking at her son, with wistful apology for her husband. "Of course, dear, I know you only do

what is best for us all. No doubt it would be a great mistake for Janey; I only thought" —

"Don't think," interrupted Henry Temple, with a laugh; "it is one of the greatest mistakes. Just accept things, my dear, as they are, and don't argue about them. That's what I am going to do now, and end it."

"And what aunty will do, also," Dick said, grimly.

"I think *not*," returned his father, with equal grinness.

All this time, Mr. Tommy, unusually nervous, but very happy, was sitting in the chilly parlor with Miss Jane. He had come to Henry Temple's house that night with a purpose. He knew that Miss Jane would very soon go away from Old Chester, perhaps not to return for years, and unless he could persuade her to stay, who could tell whether he might ever see her again? And though he trembled at his own presumption, he meant to try to persuade her. He had dreamed of this moment for weeks; every word to her had been uttered with the distinct intention of encouraging himself, every look had betrayed his thought.

Mr. Tommy had felt vaguely that the atmosphere of the place was against him. Yet Effie was the embodiment of its antagonism, he thought, rather than the master of the house, and so of late he had, in many humble little ways, tried to propitiate the child. He had gathered small nosegays, and, tying a bit of bright ribbon about them with awkward fingers, had offered them to Miss Jane, with the request that she should give them to "the little girl." He never knew that though she thanked him, and told him he "was so kind to remember Effie," the flowers went no further than Miss Jane's own dressing-table, or the white stand at her bedside, where she kept her Bible, and Thomas à Kempis, and small good books. Nor did a game, which he had purchased

in the village, fare any better, nor a picture of a girl and a dog. But as Mr. Tommy never guessed the destination of his gifts, he was not discouraged, and so continued to offer them, with unabated hope that the contemptuous Effie would soon dislike him less.

On this sharp October night, he had brought in the pocket of his black coat six little red-cheeked apples. He polished them stealthily upon his sleeve as he climbed the hill, and when he laid them in a row upon the table in front of Miss Jane, they actually shone in the lamplight.

"They are paradise apples," he said, "and I brought them for the little girl. I thought may be she would like them."

Miss Jane was very nervous that evening; perhaps she had guessed the intention of the apothecary's call; at all events, her mild face was full of anxious indecision, though she was strangely happy.

"Indeed, you are too good, Mr. Dove," she said. She had hurried upstairs for the green shawl when he had been announced, and she drew it now a little closer about her shoulders. "Those paradise apples are so pretty."

"They are rather sour," Tommy answered, doubtfully, "but they seemed pretty, and I thought the little girl might like to play with them."

"We had one of those trees in the lower garden, when I was a child," said Miss Jane, "but it is dead now; the garden has run wild in all these years we have been away. I wish brother could live here, and it could be taken care of, and look as it used to."

"Do you?" Tommy said, slowly. He was not particularly anxious that Mr. Henry Temple should remain in Old Chester.

"Yes," she responded; "but I suppose it would be too lonely in the winter."

The apothecary hastened to agree

with her in this, and to tell her how desolate the great house looked in the winter, when the snow drifted across the porch, or lay unbroken on the window ledges and the thresholds. "It's so high on the hill, ma'am," he explained, "that the wind just sweeps it all the time. But it's pleasanter in the valley, Miss Jane."

Then they talked of Old Chester as it was long ago, and Miss Jane reminded him of the coast on the West Common. "The gypsies used to camp there in the summer, — do you remember? — but in the winter we children used to go sledding. I had a blue sled, and Billy Spear — he was our coachman — used to pull it up the hill for me."

Mr. Tommy listened ecstatically, the palms of his lean hands squeezed together between his knees. "Yes, yes," he said; "oh, dear me, yes, indeed, it *was* pleasant! If you were going to be here in the winter again, ma'am, I — I could pull the blue sled up the hill for you, Miss Jane."

"Oh," replied Miss Jane sadly, without the slightest consciousness of humor, "it's broken now; the children broke it. And your rheumatism, Mr. Dove."

"But I would n't mind that," cried Tommy, — "oh, my, no! Oh, Miss Jane, if you — only could — stay!"

"But I could n't, you know, Mr. Dove," she answered, the color coming and going in her faded cheek, and her voice unsteady. "I could n't let brother's family go back without me, and I could not be here alone, of course. But I shall miss — Old Chester."

She seemed to crouch further back into her chair, but Tommy sat quite upon the edge of his. Their two elderly hearts beat so quickly that they were both a little breathless as they spoke.

"But," said Mr. Tommy, huskily, rubbing his hands together and edging yet further forward, "if I — I mean if

you — if we — if it could be arranged — if — if — Oh, *don't* you understand, ma'am?"

"Oh, no, indeed, I don't," said Miss Jane, faintly; "not at all, I'm sure. And it could n't — could it?"

"Oh, my goodness, Miss Jane," said Tommy, almost crying, "I'll — I'll do anything — if you — if you just will" —

Here the door opened, and Henry Temple walked leisurely into the room.

"Ah, — Jane," he said, looking with calm directness at Tommy, yet without the slightest sign that he saw him, though the apothecary had risen and bowed, and bowed again. "There is some manuscript on my table, which I wish you would be so kind as to copy for me."

"Yes, brother," she said, white and trembling, "I will. But — Mr. Dove — you did n't see that Mr. Dove was here."

"Oh!" returned Mr. Temple, still gazing blankly at Tommy's quivering little face, while he fumbled for his glasses. He adjusted them, and his dark eyebrows gathered in a fleeting frown. "Ah, — Dove? Good-evening, Dove. You will excuse Miss Temple, I am sure. Jane, be good enough to attend to that, if you please."

He stood holding the door open, and looking down at Tommy with a certain high, calm glance which burned into the apothecary's soul.

"Brother!" Jane cried, her voice unsteady with anger. Yet she did not finish her sentence. Mr. Tommy interrupted her.

"Oh, yes," he said — "oh, dear me — why, certainly — yes. I'm just going — just going!" He seemed to shrink and grow smaller, as he slipped sideways past Henry Temple to find his hat in the hall. "Yes, yes," he repeated. "Good-night, sir, good-night." He did not even look at Miss Jane, but opened the front door, and, stumbling with haste, without stopping for his lan-

tern, which he had left at the foot of the steps, he found his way under the heavy shadows of the trees to the gate.

The sharp, cold wind seemed to brush the mist of his preposterous dream aside. He closed the iron gate with a clang behind him, and ran with all his might down the stony lane, his little legs shaking under him, and his eyes stinging with tears.

"Oh, my!" he said to himself. There was a lump in his throat, and he almost sobbed aloud.

That next hour in Jane Temple's unselfish life left its lasting imprint on her gentle face. She had followed her brother into the library, and, trembling in every limb, and with frightened eyes, listened to Henry Temple's announcement that he meant to put a stop to this folly.

"You don't understand these things, Jane," he said, "and it's my duty to protect you from the consequences of your ignorance. I'm glad to be kind to these people about here, — they are well-meaning and unoffensive; but kindness from a woman in your position to such a person as this apothecary will be misunderstood. He will begin to imagine he is in love with you."

"He's making a fool of himself," Dick broke in. "Somebody ought to do something about it. He's trespassing upon your good-nature, aunty."

"Dick," said Miss Jane, holding her head high, "I will listen to anything your father says, because he is my brother, and he has a right to speak, but I will not hear you say such things. Mr. Dove is — my friend. I will not listen to you."

There was a moment of astonished silence; then, at a look from his father, Dick muttered an apology. But Henry Temple, with a calm indifference, which might almost have been mistaken for kindness, added one or two keen, stern words, and then turned to leave the room. He had forgotten the necessity

for his manuscript, and there was no reason why he should have the discomfort of seeing his sister's pain.

He stopped in the doorway, his hands in his pockets, and looked back at Miss Jane. "I've no fear that you will forget yourself, Jane," he said. "Do not imagine for a moment that I distrust you."

When he had gone, and Dick, with an odd sensation of shame, had followed him, Mrs. Temple covered her face with her thin hands and burst into tears.

"Oh, Janey, you would n't leave us! You could n't! I — I'm no use, and Henry depends so on you he would n't have any comfort without you, and — oh, we could n't get along without you. Of course" — sobbing — "Henry speaks only for your best happiness. He said so. For you would n't be happy here — with Mr. Tommy — and that's the first consideration, of course."

Jane Temple's anger melted under those tears. The old love asserted itself in her faithful heart. "They *need* me," she thought tenderly. But though she comforted her sister-in-law with gentle words, she clung still to the belief that her own life "had a claim;" and when at last, hurt and exhausted and full of uncertainty, she locked herself into her own room, she was yet vaguely happy. Her eyes filled with tears, but her lips smiled; and when she knelt down to say her prayers, and pray that she might be submissive and patient, she buried her tear-stained face in the green shawl, and thanked God that Mr. Dove loved her. All that night she tried to see her duty, to conquer her selfishness, to be just to the apothecary, to remember that she had some right to her own life, and then, again, — to conquer her selfishness! She longed for day to come that she might hear the rest of Mr. Tommy's sentence, and comfort her heart with his honest love. "Then I can tell him it can never be," she made herself say.

V.

Not since that solemn day when Mrs. Dove had been carried over the threshold of the unused front door had Tommy crossed it, but some instinct, which he could not have defined, made the apothecary, breathless with his run down the hill, brush the cobwebs away from the keyhole, and fumble through his bunch of keys, that he might enter now.

He struck a match in the darkness of the hail, and, curving his lean hand about it, mounted the stairs to the parlor above the shop. On the mantelpiece, in the head of a dusty china shepherdess, was a candle, bent sideways by the summer's heats. This he lighted, and put upon the centre-table.

The parlor had the musty smell of a long-closed room, and as he touched the table he felt the grit of dust. He sat down upon the slippery horsehair sofa, and buried his face in his hands. The candle flickered a little in the current of air from the open door, and cast a grotesque shadow of his bending head upon the wall; a drop of wax fell with a white splash upon the rosewood table. Tommy raised his head, and looked about the dreary room. He did not spare himself one detail of its ugliness.

The furniture was stiff and clumsy. There were some engravings upon the wall, of celebrated people in their libraries and of children at prayer, and there was a cast of Little Samuel in one corner. Some faded family photographs of not attractive people hung in a row high above the black mantel, on which was a large conch shell, whose curving red lip held a bunch of dried grass and certain silky white seed-pods. There was a clock under a glass shade and a bunch of wax flowers in a blue vase; and on a fuzzy green mat upon a side table were the family Bible and the large parlor lamp with its knitted shade.

Mr. Tommy's haggard eyes traveled slowly from point to point. How had he dared to dream that he might ask Henry Temple's sister to come to such a home! But oh, how, in this last month, his life had been brightened by the mere thought of such a thing! Tommy wrung his hands together and groaned, but it was because of his intolerable humiliation rather than his despair, for now Miss Jane seemed such worlds away from him he did not realize that he had ever hoped. His whole lean body tingled with mortification. He pressed his fingers hard upon his eyes, and his breath came fast.

The candle burned down to the head of the china shepherdess, guttered, smoked, and, wavering into a sickly blue flame, went out. The darkness of the long-closed room seemed palpable as it closed about him, but before his eyes was still the glimmer of the lamps in Mr. Temple's drawing-room, and the silence of the night was jarred by his voice.

By and by there was a faint lightening of the heavy darkness; through the round hole in the closed wooden shutter came the gray gleam of dawn. It touched the motionless figure on the old sofa, and little by little the furniture began to take vague shapes in the shadows. Tommy lifted his head, and watched the daylight creep stealthily about.

At last he rose, slowly and stiffly, and went to the window to try to push the shutter back. The ivy held it outside, and the hinges were rusty, but it yielded a little, and then opened half-way. The white mist shut out the hills, and a stone's-throw from the gate the road was swallowed up in it.

The cold air struck his face like a rebuff from the great world outside; he shivered as he closed and bolted the shutter. He looked to see that he had left no matches about, and that there was no spark smouldering in the china

shepherdess, and then crept silently out of the room.

Mr. Tommy Dove had made up his mind.

First he wrote a line to Mrs. McDonald, pinning it to the white curtain in the kitchen window; then he went upstairs to the garret. There was a traveling-bag there, he thought. He groped in the dark corner under the mirror until he laid his hand upon it. As he left the room he caught sight of the blue chest, and his sudden pang of regret was like physical pain. He took the shabby bag to his room, and with unsteady hands thrust some few of his possessions into it. His money he put into his breast-pocket, and then looked at himself in the glass to see if any one could guess that under his tightly buttoned coat lay his little store of wealth. Some loose change he dropped into a snuff-box, which it was his custom to use instead of a purse, and as he did so he noticed one new, shining penny. The habit of these last weeks asserted itself, and he thought of Effie, but it was only for a moment.

A little later Mr. Tommy Dove opened his shop door, and let himself out into the dawn.

In the thick mist that covered the garden, the frosted flower-stalks stood up like brown, thin ghosts, and there was a heavy scent of wet fallen leaves. Mr. Tommy peered anxiously about for some last pansy or belated sweet-pea that had not yet taken wing, but he could find only two small, dull asters and a wilted spray of salvia rimmed with frosted dew. These he picked, tying them together with a long, wet blade of grass. He looked back once at the gray house; the reddening ivy along the south side was thinned by frost, and was shining faintly, as though it had rained in the night. The damp horse-chestnut leaves that covered the ground like a yellow mantle hardly rustled as he walked through them to the road.

It did not take Mr. Tommy very long to climb the lane to Henry Temple's gate. He did not enter, but stood pressing his face against the wet, cold iron, and staring up the dim driveway.

"Oh, dear me!" he said, with a catch in his breath. "Why, just think of it, I'll never see her again; and the only thing in the world I can do for her is just to go away!"

Then, with a dull ache in his heart, he began to say to himself that he knew what a relief it would be to Miss Jane not to see him.

"She has such a tender heart," he said; "she would be so sorry to make me feel badly by saying *no*. Oh my, to think I ever supposed she'd say anything else; it seems so selfish in me, but — but I did!"

He looked at his bunch of wilted flowers, and touched them softly with reverent fingers. A moment later he laid them down against the stone gate-

post, and then slowly turned back into the mist.

Miss Jane Temple, still irresolute, still miserable, but yet strangely happy, waited for Tommy all that dim October day. She did not know until nearly a week later, a week of misgivings, and grief, and wounded pride, that the shop in the village was closed, and no one knew just where the apothecary had gone, nor when he would return. She never saw the asters and the salvia, and the great iron gate, swinging open to let her go away from her old home, told her no story.

"After all," Mrs. Temple comforted herself, when the family were safe in town again, "we needn't have been anxious. He never could have dreamed of such a thing, though Henry thought he did, — and so did Janey. But an unmarried woman of her age is very likely to make such a mistake."

Margaret Deland.

THE SOLITAIRE.

For three years there lived in my house one of the remarkable birds described in their native land as "invisible, mysterious birds with the heavenly song." Contented and happy in the freedom of a large room, he honored me with his confidence and love, and enchanted me with his "heavenly song."

I have hesitated to write of this bird, because I feel unable to do justice either to himself or to his musical abilities; and, moreover, I am certain that what I must say will appear extravagant. Yet when I find grave scientific books indulging in a mild rapture over him; when learned travelers, unsuspected of sentimentality or exaggeration, rave over him; when the literary man, studying the customs, the history, and the govern-

ment of a nation, goes out of his way to eulogize the song of this bird, I take heart, and dare try to tell of the wonderful song and the life no less noble and beautiful.

Among eight or ten American birds of as many kinds, the solitaire, or, as he is called, the clarin, reminds one of a person of high degree cast away among the common herd. This may sound absurd, but such is the reserve of manner, the dignity of bearing, the mystery of his utterances, and the unapproachable beauty of his song, that the comparison is irresistible. The mocking-bird is a joyous, rollicking, marvelous songster; the wood-thrush moves the very soul with his ecstatic notes; the clarin equals the latter in quality, with a much

larger variety. He is an artist of the highest order; he is "God's poet," if any bird deserves the name; he strikes the listener dumb, and transports him with delight.

The solitaires, *Myadestes*, or fly-catching thrushes, are natives of the West Indies and Mexico. My bird was a *M. obscurus*, and came from Mexico. I found him in a New York bird-store, where he looked about as much at home among the shrieking and singing mob of parrots and canaries as a poet among a howling rabble of the "great unwashed."

Upon a casual glance he might be mistaken for a cat-bird, being about his size, with plumage of the same shade of dark slate, with darker wings and tail and slightly lighter breast; but a moment's examination shows his great difference from that interesting bird. His short, sharp, and wide beak indicates the fly-catcher, and his calm dark eyes are surrounded with delicate lines of minute white feathers, a break at each corner just preventing their being perfect rings.

Being a warm admirer of the cat-bird, I noticed the stranger first for the resemblance; but a few moments' study of his look and manner drew me strongly to himself, and though I desired only our native birds, I could not resist him.

When introduced to his new quarters in my house, the clarin did not flutter; he did not resist. He rested on the bottom of the cage where he was placed, and looked at me with eyes that said, "What are *you* going to do with me?" He had already accepted his imprisonment; he did not expect to be free, and it was plain that he no longer cared for his life. If he were to be subjected to the indignity of traveling in a box among common birds, he had no desire to live. It required much coaxing to make him forget the outrage, and I am glad to say it was the last affront he suffered. From that day he was treated as he deserved,

being always at liberty in the room, and enjoying the distinguished consideration of a houseful of people and birds. Before he came to understand that his life had changed, however; I feared he would die. He did not mope; he simply cared for nothing. For more than twenty-four hours he crouched on the floor of his cage, utterly indifferent even to a comfortable position; food he would not look at. I talked to him; I screened him from noisy neighbors; I made his cage attractive; I spared no effort to win him, — and at last I succeeded. He took up again the burden of life, hopped upon a perch, and began to dress his feathers. Soon he was induced to eat, and then he began to notice the bird-voices about him. Like other of the more intelligent birds, once won, he was entirely won. He was never in the least wild with me after that experience; never hesitated to put himself completely in my power, or to avail himself of my help if he needed it in any way. Says another bird-lover, "Let but a bird — that being so free and uncontrolled — be willing to draw near and conclude a friendship with you, and lo, how your heart is moved!"

It is hard to tell in what way this bird impressed every one with a sense of his imperial character, but it is true that he did. He never associated with the other birds, and he selected for his perches those in the darker part of the room, where his fellows did not go. Favorite resting-places were the edge of a hanging map, the top of a gas-fixtured, and a perch so near my seat that most birds were shy of it. Though extravagantly fond of water, requiring his bath daily, he greatly disliked to bathe in the dishes common to all. Like a royal personage, he preferred his bath in his own quarters.

Also, the clarin never added his voice to a medley of music. If moved to sing while others were doing so, he first reduced them to silence by a peculiar

mystical call, which had a marked effect not only upon every bird in the room, but upon the human listeners as well. This call cut into the ripple of sweet sounds about him like a knife, loud, sharp, and incisive, instantly silencing every bird. It consisted of two notes exactly one octave apart, — the lower one first, — uttered so nearly together that they produced the effect of one double note. After a pause of a few seconds it was repeated, as clear and distinct as before, with mouth open wide. It was delivered with the deliberation of a thrush; the bird standing motionless except the tail, which hung straight down, and emphasized every note with a slight jerk. This loud call, having been given perhaps twenty times, began to diminish in volume, with longer intervals between, till it became so faint it could scarcely be heard, — a mere murmur with closed bill, yet so remarkable and so effective that for some time not a bird peeped. Occasionally, while the room was quiet, he began to sing; but again it appeared that it was his purpose to hush the babble of music, for, having secured his beloved stillness, the beautiful bird remained a long time at rest, sitting closely on his perch, plainly in deep content and happiness. Sometimes, when out in the room, he delivered the call with extraordinary excitement, turning from side to side, posturing, flirting one wing or both, lifting them quite high and bringing them down sharply; but when in the cage at dusk, — his favorite time, — he stood, as I said, motionless and without agitation.

In another way my bird differed from nearly all the feathered folk, and proved his right to belong to the thrush family: he was not in any degree fussy; he never hopped about aimlessly, or to pass away time. He had not only a beautiful repose of manner, but there was an air of reticence in everything he did. Even in so trivial a matter as eating he was peculiar. During the season he was

always supplied with huckleberries, of which he was exceedingly fond. Any other bird would take his stand beside the dish, and eat till he was satisfied; but quite otherwise did the clarin. He went deliberately to the floor where they were, took one berry daintily in the tip of his beak, returned with it to the upper perch, fixed his eyes upon me, and suddenly, without a movement, let it slip down his throat, his eyes still upon me, with the most comically solemn expression of "Who says I swallowed a berry?" Then he stood with an air of defiant innocence, as if it were a crime to eat berries, not wiping his bill nor moving a feather till he wanted another berry, when he ate it in exactly the same way.

In the spring, when the room was emptied of all its tenants excepting two or three who could not be set free, the clarin was a very happy bird. He flew freely and joyously about, delighting especially in sweeping just over my head as if he intended to alight, and he sang hours at a time. The only disturbance he had then — the crumpled rose-leaf in his lot — was the presence of a saucy blue-jay, whom he could neither impress by his manner nor silence by his potent calls. So far from that, the jay plainly determined to outshriek him, and when no one was present to impose restraint on the naughty blue-coat (who, being a new-comer, was for a time quite modest), he overpowered every effort of his beautiful *vis-à-vis* by whistles and squawks and cat-calls of the loudest and most plebeian sort. At the first sound of this vulgar tirade the imperial bird was silent, scorning to use his exquisite voice in so low company; while the jay, in no whit abashed, filled the room with the uproar till some one entered, when he instantly ceased.

The regularity of the clarin's bath has been mentioned; he dried himself, if possible, in the sunshine. Even in this he had his own way, which was to

raise every feather on end: the delicate tips rose on his crown, the neck plumage stood out like a ruff, the tail spread, and the wings hung away from the body. In this attitude, he looked as if wrapped in exquisite furs from his small beak to his slender black legs. He shared with all thrushes a strange restlessness on the approach of evening. First he moved back and forth on one perch with a gliding motion, his body crouched till the breast almost touched the perch, tail standing up, and wings quivering. Then he became quiet, and uttered his call for some time, and soon after settled for the night, sleeping well and even dreaming, as was evident from the muffled scraps of song and whispered calls that came from his cage.

This bird has all the sensitiveness of an artistic temperament, and one can readily believe that in freedom he would choose a life so secluded as to merit the popular name, "the invisible bird," inhabiting the wildest and most inaccessible spots on the rough mountain side, as Mr. Frederick A. Ober found some of his near relations in the West Indies. If, in spite of his reserved manners, any bird was impertinent enough to chase or annoy him, he acted as if his feelings were hurt, went to his cage, and refused to leave it for some time. Yet it was not cowardice, for he could and did defend his cage against intruders, flying at them with cries of rage. Also, if his wishes chanced to interfere with the notions of another bird, — as they did on one or two occasions that I noticed, — he showed no lack of spirit in carrying them out. Once that I remember, he chose to perch on the top of a certain cage next a window, where he had not before cared to go. The particular spot that he occupied was the regular stand of another bird, one also accustomed to having his own way, and quite willing to fight for it, — a Brazilian cardinal. The cardinal, of course, disputed the point with the

clarin, but the latter retained his position as long as he desired, running at the enemy with a cry, if he ventured to alight near. In general, his tastes were so different from others that he seldom came into collision with them.

When, on the approach of spring, some of his room-mates grew belligerent, and there arose occasional jarring between them, my bird showed his dislike of contention and coarse ways by declining to come out of his cage at all. Although the door stood open all day, and he was kept busy driving away visitors, he insisted on remaining a hermit till the restless birds were liberated, when he instantly resumed his usual habits, and came out as before. His sensitiveness was exhibited in another way, — mortification if an accident befell him. For example, when, by loss of feathers in moulting, he was unable to fly well, and fell to the floor instead of reaching the perch he aimed at, he stood as if stunned, motionless where he happened to drop, as if life were no longer worth living. Once he fell in this way upon a table beside a newspaper. As he landed, his feet slid on the polished surface, and he slipped partly under the loose paper, so that only his head appeared above it. There he stood for five minutes looking at me, and bearing a droll resemblance to a bird's head on a newspaper. He was not more than four feet from me, and was obviously deeply chagrined, and in doubt whether he would better ever try to recover himself; and I positively did not dare to laugh, lest I hurt him more.

The first time the clarin fell to the floor, I ventured to offer him the end of a perch which I held. Not in the least startled, he looked at it, then at me, then accepted the civility by stepping upon it, and holding there while I lifted and carried him to the door of the cage. This soon came to be the regular thing, and all through the trying season of moulting he waited for me to bring a

perch and restore him to the upper regions where he belonged. He would have been easily tamed. Even with no efforts toward it, he came on my desk freely, talked to me with quivering wings, and readily ate from my finger. The only show of excitement, as he made these successive advancements, was the rising of some part of his plumage. At one time he lifted the feathers around the base of his head, so that he appeared to have on a cap a little too big, with a fringe on the edge; and on his first alighting on the arm of the chair where I sat, the feathers over his ears stood out like ear-muffs.

When at last the clarin and the blue-jay were left nearly alone in the room, I noticed that the clarin began watching with interest the movements of the jay. They had never come in collision, except of the voice above mentioned, because the jay preferred the floor, chairs, and desk, and seldom touched the perches, while the clarin nearly lived upon them. But after some study, the latter clearly made up his mind to try the places his larger room-mate liked so well. He had already learned to go upon the desk and ask for currants, which in the absence of fresh berries I kept soaking in a little covered dish. If, after asking as plainly as eloquent looks and significant movements of wings could, I did not take the hint and give him some, he flew over my head, just touching it as he passed. But now, having resolved to imitate the jay, he went to the floor, and tried all of his chosen retreats: the lower rounds of the chair, my rockers, my knee, and the back of a chair sacred to the jay. During these excursions into unknown regions he discovered that warm air came out of the register, and apparently thinking he had discovered summer, he perched on the water-cup that hung before it, spread his feathers, and seemed as happy as if he had really found that genial season.

Who can describe the song of a bird?

Poets and prose writers alike have lavished epithets on nightingale and mocking-bird, wood-thrush and veery, yet who, till he heard one, could imagine what its song was like? Yet I must speak of it.

Singing was always a serious matter with my bird; that is, he never sang while eating or flying about, interpolating his exquisite notes between two mouthfuls, or dropping them from the air. He always placed himself deliberately, and waited for the room to be still, — or made it so, as already related. During the first few months of his residence with me, he gave one song of perhaps twenty notes, ending in a lovely tremolo. This had great variety of arrangement, but it bore unmistakable resemblance to the original theme. It was in quality totally unlike any bird-note I ever heard, and thrilling in an extraordinary degree, though it was uttered with the beak nearly closed. I can readily believe what Mr. Ober and others assert, that it must have a startling effect when poured out freely in his native woods. This song alone placed the clarin at the head of all songsters that I have heard or heard of. But after nearly a year of this, he came out one memorable day with an entirely new melody, much more intricate and more beautiful, which for some time he reserved for very special and particular occasions, still giving the former one ordinarily. Some months later, to my amazement, he added a third chant, which so resembled that of the wood-thrush that if he had been near one I should have thought it a remarkable mimicry. He delivered this with the exquisite feeling of the native bird, even the delicious quivering tone at the end, which indeed my bird often repeated in a low tone by itself. Sometimes, when the room was very still and he sitting on his perch, feathers puffed out, perfectly happy, he breathed out this most bewitching tremulous sound without open-

ing his beak, — a performance enchanting beyond words to express.

These themes the clarin constantly varied, and in the three years of his life with me I often noted down, in a sort of phonetic way, his songs, as he delivered them, and I have six or seven that are perfectly distinct and different. He never mixed them together, or united them; he rarely sang two on the same day. All through, too, there seemed so much reserve power that one could not resist the conviction that he could go on and on, and break one's heart with his voice, if he chose.

The bird's own deep feeling was shown by his conduct; the least movement in the room shut him up instantly. One could heartily say with another bird-lover across the sea, "If he has not a soul, who will answer to me for the human soul?"

It was reserved for the last weeks of his life for my bird to give me the most genuine surprise. One day, I sat quietly at my desk. The bird stood on a perch very near my head, — so near I

could not turn to look at him, when, without a moment's hesitation, without an instant's preliminary practice, he burst out into a glorious, heavenly, perfect song that struck me dumb and breathless. Not daring to move hand or foot, yet wanting some record of the wonderful aria, I jotted down, in the page I was writing, a few of the opening notes; I could re-write my page, but I could not bear to lose the music. Three times, at intervals of perhaps one minute, he uttered the same marvelous song, and then I never heard it again. After all, I had not a record of it, for though it was deliberate and distinct, at every repetition I was spell-bound, and could not separate it into tones.

Though I should live to be a thousand years old, and visit every country under heaven, I am sure I should never hear such a rapturous burst of song again, —

"Low and soft as the soothing fall
Of the fountains of Eden; sweet as the
call
Of angels over the jasper wall
That welcomes a soul to heaven."
Olive Thorne Miller.

PARLEYING.

I HOLD a shadow's cold, soft hand,
I look in eyes you cannot see,
And words you cannot understand
Come back, as from a distant land, —
The far-off land of Memory.

Forgive me that I sit apart,
And hold the shadow's hand in mine.
The past broods darkly in my heart,
And bitter are the tears that start;
I would not mix them with the wine.

The hour will pass; the shade will go
To his dark home, and swift forget,
At rest, the daisied turf below,
The sun-warmed hours we used to know,
And the old paths wherein we met.

I am alive! Why should the dead
With cold hand hold the quick in thrall?
To his far place the shade has sped,—
Now Life with Life may gayly wed! . . .
My heart misgives me, after all.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF VON MOLTKE.

ABOUT no man of equal eminence has so little been written as of the illustrious chief of the German army. No triumphant general has been so little seen, has so little excited public curiosity, as the victor of Sadowa and Sedan,—the greatest manipulator of legions of his age; the man who holds the unique position of being one of the most eminent and least prominent figures in the world; of being a chieftain who has passed most of his life in his study; of being a conqueror who has always shrunk from the world's applause; of being a man of destiny, whose opportunity depended on his being discovered; of being a humiliator of nations, himself the soul of humility.

"I cannot see how my life can consist of anything but dates" were the words with which the great strategist received the enterprising correspondent of the *Berlin Tagblatt* who was bold enough to seek an interview. He has, in fact, appeared to the public as a cold intelligence, a soulless incarnation of method and routine, rather than a concrete individual, with warmth, and color, and personal interest; an entity not to be isolated from the awful machine of which he is the soul. To some extent this is true. The "silent ruler of battles" is somewhat deficient in color, and indeed does possess less of that human interest than his predecessors, Blücher, or Wellington, or Frederick, the father of his army; less warmth than his compeer, Lord Wolseley; but

he is nevertheless a keenly differentiated figure, sharply defined like a crystal. He is also a representative man, an epoch-maker in war.

Fully to bring out his military lineaments and determine how he should be classified, we must understand that warriors arrange themselves into two broad and generally exclusive types, which we define as that of the grand strategist and that of the battle-field tactician. Few soldiers in all time have completely realized both ideals; those who have done so in modern times might be counted on the fingers. Each seems to involve a different mental machinery. Brilliant tacticians on the battle-field are rarely found at the head of an army. In Napoleon and Cæsar these complementary faculties were realized in the highest degree. Von Moltke's military ancestor, Frederick, was superb on the battle-field, but his grand strategy was all along indifferent, possessing little that is instructive, indicating that the marvelous acuteness which displayed itself in combining and wielding his legions in the moment of conflict partially disappeared in his larger dispositions, as Napoleon's masterly analysis shows. He may be said to have won his campaigns with his legions, but not with his armies. Stonewall Jackson and Murat were exclusively battle-field officers. Napoleon, in characterizing Massena, painted the ideal of an executive genius: "The sound of the guns clears his ideas, and gives him penetration." Von Moltke is

all the commander-in-chief: the battle-field is not his arena; the ladder of his destiny did not rest there; the front of conflict has usually not known him. In long terms of peace, first as dominus of an insubordinate school, then lucid lecturer, plodding map-maker, occasional whisperer of a master's council; dropping here a proposition, there a suggestion; never opening his mouth but on one subject; never letting fall one superfluous word; never speaking but to the point, and to drive home some new bolt of the engine of which he is the soul, gradually the self-concentrated, pensive, bronze-featured man wrought his certificate upon the world in which he moved. He seems from the first to have been one of those men to whom others instinctively appeal; whose very reserve has weight; who irresistibly communicate the consciousness of a vast reserve of stored-up force, of giant possibilities waiting only for the door to open,—men who are felt to keep silence overmuch. But to return to the thread of our subject: Von Moltke never shone on the battle-field. The single great executive officer of the German army was the "Red Prince." The feat of swiftly and completely changing the dispositions of the first army at Gravelotte, in order to meet the extension of the French right, was a very different achievement from organizing the movement which confronted the French army with double its number of Germans, and forged around it an iron band. The greatest conflict of that tremendous struggle was won, therefore, not by the brilliant strategist, but by the brilliant tactician; not at the head of the staff, but at the battle front. The limitations of Moltke's military character may be most decisively displayed by throwing him into comparison with that phenomenon whom Victor Hugo styled "the archangel of war," and so striking the uttermost military contrast which the annals of war pre-

sent. The victor of Jena and the victor of Sedan stand as far apart from one another as the conditions under which they worked and the methods by which they achieved their results. Napoleon was so placed that he could win his battles only by being far more than a soldier. Moltke's situation demands the military man, and nothing more. With the Emperor politics were an extension of war; with the German chief-marshal war is an extension of politics. In Napoleon's case iron-handed conquest went before velvet-gloved diplomacy. Von Moltke stands behind Von Bismarck.

Of a totally different nature, also, are the relations of the two captains to their forces. Moltke sways by no direct personal effluence; he is no electrifying presence in the van of his hosts, moving through the soul of his legions like a thrilling force of nature. He does not win the soldier's heart; does not conjure up ideal forces, and radiate allurements through the imagination, and gain battles by forces outside the armory of the mere warrior. Neither does he possess to any marked degree the magical power of leading, the power of drawing men after him by an electric chain, vivifying the craven heart. The situation does not demand these ideal possessions. He is a man at the rear of an army; Napoleon was a man at the front. Moltke's influence is rather the steady, unobtrusive, impersonal force of method, zeal, and education moving through a system coldly touching the heart, bearing on habit, forming a mould, laying down a groove.

As different are their systems of war. Moltke is solely the scientific warrior. He has carried war as far as cold, deliberative science can take it. But Napoleon fought his campaigns on another and higher plane. More than a scientist, he was an artist; indeed, a military thaumaturgist. His campaigns were all conceived with reference to complex ideal, moral, and political conditions.

The calm German manipulates solely the elements which constitute an armament. Napoleon moved his army from above. Moltke is locked up within his own instrument. It is these circumstances that have led to the conception of his campaigns being laid down in portfolios and arranged ready on shelves. It is a great mistake to suppose great military designs which worked like clockwork to have consistently borne out a cut-and-dried plan. Operations projected in this spirit invariably fail, as did those under the auspices of the military theorist in the first disastrous stage of the Russo-Turkish war. Theory must shake hands with circumstance, or failure is the result. A strategical scheme is somewhat analogous to a mass of molten metal run into a mould. The operator may determine its quantity and quality, but exigency gives it form. Moltke's plans are always simple and flexible; in touch with all conditions; referent to each contingency; offering all necessary scope for modification and individual initiative. His plan of invasion in 1870 contrasted strongly in its simplicity with the bizarre designs of the enemy.

We must not, however, forget that the enlarged scope for individual initiative on the part of divisional commanders was introduced under the auspices of, or rather at the instigation of, Prince Frederick Charles. This reform did not originate in Moltke's brain any more than some of the most important developments in the new tactics. But, as a rule, tactical modifications are not so much invented by design as evolved by circumstances. To recur to our comparison: Napoleon's problem always involved an array of vague, shifting factors falling through each vicissitude into new combinations, incompatible with scientific calipers; Moltke's problem has always been definite, limited, comparatively simple of solution. Never has he had, to use Carlyle's wild image, to bal-

ance himself on a system of vortexes; neither is there anything in his campaigns analogous to the French conqueror's occasional mysterious evolutions confounding a whole world, and bursting suddenly into startling combinations dazzling the imagination. But, on the other hand, the calm Teuton is incapable of being lured to overreach the scope of the immediate plan, to cast away the victory at hand by grasping at the more that lies beyond.

As an epoch-maker and founder of a school in the art of war, Moltke is the author of the system of invasion by divided forces and concentrating them to attack. He accomplished the victory of '66 by marching nine corps through the theatre of war, and concentrating upon Sadowa. In the invasion of France three armies crossed the Rhine. The conduct of Napoleon's campaigns was regulated on the principle of rushing into the enemy's country *en masse*, seizing a decisive victory, and as quickly falling back on his grand base. The exigencies of his reign demanded such a method.

Having brought into comparison the representative of the latest phase of war with the founder of the preceding epoch, we will attempt to indicate the essential differences between the German and French soldier. As an officer, the capacity of the German rests more upon education, method, thoroughness, and familiarity with his part; more on tuition than intuition. He is unquestionably not possessed in any like degree with his neighbor of that vital spark, that spontaneous aptness, which moves to brilliant execution. He is more a made soldier than a born one. Executive instinct is not a German quality. It is in organization, which is another thing, that he is supreme. The French are infinitely more susceptible of military genius, in its true sense, than their enemy. The Frank is a born tactician. Executive cleverness, smart re-

sponse to circumstance, practical aptness, tact, and adroitness are French qualities. These are just those which the German does not possess. His mental movements are slow and indirect, compelling him to lean more fully than his agile neighbor on knowledge and training. He requires to be thoroughly versed. Let us again lay stress on the truth that German genius is for *organization*, the French for *execution*, and that the two are quite distinct. The Teuton will always rise superior in the first, and the Gaul in the second. Unquestionably, what is truly signified by military genius belongs rather to the second than the first, and, other things being equal, the latter is probably a more potent possession than the former. Germany has produced fewer heaven-born soldiers than most countries, fewer executive men of any sort; France, an unusual number. It is by deliberate and gradually developed method that the German army has become the paradigm of the world. It is not there we must look for spontaneous originality and inspired conceptions.

In time of peace the German officer is still campaigning. The members of the grand central staff are perpetually concentrating their attention upon every possible theatre of war, mentally participating in contemporary conflicts, keenly scrutinizing the acts and capacities of their possible future enemies, and critically studying the military institutions of all probable belligerents. Not an article bearing on the subject in any foreign journal of authority is missed.

The following example of Moltke's cold method is possibly known to the reader. In anticipation of the outbreak of war with France, a bevy of officers were dispatched into her peace-wrapped territories, where they surveyed future positions of offense and defense, placed imaginary armies in scenes undyed with gore, made their observations, met and

compared notes, and returned to make their reports.

And when that terrible event occurred, who would have supposed that such results had been obtained within the walls of a study? For several years before the note of war sounded, the pensive scholar and mathematician, with a deep intuition of the coming conflict, was already at his work. Nothing was left out of account, nothing held too trivial, nothing unweighed. Every by-road, every telegraph office, every ford, every appropriate camping-ground, every vulnerable point, every contingency, was brought into the problem. In silence and gloom the gigantic army was mobilized in the mind of its chief long before the pulse of war beat in its veins. If I were to seek to convey him in a phrase, I should call him a practical philosopher.

The intellect which has achieved such stupendous results is of the cold, articulate, mechanical order; constructive, but not creative; centred upon the instinct for method, precision, and definition; furnished with a most acute sense for locality, highly developed powers of observation, an infinite capacity for detail, a perfect memory; a hard, inductual intelligence, with little of the German "idea sense;" an imperturbable routine mind, constituted to move under definite conditions in a fixed groove with a glacial regularity and silence; revolving upon a single axis,—a narrowly specialized mind, devoid of the higher intuitions; irresponsive to the larger sympathies; deficient in imagination; resting also chiefly on the externals of life, and petrified into established forms; incapable of those saltations, those vivid fulgurations, which characterize the highest military genius. This is a *brain* intellect rather than a *heart* intellect; nevertheless, Moltke has given many evidences of the possession of a rare penetration, and a prescience higher and deeper in its derivation than mere calculation. He even acknowledges to presentiments.

But rare as are the intellectual endowments which have ruled such gigantic forces, nobler far are the moral attributes which have ruled the man. It is not the head, but the heart, which makes the man; and the same may be said of Germany's representative warrior as was said of her representative poet, — transferring the name, — “Moltke's heart, which few know, is as great as his head, which all know.” After his first grand triumph of '66, with which he so fervently thanked the God of battles for lighting up the evening of his life, he attributes the scientifically prepared results of his own plans solely to the gift of God, and hurries away to hide himself from applause. “This fulsome praise puts me out of tune for a whole day,” he is reported to have observed. Still more beautiful in its unique nobility was his reference to his vanquished foe: “A defeated general! People little realize what that means. I cannot, I cannot bear to think of that camp above Königgrätz! Poor Benedek! So cautious, so deserving, too!” It seems strange that such tenderness should pervade the nature of a man whose whole existence has been immersed — and to an unusual extent — in the element of human destruction. But within that hard-featured bronze exterior there beats a heart capable of the deepest and most abiding attachments. Von Moltke is a man of strong domestic affections. He was as remarkable among his early associates for his frank, affectionate nature as for his powers of thought and the encyclopædic knowledge of all appertaining to his profession, which won for him the nickname “the Military Dictionary;” and it is remarked that he never was known to take the slightest advantage of the deference with which, in his probation days, he was regarded by his comrades.

His outward lineaments convey his personality, — a gaunt, shrunken, sinewy figure, all bone and muscle, round-shouldered with study, carrying a high-

crowned, symmetrical, and finely poised head, steadily bowed in concentrated thought; a keenly cut, immobile, impassive, inscrutable face, now wizened with age, Teutonic in its very essence, wearing the constant expression of self-concentration and self-command, sternly conveying in its hard but fine lines German seriousness and rigor, severely exacting, unrelinquishing purpose; a man who stands sentry over the fortress of his own bosom, and keeps up the draw-bridges of the soul, — qualities which have earned for him the title “the Great Taciturn,” though known more familiarly as “Vater Moltke.” Such is the figure that may be regularly met of an afternoon in the park at Berlin, waving the sentries to dispense, in his instance, with the usual salute.

Having alluded to his influence on the army, I will add a few words on the large and subtle question of the nature and outcome of the influence of the military institutions upon the *morale* of the people. In a memorable speech which made a strong impression throughout Europe, Moltke repudiated the notion of the school being the mould of German manhood. “It is not the schoolmaster who has won the battles of Germany, but the army. Mere knowledge can never bring the mind to that point at which it is ready to sacrifice itself to an idea, — to duty, obedience, patriotism.” True in every word, and we must recollect that this is the dictum of a Dane rectifying a German view. But this is one side of the question; there is another, and it is in the limitation of a mind of his order that it cannot perceive that bound up with these wholesome results are others far more momentarily inimical than the first are desirable. The good effects are in their nature outwardly perceivable; the sinister results, lying far deeper and involving far more, will be fully revealed only when, hand in hand with other circumstances, they ultimate themselves in events outside the programme and be-

yond the control of rulers. Unmistakable to the seeing eye, within the iron-bound might of the Germany of to-day, are coiled up forces of disintegration, which means that the present institutions are generating the forces which will eventually sweep them away forever.

It is said of the army that it educates reverence. If so, it is respect for artificial merit, rather than real merit; superiorities resting on arbitrary distinctions, indicated by garb, insignia, title. True reverence is not thus manufactured.

Far more disastrous is its larger effect upon the moral nature of the people. These military institutions are steadily annihilating individual selfhood,—selfhood, the first and last of all things; the spring of all abiding strength, and health, and progress! They have made Germany powerful only by making Germans weak, but it is very evident that strength so founded is merely temporary, and can be maintained only to a certain moment. It is as if the human organism were made strong by the atrophy of its cells. That nation which, measured through long vicissitudes, has wrought the deepest impress on the world will be that in which the individual stood for the most and the institution for the least. Only those institutions confer real strength which make the most of the individual. The present Germany makes the least of the individual, and I believe events well prove that she is merely realizing a *military moment*.

But it is a great mistake to conceive the present state of things as being forced upon the people, except in the sense that the weak side of the German nature has permitted it to be imposed upon its healthy part. Collectivism rests on an inherent weakness of the Germans,—they are inevitably collectivists. Even in Germany's dark ages the tendency which has generated the present fabric was visible. There is a fatal passivity which draws the German to sink

himself in systems; to mortise himself, so to speak, into the wheel of state, and turn on its axis instead of his own,—diametrically opposite to the Anglo-Saxon tendency. The entire social fabric of the fatherland is inverted towards nature, and nature is crushed out; all is utterly artificial, irretrievably false, entirely unwholesome. Hence the profound pessimism and nihilism of the heart, which deepens every day, expressing itself in a hundred different ways. A deep, helpless recoil against the iron incubus which bears down with great weight is every day gathering strength, and steadily the elements of revolution are moving in the soul of the nation. Yet, looking at the outward fact, who dare surmise that that iron fabric is not a fortress which must endure for ages? Surely, if any nation is as a pyramid standing on its base, it is the Germany of to-day. The semblance of strength has been taken for strength before, and will be again. There are vague, subtle, incommensurable elements in the problem, which generals frequently do not take into account, and it is on these that the solution often rests. Within the outward drama of history there unfolds itself a vaster drama, unseen; solving the moral contradictions of the external world, defacing its lineaments, and loosening at their foundation the hard rocks of man's laying down. Men like Moltke do not move with this larger drama; they stand fixed, with face turned towards the past, using its forces and breathing its air.

Moltke's conservatism is not Lord Salisbury's, however. It rests on no supercilious caste feeling. It is the conservatism of a man who, from constitution and education, associates the old system with order and stability, and rests upon it as the basis of the institution in which he has his being. He is steeped in a belief in absolutism as the only true faith. His intense feudalism of mind was conveyed in a sentence written to his wife, in which, referring to the

English aristocracy, he said, "Here a lieutenant-general without extra military rank stands below a viscount, who may be only an ensign or nothing. Where this is not the case there is no aristocracy, in the true sense of the word."

As a parliamentary speaker he is perfect in his kind. His addresses are like machines reduced of every superfluous part; carefully weighed in every detail; terse, incisive, grave; each sentence striking home the nail with one sharp blow; perfectly void of color, or emotion, or adornment. Coming more from the reason than the feeling, his speeches have an eloquence of their own, and they emanate from a mind whose moral platform is elevated; whose sensibilities, though fettered, are generous and lofty.

As an author, he has written some observations on the last Russo-Turkish campaign, — *Observations on the Influence of Arms of Precision on Modern Warfare*, which is a model of inductive reasoning; and also a work modestly styled *A Sketch of Polish History*, be-

sides some volumes of letters. The *History* is a work of his early manhood, written in the spare hours of an arduous surveying expedition in the northern part of that country. Its origin is characteristic of the author. He saw a state yield to foreign absorption without displaying any great resistance. Such a phenomenon stimulated him to seek for the causes, and trace them down by definite links of sequence. The mental attitude towards the subject is quite identical with that towards the evolution of tactics. Cold, lucid, and close in argument, without comment or personality, the thought is that of a geometrician; nevertheless, it exhibits much penetration and a truly philosophic habit of thought. It is a work from which much may be learned.

This brings my remarks to a conclusion; but let me add finally that he whose character I have attempted to draw possesses private virtues which will never be known, and which, in their environment, have little to call them forth.

Philip Dymond.

RECENT AMERICAN HISTORY.

OF all peoples in the world, Americans have the most right to be interested in historical studies; for, without pressing Mr. Freeman's aphorism too far, a people that constantly is required to express itself in political terms scarcely can fail to feel a lively interest in that deposit of political thought and action which is to be found in history. It was said after the last general election that there were at least twenty-five thousand voters in the city of New York who did not care a rap who was elected President, provided they and their friends could keep their noses in the public crib; but every thoughtful person receives such a statement as an additional

evidence of the need of such moral and political education of the voter as shall lift him out of this degraded condition. Nor is it without meaning that this indifference to great politics belongs to those who are not Americans of the soil. There never has been a time, from the organization of the people in a civil and political order till now, when Americans have not been ardently interested in politics; and if any change has come over them, it is not in the direction of indifference, but of a wider conception of the meaning of the term "politics." Once there was but a loose connection between politics and history; the history of politics itself was scarcely more than

the history of party, but there are many indications that both in the study and in the field the subjects of immediate policy are to be tried more emphatically by the tests applied by history.

Not only so, but the conception of what lies within the scope of historical research is widening. A comparison, for example, of recent school text-books in American history with those of a generation ago will disclose the fact that school-boys and school-girls are taught not only the narrative of history, but the development of society, the meaning of civil polity, and, above all, the evolution of political institutions. Every step is in the direction of a firmer hold upon American ideas, by a clearer perception of the relation which America has held and now holds to Europe, and a more definite knowledge of the genesis and growth of those principles which underlie national life. It is a mark of the earlier text-books that they contented themselves with such a treatment of history as made the United States an isolated community, built upon the false bottom of the Constitution, and under the control of the dominant political party; the more rational text-books of the day seek to give the young student some notion of the organic growth of the nation, its inheritance from other times and peoples, and the conflicting forces which have been involved in the historical development.

A just proportion of all these elements, however, is very hard to secure, and each writer, especially if he be not a school-master, is likely to allow his own taste and interest to govern him in his work. Here, for example, is the latest candidate for favor in Dr. Eggleston's school history, the very title¹ of which intimates the discrimination which lies in the author's mind, and the line on which he has especially departed from conventional text-books. It is rich in textual

and pictorial illustration of the social development of the people who settled on our shores, and of the manners and customs of the aboriginal inhabitants. These are subjects to which Dr. Eggleston had already given close attention, and in making a book for schools he has availed himself of the rich stores which he has gathered more industriously than other historians. The chapters on *How the Indians Lived*, *Traits of War with the Indians*, *Life in the Colonial Times*, *Farming and Shipping in the Colonies*, *Laws and Usages in the Colonies*, *Home and Society in Washington's Time*, *The Steamboat*, *The Railroad and the Telegraph*, and similar portions are crowded with interesting matter. No teacher can afford to dispense with a book which brings together so abundant and delightful illustrative material. For, after all, that is what it is; it is not the substance of history, and in the desire to make historical study interesting one may easily exaggerate its importance.

We think Dr. Eggleston has thus exaggerated it, and, while making his book a most serviceable one to teachers, has not succeeded in comprehending within its pages the essentials of American history. The feature which characterizes his work and gives it distinct value has been secured at the expense of more vital matter. It is a little singular that, with his clear perception of the picturesque elements of social life, he should have treated so lightly the more radical questions of society; that he should, for example, have analyzed slavery mainly in its political aspects, and have given the young student very little clue to those social, economical, and ethical considerations which were involved in the struggle between slavery and freedom.

His method, also, of neglecting a strict chronological order, that he may give topics in their entirety, is of questionable

¹ *A History of the United States and its People, for the Use of Schools.* By EDWARD EG-

GLESTON. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1888.

utility. An historian who has his subject well in hand will not lightly abandon the close sequence of time, since the very interruptions to special lines of thought sometimes will serve to throw light upon them; and the danger of a partial interpretation of history is in a measure avoided if the writer is compelled, by an adherence to the succession of events, to take into account all contemporaneous movements. Is it not better that the young student, as well as the old, should extricate the special topics from the general order by his own cunning? The opportunities for investigation among school boys and girls are, of course, of the simplest sort only, and is it wise to throw away so convenient a resource as that which a general, careful chronological arrangement of events offers for rearrangement under special heads?

We are less concerned to find fault with what we conceive to be the defects of Dr. Eggleston's interesting book than to congratulate teachers upon the addition to their apparatus of so suggestive and helpful a work. It is one further aid toward the release of teachers and pupils in our schools from the mechanical habits of teaching and studying United States history which have prevailed, and the accession of a scholar and writer like Dr. Eggleston to the ranks of text-book makers is an agreeable indication of a healthier condition of our educational system. It is not a solitary indication, and it must be remembered that the enrichment of text-book literature in American history is a far easier matter to-day than it was when the pioneers in this field were at work. Dr. Eggleston's own work, for instance, in his papers on colonial manners and customs, affords a great amount of illustrative material never before so accessible; and yet that is only

one of many contributions toward an abundant knowledge of cis-Atlantic life, which are at the service of those who would make compendiums for the use of schools. It is beginning to be perceived that the hand-book for the teacher and pupil, when at its best, is not a crowded, indigestible array of names, dates, and incidents, to be amplified by the teacher, but a suggestive, stimulating, fruitful presentation of the great movement of history; and the men who are to make such hand-books are not Dr. Dryasdust and his school, but those prophets of literature who can make the dry bones live.

Now the work for such writers has been enormously economized by the publication of special bibliographies, directing attention to the scattered literature of the subject, but by no single book has the work of text-book makers been rendered at once so formidable and so promising as by the great *Narrative and Critical History of America*, of which the seventh volume, devoted to the history of the United States since the War for Independence has lately appeared.¹ When noticing the first volume published, we called attention to the importance of the work as a treasure-house for historical writers. "It is not from such a work as this," we said, "that popular ideas as to history are directly formed, but from the school-books, the magazine articles, and general histories. The writers of these will use Mr. Winsor's book without any acknowledgment, but it will be for most of them the final authority; and we trust, therefore, that in completing his plan the editor will not allow himself to be swayed by any temporary considerations from making the work as exact as patient scholarship will permit."

The volume before us shows the work near its completion; the eighth is to be

¹ *Narrative and Critical History of America*. Edited by JUSTIN WINSOR. Vol. VII. Part II. The United States of North [sic] America.

Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

devoted to South America, and the first to prehistoric America. It is plain, however, that the sixth and seventh volumes, which cover the century closing at 1850, and are devoted to the thirteen colonies and their successors, will be the most used, and will have the most important influence on American historical studies. That period must remain as the most vitally interesting for a long time to come; only when the expansion of our national life, which began with the new epoch dating from 1861, shall have introduced new historical processes will it be possible to divert the main attention of students from a consideration of the foundations of our organic condition as a nation. Of all the subjects suggested by the period, there is none which so grows in relative importance as that which pertains to the political determination of the United States, the gradual crystallization of the fluent political ideas, the compacting of the Union out of the looser confederation, and as involved in that the confirmation of the independence of the nation through diplomatic dealings with European states.

Mr. Winsor has planned wisely, therefore, in making this great subject control quite half of his volume, and he has done a very great service to students, and to historical writers in especial, by providing the extraordinarily full and discriminating body of notes which constitutes the critical portion of the work. Mr. Edward J. Lowell writes the first chapter, on *The Political Struggles and Relations with Europe, 1775-1782*; but the most important chapter is the masterly one by Mr. John Jay on *The Peace Negotiations of 1782-1783*, a subject which is partly treated, later on, by Dr. Angell in his chapter on *The Diplomacy of the United States*. Mr. Winsor himself sketches the political character of the Confederation, and Mr. G. T. Curtis reviews the work of the convention which formally constructed the Constitu-

tion. Mr. Johnston carries the subject forward in the earlier part of his chapter on *The History of Political Parties*, and the chapters by Mr. Soley on *The Wars of the United States* and by the editor and Dr. Channing on the *Territorial Acquisitions* incidentally bear upon the same general theme.

In other words, the contribution which the young republic was making to political philosophy, both in the abstract and by concrete action, both consciously and unconsciously, was so tremendous that it is only as we draw off from the period and see it in perspective, only as the lines both of American and of European political thought are seen to converge toward it, that we begin to perceive how great this contribution was. The men of that day who were most formative are constantly growing more majestic in proportion; the events in diplomacy and convention become fraught with greater consequence, and we think there can be no question that future historians and philosophers will find this theme overshadowing that of the contest between freedom and slavery. The latter, momentous as it was, has its greatest import in the relation which it bears to the preservation of the Union, and to the enlargement and enrichment of those political ideas which were imbedded in the foundation of the United States. Speaking in a large way, the slavery contest was a local issue, but the establishment of the republic was a world issue.

We have no quarrel, then, with Mr. Winsor for suffering this theme to dominate his volume. It must be remembered that he closes his work with the middle of the century; hence he is excused from the full treatment of some themes upon which a work brought to date, or even to 1861, would necessarily enlarge. The constitutional period draws events toward itself; it is only when the Pacific coast is reached that new subjects, subjects of the future, so to speak, draw history forward. The time

may come, for example, when Perry's expedition to Japan will have more significance in the eyes of historians than the other Perry's victory on Lake Erie; but that time has not yet come, and it is not the business of historians to take up an imaginary base of triangulation.

At the same time, and with all allowance for the limits of space into which Mr. Winsor was forced, we wish he could have sketched, in outline at least, some of those movements other than political which have so marked a bearing upon the course of national development. We should have liked, for instance, to have had such subjects specifically treated as the movement of population westward, the changes in industrial conditions, the rapid expansion of the inventive genius, the growth of religious bodies, the gradual unification of the educational systems. We are aware that these subjects have somewhat vague outlines, and that they lack the organic form which constitutional, political, territorial, and military subjects possess. Nevertheless, there is a growing tendency, as we have already intimated, to enlarge the scope of the conception of history, and to require historical writers, if they essay general treatment, to take into account other forces than those which are represented by political parties, treaties, congresses, and armies and navies. Especially is it demanded of the historian of the modern republic that he shall discover the operations of those mighty forces which have been given a vast accession of power just because of their release from formal identification with the governing body. No history of England can avoid a constant reference to the Church of England; no history of the United States ought to neglect a consideration of the same great religious power, merely because it is no longer part and parcel of political history, viewed in its restricted sense. It is more than ever part and parcel of national life, when it springs out of the

voluntary action of the people of the nation, and represents a spontaneity of growth, not an imposition from without.

Even if such subjects as we have suggested could not have been brought within the compass of the narrative portion of the work, we think they might have been provided for, even if briefly, in the critical portion. We do not know what we should have been willing to spare, — certainly no entire excursus, unless it be the one on *The Portraits of Washington*, which, admirable as it is, and apparently exhaustive, yet strikes us as comparatively unessential; but if this subject and others bearing upon the multifarious conditions of society in the United States, had been formally presented, the very introduction would have been a hint to students and historical writers; and if the bibliographical aid had been anything like as considerable as that given to students in the political history, the whole work would have had a greatly increased value.

For, as we have said before, the enduring worth of this great work rests most largely upon the critical essays. The industry and comprehensive genius of the editor and his co-laborers are beyond praise. They have swept in their material from an extraordinary variety of quarters. It would have been much to register the titles of books and articles dealing directly with the subjects treated, but they have ransacked the publications of societies, they have unearthed single chapters from obscure local histories and limited biographies, they have disclosed resources of manuscript collections; and in doing all this they have indicated with admirable impartiality the relative value of the material thus made serviceable. The work is not merely a necessity to any reader who would go beyond the merest superficial acquaintance with his country's history; it is of singular value to the special student, who will find here the

way cleared for him in a masterly fashion.

As an illustration of this point, it is interesting to observe the references to the volume which Mr. Fiske makes in his own special contribution to our history.¹ He appends a useful bibliographical note, introducing it with the words, "The bibliography of the period covered in this book is most copiously and thoroughly treated in the seventh volume of Winsor's Narrative and Critical History of America," and he singles out Mr. Jay's and Dr. Ellis's contributions to the volume as new and valuable monographs on the subjects discussed by them. Mr. Fiske is one of those writers to whom Mr. Winsor's history must be of exceptional value. It is not only the school text-book makers, like Dr. Eggleston, who will have it for their *esto mecum* (it would be a serious matter to take these eight ponderous volumes on a walk), but the class of men of letters who find in our history a fruitful and attractive theme. There are historical scholars who take a broad, philosophical view of their special studies, but there are also historical scholars who are specialists only, and whose admirable work can be regarded only as an unrelated part of some larger whole. There are men of letters with a philosophical bent, who indulge themselves in generalizations from such loose-lying facts as they can easily help themselves to; but there are also men of letters who have the historical sense, who are not special investigators, but know how to avail themselves of the results of such students, who are interpreters of history, and whose first and foremost desire is to possess themselves of the best attested facts, their next to discover the broad relations of these facts, their significance in the general movement of human life. Mr. Fiske belongs to this class, and the

volume in hand is an admirable expression of his genius as an interpreter of history. He does not have a theory to which he fits such facts as he can reach without difficulty, but he collects his particulars with care, and then induces their general meaning. We shall not dwell upon the contents of this volume in detail, for a considerable portion of it has already appeared in the shape of separate articles in this magazine; but we doubt if any will read the book with greater pleasure than those who have already enjoyed the individual papers; for it is in the marshaling of his successive subjects, in his almost dramatic handling of his material, so as to reach a climax, that Mr. Fiske shows his great skill. That is to say, he sees history as a drama of human thought, not merely as affording occasional spectacles of the drama of human action; and his power is in so holding up the selected incidents as to reveal to the reader the real movement that is in progress. The very titles of his chapters disclose these separate acts in the drama: Results of Yorktown, in which he sets forth with great clearness the superb diplomacy of Jay, Adams, and Franklin, and also with an effect of real novelty the result of the peace in English political life; The Thirteen Commonwealths, which emphasizes the individualism of the several parts of the country, and shows the germ of social development; The League of Friendship, which is a happy term by which to characterize the relation of the several States to each other, and under which heading he gives a brief but luminous statement of the real nature of the so-called sovereignty of the States; Drifting Toward Anarchy; Germs of National Sovereignty, with a rapid sketch of the treatment of Western lands, the ordinance of 1787, and the spontaneous political activity of the nascent Union; The Federal Convention; and finally, Crowning the Work, or the slow wheeling into line of all the States

¹ *The Critical Period of American History, 1783-1789.* By JOHN FISKE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

after the new Constitution had been submitted to them for ratification.

Mr. Fiske justifies the title of his work. He is by no means the first to discover the grave importance of the period in question, but by his masterly grouping of events, his projection of the period upon a large scale, and his comprehensive study of the movements which determined the course of affairs, he has set the whole subject in the clearest possible light, and by so doing has made a contribution to our historical literature of no mean value. The charm of his style is seen to great advantage in a work which borrows little from an appeal to the senses. The story of the war for independence permits him to be more graphic, but the great moral and political issues involved in the period following the war afford him a finer opportunity for those clear presentations of questions at issue which are in themselves more than half solutions of the questions.

Mr. Fiske had a great subject to deal with in the making of a nation, when all the elements of that nation were in solution, ready to be precipitated. It is another task, similar in general terms, but very dissimilar in the methods involved, which has been taken up by Mr. Phelan in his *History of Tennessee*.¹ The sub-title of his work denotes the intention with which he gave himself to it; and the process is so fascinating to him that he pursues his subject through all its phases with untiring zeal. The book is, quite unconsciously, we think, an admirable illustration of that conception of the commonwealth which has found its most unalloyed expression in the sentiments of Southern political writers. To Mr. Phelan Tennessee is *all but* a nation. We owe to this sentiment a minuteness of detail in the treatment, which we should greatly regret to have

missed in all those passages which bring before us an isolated community. Thus the chapter on The Founding of the Household is a graphic and altogether admirable picture of life on the frontier. The chapters, also, on the State of Franklin form almost a monograph of one of the most interesting of those phenomena the whole significance of which Mr. Fiske has treated of so well in his chapter on Germs of National Sovereignty. Again, the chapters on Manners, Customs, and Mode of Life, and those which follow the admission of Tennessee to the Union, are models of what a state history should contain. It is when we come to the last fourth of the book that we ask ourselves the question, Who are the readers for whom Mr. Phelan is writing? Are they all who may be interested in United States history, or are they merely those whose fortune it has been to be born and to be living in the great State of Tennessee?

The question is not an idle one, for it relates to the attitude of the historian toward his subject. Take, for example, the detailed history of political party warfare in the State. We can conceive that to a Tennessean this may be one of the most interesting portions of the book. To the reader who regards party politics in a State chiefly in its relation to the history of American politics, the matter will be wholly out of proportion, and his interest will centre mainly upon the glimpses given of characteristic local methods in political warfare. To Mr. Phelan the figures who crowd his canvas here are "large as life and twice as natural;" to the general reader they are, with few exceptions, tiresome non-entities. In a word, we conceive that no history of a State in the American Union does real justice to the State which does not so set it in its relation to the Union at large as to make the story of its development of unflagging interest to members of other States. We can cordially recommend Mr. Phe-

¹ *History of Tennessee; or the Making of a State.*
By JAMES PHELAN. Boston and New York:
Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

lan's book as, for the most part, a brilliant picture of Southwestern history and civilization, but he has missed making a great book of it by suffering the inter-

est to die away in the multitudinous details of a history which has no climax, and, viewed apart from federal relations, little importance.

THE DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN.

THE title of a book sometimes is, and always should be, descriptive of its contents. Dr. Agassiz's book¹ has two titles, but both are singularly inadequate; a reader not familiar with the history of the investigations which it records must needs explore the introductions and table of contents to learn the extent of its scope. The principal title scarcely covers the two opening chapters, and the subordinate title is also far too modest, since the author has presented a comprehensive treatise upon the whole science of thalassography, rather than a "contribution" restricted to the consideration of it in its American aspects. This manner of choosing a title is not without precedent. Professor Huxley made his treatise on *The Crayfish* broad enough to cover the whole field of biology. This, however, was a book for elementary students, and its name was not seriously misleading. The standard English works upon the same subject carry such general titles as *The Depths of the Sea* and *Thalassa*, and one cannot help regretting that the broader and more scholarly American treatise should have a name so much less comprehensive.

The *Blake*, it should be explained, is a small steamer belonging to the United States Coast Survey, which has been employed in hydrographic work ever since 1874; it has done much excellent service

in deep-sea sounding, under the direction of such accomplished naval officers as Sigsbee and Bartlett, who have also made most important studies upon the phenomena of the Gulf Stream. On three occasions, between 1877 and 1880, this vessel was especially detailed for the study of the organisms which live in the oceanic abysses, and the peculiarities of their environment.

The Agassizs, father and son, have been closely associated with the scientific work of the Coast Survey for the past forty years, and it was in recognition of this fact, and of the eminence of Mr. Alexander Agassiz as an authority upon ocean physics, that the position of superintendent of the Survey was offered him, not long ago, by the President. As early as 1849, Louis Agassiz, with his son as an assistant, made a cruise of investigation in the *Bibb*, the predecessor of the *Blake*; and later, personally and by his friend and pupil the Count Pourtales, who was an official of the Survey, and who was the pioneer of deep-sea dredging in America, a constant series of natural-history inquiries was kept up in connection with the work of the Survey.

In 1877 Mr. Alexander Agassiz was requested by Captain Patterson, the superintendent of the Coast Survey, to continue these biological studies, and in the three cruises of the *Blake*, referred

¹ *A Contribution to American Thalassography. Three Cruises of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey Steamer Blake in the Gulf of Mexico, in the Caribbean Sea, and along the*

Atlantic Coast of the United States, from 1877 to 1880. By ALEXANDER AGASSIZ. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

to in the title of his book, he applied himself to the solution of a series of problems, the importance of which has for twenty-five years or more been constantly increasing in the estimation of men of science, — problems which have an essential bearing upon every department of thought, though most directly upon geology and meteorology, and upon philosophic biology, intimately associated as they are with all discussion of the development and geographical distribution of living forms.

The studies of forty years on the part of the Agassizs, Pourtalès, and their associates, as well as those of the Coast Survey officials engaged in the explorations of the Atlantic basin from other points of view, have culminated in this book; for although many thousands of pages have been printed, giving preliminary and detailed reports of exploration, no effort has hitherto been made to combine the results for the purposes of philosophic discussion. Indeed, many of the facts observed in the earlier days have been, until recently, without meaning. The science of "thalassography" was without a name, until, for use in the present treatise, its author constructed this word, which is defined as "the science which treats of oceanic basins."

The problems were fully outlined in the mind of the author before he attempted to study them with the aid of that most complicated and costly of modern scientific instruments, a sea-going steamer equipped for deep-sea research. They are stated in full in the first volume.

The first and most inviting of these problems was, of course, the topography of the eastern coast of the North American continent in relation to its fauna and flora. So thoroughly have the sounding-line and the dredge been plied along our entire coast within the past twenty years that it has been possible to construct a relief map of the continent slope, extending to mid-ocean depths four and five

miles below the surface of the Atlantic, the valleys and mountain tops under the waters being as accurately defined as those of the Appalachians. As the geographer delights to name the highest peaks after distinguished explorers, so does the thalassographer associate the names of his heroes with the deepest valleys under the sea: such monuments are dedicated to the names of Sigsbee, Bartlett, and Pourtalès. All these features of the earth's surface, until lately hidden from the comprehension of man, are described and graphically illustrated in a manner never before even attempted, and in a specially effective way, by an engraving of a relief model of a portion of the western North Atlantic.

In this connection, but rather in the form of an excursus, is presented an essay upon the Florida reefs, in relation to their origin and the general structure of the continent. The subject of atoll formation, for the explanation of which the theories of Darwin and Dana have so long been considered adequate, but which has of late come so prominently into view through the discussions of Semper and Murray and the allusions of the Duke of Argyll, is reviewed impartially. The descriptions of the reefs, and the life upon them and around them, are admirably written and illustrated. This chapter is especially interesting from the fact that the Agassizs have made the geology of this region peculiarly their own, and have accumulated such extensive collections from the reefs in the museum at Cambridge.

The essay on the permanence of continents and ocean basins is a natural outgrowth of those which it follows. It is full of suggestive thought and observation.

Theorizing upon the effect of the grinding action of the Gulf Stream upon the edge of the continent, the author estimates that a period of five millions of years has elapsed since the beginning of the tertiary period, and fifty millions of

years since the first appearance of life upon the globe.

With the contours of the partially submerged region east of the Atlantic coast line in view, the mind naturally passes to the consideration of the relations of the flora and fauna of the West India Islands to those of the adjacent continent. This is a subject specially inviting to any one who has become interested in the essays already referred to, since its study may throw light upon the history of the formation of the continental outlines. In the essay upon this topic, as indeed in the whole work, theory is never confounded with fact, nor is it usually coupled closely with fact. The phenomena observed are stated in such a way that they invite the reader to make his own theories. The suggestiveness of the book is one main source of its interest. In this chapter, for instance, it is hinted that the island of Jamaica may at one time have been the northern spit of a gigantic promontory stretching out from a great island, within whose bounds were embraced Hayti, Porto Rico, and the Virgin Islands, and that the Caribbean Sea was a gulf of the Pacific, while Central America and northern South America were a series of large islands.

The nature of the formations at the bottom of the ocean is considered in the essays on Submarine Deposits and Deep-Sea Formations, and the reader learns how, by the aid of deep-sea apparatus, the modern geologists study in actual working the modes in which were deposited the marine strata of former geological periods, like those of the chalk, the oolite, and the miocene.

The essays on Temperatures of the Caribbean, Gulf of Mexico, and Western Atlantic and on The Gulf Stream are chiefly descriptive, and give a very excellent idea of the thermic conditions of these waters, and the depth and relative position of the temperature strata from surface to abyss. These matters are

made very intelligible by the free use of diagrams, and admirably supplement the other essays. The history of Gulf Stream theory is given from the days of Kircher and Franklin, whose archaic maps are reproduced in fac-simile, to the most recent work, that of Commander Bartlett, who estimates that its delivery of heated water through the Straits of Florida is 872,000,000,000,000,000 pounds, or four hundred and thirty-six millions of millions of tons each day.

The second volume, though essential to the completeness of the work, is less interesting to readers of every class than the first. For the zoölogist it is too brief: he will prefer to consult the reports of the specialists, already published in a long series of the bulletins of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, where thousands of pages are devoted to what is here condensed within the limits of one hundred and fifty. The non-professional reader will find the text too technical, just as he did when he looked over Sir Wyville Thomson's Voyage of the Challenger, ten years ago; but he will derive abundant satisfaction from the engravings, which depict over three hundred of the most characteristic inhabitants of the ocean depths.

The chapter on the West Indian Fauna, in which the relations of the life of the shallow waters of this region to that of the adjacent abysses are discussed, will interest every one, since it renders evident the intimate connection between the animals living along our shores, near the surface, and those which have found their way into the deeper parts of the oceanic basins.

Three chapters in the first volume have especial connection with the contents of the second. That upon The Pelagic Fauna and Flora, which tells of the Sargasso Sea, and the curious animals which live in the floating masses of gulf-weed, and describes the other curious forms which live suspended in a thin stratum of surface-water, miles, it

may be, from the ocean's bottom below, and at practically insuperable distances from the shore, will bring old friends to the memory of every one who has passed many days at sea. The essay upon *The Physiology of Deep Sea Life* is overpowering in its suggestions of how little is really known, after all, of the regions described by the author. That upon *The Deep Sea Fauna*, on the other hand, gives a most impressive idea of the immensity of the work which has been accomplished within the last few years,—an impression which is intensified by reading what is said in the *Historical Sketch of Deep Sea Work*. "We have merely skimmed the surface thus far, and have only traced a few thin lines with the dredge and trawl over the bottom of the oceans," writes Agassiz; and yet many new faunas have been discovered and partially explored, the inhabitants of which differ far more from those of the surface faunæ than the latter do from each other.

The writer of this review well remembers the day, only eleven years ago, when he saw dredged at a depth of one hundred and sixty fathoms, in the Gulf of Maine, two new species of deep-sea fishes, the first ever obtained by an American naturalist from the abyssal fauna along the coast. Since then, from these waters alone, by the efforts of the *Blake*, the *Albatross*, and the *Fish Hawk*, more new fishes have been discovered than were brought back from the three years' cruise of the *Challenger*.

The most striking characteristic of Mr. Agassiz's style is its compactness, and the impression which it gives of great reserves of unwritten knowledge. The reader feels that every chapter might have been readily expanded into a volume; or it may be that the manuscript for a volume has actually been condensed within the limits of a chapter. It is possible that this condensation may interfere with the popularity of the book among general readers.

The tendency to specialization in scientific research is increasing each year, and the inevitable and proper result of this specialization is a marked increase in thoroughness of method and minute scrutiny of detail. The biologist of to-day gives as much time to the study of a single species as his predecessor of thirty years ago gave to an entire fauna.

The language of science shows a tendency to divide into dialects, and a corresponding specialization of habits of thought seems to be arising. The physicist and the naturalist parted company long ago, and it only occasionally happens that the methods of the two schools are united, as in the studies of the experimental physiologist, or in the generalizations of the geologist.

The tendency of the day is toward a similar division of interests among naturalists and biologists. The old scientific societies, in which, fifty years ago, all students of science worked side by side, are languishing, and are either replaced by more limited organizations, or are kept together by dividing their membership into "sections."

The two Agassizs are excellent illustrations of this tendency. Agassiz the elder labored in every field of natural science. He was geologist, palæontologist, botanist, anatomist, physiologist, embryologist, histologist, and bibliographer, an authority upon the geographical distribution of plants and animals, and a specialist in many branches of systematic zoölogy.

His students, though all men of broad sympathies, chose much more limited fields of investigation.

Alexander Agassiz may be taken as a type of this succeeding generation, composed of the men who, since the death of Henry, the Sillimans, the Grays, Baird, and the retirement from active labor of the few of that generation who still survive, are now the seniors in the ranks of science.

The equal of his father, undoubtedly-

ly, in mental endowments, thoroughly trained in methods of investigation, and equally enthusiastic as a student of nature, his efforts have taken a very different course.

Although one of the best equipped of living zoölogists, Mr. Agassiz has not studied personally any considerable part of the material discussed in the book, but has only attempted the study of the sea-urchins, the coral reefs, and the surface fauna of the Gulf Stream.

No less than twenty-four specialists — Americans, English, Scotch, French, German, Swedish, and Russian — have aided in the preparation of these volumes, and the special reports, in which the collections of the Blake are discussed in greater detail; and to these co-laborers Mr. Agassiz makes full acknowledgment in the preface and in the course of the work.

Many of the specialists whose aid has been thus invoked are the same who participated in the preparation of the magnificent volumes of the final reports of the exploration of the British corvette

Challenger. American zoölogists, notably Lyman and Agassiz, have been prominent members of the Challenger staff, a most interesting instance of the unsectarian and catholic spirit of modern science.

It is pleasant to note a disposition on the part of representative scientific men in America to write books intended, like this, for readers not professional naturalists, for of late years the popular exposition of scientific work has been left too much to compilers and amateurs. Recent publications of Langley, Holden, Shaler, Powell, Morse, and others indicate a tendency toward the better practice of former years. It is a well-known fact that Mr. Alexander Agassiz, besides supporting the great museum at Cambridge from his private resources, pays for the printing of all its publications. It is to be hoped it will appear that Americans are prepared not only to read, but to pay for, the printing of such books as *Three Cruises of the Blake*, and that the author will in due time expand some of its too crowded chapters into volumes.

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

Or the Southern careers that were ruined by the war, that of Lieutenant Maury is one of those to be most regretted. He had been a faithful officer, whose service to his profession and his country had been of the highest practical value, when the civil war removed him from his place, and by interrupting the course of his scientific labors virtually wasted the later years of his mature life. He was widely and honorably known North and South: his reputation and work had been national in character; in a peculiar sense he belonged

to the country. He is now forgotten. This biography¹ will be novel to the new generation; but it recalls his services, puts them permanently on record, and adds a portrait of him in private life. The claim that is made for him by his daughter, that he was a benefactor of his race, has a large measure of justice in it. The activity of his mind, the diversity of his practical enterprises, his success in much that he undertook, make him an interesting figure; and, besides, his biography discloses a character in the man which will gain upon all, an

¹ *A Life of Matthew Fontaine Maury, U. S. N. and C. S. N.* Compiled by his daughter,

DIANA FONTAINE MAURY COBIN. New York: Scribner & Welford. 1888.

energy, a sense of duty, a capacity to meet the exigencies of fortune and misfortune alike, that cannot fail to secure respect, and to deepen our regret for the untoward circumstances which have limited his reputation.

Maury was Virginia-born, but reared in Tennessee, upon the ground of the pioneers. The opening chapters of this volume show us the life of the emigrants who went from the South, and none of its rudeness has been smoothed over. The family had already given brilliant officers to the navy, and young Maury's ambition naturally turned to a similar career. He was forbidden to try for West Point, and it was without the knowledge of his father that he secured an appointment to the navy, and without his assistance that he set off, at the age of nineteen, on a borrowed horse and with thirty dollars in money, for Virginia. There his relatives received him hospitably, and he went on to join the cadets with their good-will. He was remarkably industrious, and the story is told that he used to chalk problems in spherical trigonometry upon the shot in the racks, in order not to waste his idle time when on guard. He succeeded, was a favorite with his officers, and rose by the usual steps to be master of a sloop-of-war. His restless mind, however, led him into authorship; he wrote a successful work on navigation, and from that time his pen was always busy. An accident lamed his leg, and in consequence he had to remain on land-service, and was placed in the charge of the Depot of Charts and Instruments at Washington. It was here that he made his mark. Out of this institution he really created our Naval Observatory. The important matter which first made him known was the preparation of his Wind and Current Charts and Sailing Directions. His attention had been drawn to the ignorance in which we were with respect to the best courses for navigation, at the time when he com-

manded the sloop-of-war. He now found in the old log-books stored as rubbish in his office a large number of observations, or data, which he could use; out of these, with such information as he could derive from other sources, he made his first charts. It was soon found that vessels following his directions made quicker voyages, and the later charts were accepted and used as soon as issued. The saving effected to commerce by this shortening of merchant voyages was many million dollars annually. Other nations were interested; our navy department and masters of merchantmen coöperated with him in obtaining the widest data for ocean meteorology; finally an International Congress assembled at Brussels for the furtherance of the new branch of science, and Maury had the honor of uniting the civilized trading world in this enterprise, the immediate material value of which was felt to be so great. It was a natural consequence of these sea observations and their utility that Maury should urge the extension of the system to the land. For this he worked hard, by memorials to Congress, reports, and lectures, but he was not to have the satisfaction of bringing about the desired result; it was not until after the war that the weather bureau and signal service were founded. It should not be forgotten, however, that this important institution originated in Maury's brain, and was the outgrowth of his great work in furtherance of the commerce of all nations. He had thought it out completely, and argued the case with full knowledge of what were the ends to be arrived at in land meteorology. It was the war which deprived him of the fruits of his labors.

This is the best known fact respecting Maury's career. He took part, however, in other large affairs. The character of the sea-bottom had long been an object of special interest to him, and he wrote a popular book on its physical geography. He was led to believe that

there existed a plateau between Newfoundland and the British Islands, on which a cable could be laid. A vessel was placed at his disposal by the government, and on exploring the ground his inference was found to be a true one. In all that concerned the cable, with regard to the sea conditions surrounding it, he held the position of an expert. He was enthusiastic in the enterprise, and his share in it was fully acknowledged by Cyrus Field when he said, at a public dinner celebrating the arrival of the first message, "I am a man of few words. Maury furnished the brains, England gave the money, and I did the work." He also supported the scheme for the Nicaragua Canal, and it was in accordance with his advice that the Darien expedition was sent out. He had already formed a scheme for a naval line of defense, extending from the Lakes to the Mississippi, by means of the Illinois and Michigan Canal, by which the naval forces of the gulf and the river could be transferred rapidly to the Lakes. He had advised the establishment of navy depots at Pensacola and Memphis, and for the latter site he was especially strenuous. It was he, too, who suggested the placing of the water-gauges upon the Mississippi for the benefit of the river commerce. Indeed, the number of subjects of this practical sort which received his attention is remarkable; and whenever he made a suggestion it was usually found that his judgment was wise. He had much at heart the establishment of a line of communication between the West and the capes of Virginia. He urged the building of trans-continental railways, one by way of Texas, and one by way of the Northwest. At the very close of his life he was interested in the project of the direct line of steamers from Norfolk to Flushing. We mention the more important of these enterprises in order to illustrate the range of Maury's interests

and the unwearied versatility of his mind. To stop such a man in full career was the malice of fate.

Yet this was what the war did. He was a Union man, and not a friend to slavery. He made some efforts to stay the course of the stars, which now seem as futile as the resistance of a child's finger. But he was a Virginian, and he went with his State under the call of what he believed to be his duty. He was not in the best of favor with the powers of the Confederacy. At the time when the Naval Retiring Board had exhibited the jealousy of the service at his reputation, and had practically degraded him, using as an excuse his lameness, he had found who were his friends. This action, it should be remarked, had been nullified by a special act of Congress, which restored him to the service, and promoted him to the rank of commander. But Jefferson Davis and his secretary of war were unfavorable to him. He was not of the stuff of which the citizens of the new state were to be made. He was kept for a while in the Confederate service, as the chief of their coast and river defenses, but his advice was little attended to. The most he accomplished was by means of his use of torpedoes, and in this way he was of much use. In 1862, however, excuse was made to send him abroad as an agent to obtain torpedo material in England. It seems to have been a barren undertaking; but there he remained until early in 1865, and he sailed thence only to learn in St. Thomas of the total failure of the Southern cause. He did not come home, but went to Mexico. He was more irreconcilable than his friends, perhaps because he had been living in England those last years. He now formed the plan of a large Southern emigration to Mexico, and obtained from Maximilian, into whose service he had entered, a concession for the proposed colonization. General Lee wrote advising against the plan, and

there is an admirable letter from a relative upon the future of the South, which, with its conciliatory spirit and good hopes for a reunited and loyal nation, shows that even in the moment of their worst defeat there were men at the South who had some sense that this was a blessing in disguise. There could be no finer spirit than this gentleman exhibited. But Maury was not to be persuaded. The colonization scheme failed. The only benefit which he succeeded in leaving as a memorial in Mexico was the febrifuge cinchona-tree which he introduced. He won the friendship of the Emperor and his family, but only to meet with the news of the Emperor's death, which reached him in England. Thrown again upon the world, he now began instruction in the science of sea-mining and torpedo-warfare, which, in its modern form, he had developed. At the time when he left the United States service he had been solicited by the French government to make his home in Paris, and carry on his work there; a similar and most generous offer had at the same time been made to him by the Grand Duke Nicholas, who assured him that in Russia he should have every assistance he desired, if he would accept of Russian hospitality. He had declined both of these flattering proposals; and that he now found himself employed in instructing the French officers in this branch of warfare, instead of being at the head of a great meteorological bureau, marks the injury which time had done to his fortunes. The English gave him a testimonial of substantial guineas, and Cambridge made him a Doctor of Laws. But these, after all, were makeshifts. It was about this time that, when some members of his family joined him, whom he had not seen since early in the war, his little daughter cried out, "That is not my papa; that is an old man with white hair."

In America, meanwhile, the work of peace went on, and at last he made up

his mind to return to his country. He accepted a position in the Virginia Military Institute, near which General Lee was passing his last years; he still continued to lecture and to take interest in business affairs; but four years after his coming home he died, at the age of sixty-six.

His private character was amiable; one of the pleasant characteristics of the volume is the openness with which his life with his family and his affectionate relations with his children are shown. It is sad to read of the mysterious and perhaps cruel death which one of his sons met with in the fighting about Vicksburg. The ruling trait of his nature was conscientiousness. It is hardly enough to say that he was chiefly anxious to do his duty. He made up his mind in youth, he says, to lead a useful life. His industry was unremitting; the amount of work he did must have been prodigious; and the entire devotion of his faculties to the business he was engaged upon perhaps accounts for his success. It must be granted, nevertheless, that his mind was highly original and independent; he had the great power of taking an initiative, and he was continually exercising it. His nature was devout as well as scientific, and in him one may observe again that curious union, of which scientific annals afford more than one example, of antiquated and modern ideas, in which the two exist together, as if in ignorance of each other. His religious and Christian temper, however, is something apart from his remarks on Job's knowledge of the law of gravitation, and adds to the respect one feels for his mental powers. In leaving the service of the nation for the defense of his State, and exchanging science for war, he made a choice which involved the sacrifice of his career. He was but one of those who, being sincerely attached to the Union and morally opposed to slavery, made up the silent South of that time, and were drawn into the war by a contagious patriotic feeling toward

their own State and people. It would seem, nevertheless, that the course of the contest embittered him against his country. Of that there is no occasion to speak further. This biography restores his memory to us as that of a brilliant and acute practical genius, whose name should be associated with real achievements in utilitarian science, with the history of our navy and its enterprises in the middle of the century, and with the honors which our officers have won from foreign governments. It is, furthermore, the

memory of an honorable man, of great sensitiveness to duty, faithful at all points to his convictions, who lived modestly, and was esteemed in all private relations by those with whom he came in contact. That he fell upon evil times for him, and thus achieved less than was his due, is a matter which all must regret; but he accomplished enough to deserve remembrance, and it is to be hoped that this volume will be the occasion of bringing that justice to his character and genius which has been delayed.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Eyes and no
Eyes : A
New Ver-
sion.

My daily walk, for many months of the year, leads me through an old graveyard in the heart of a city, but isolated therefrom by a tall brick wall, whose white-washed surface time has beneficently toned to a mottled dinginess that soothes the eye, while here and there a wandering honeysuckle lends its drapery to break the stiffness of the boundary lines.

These boundary lines inclose a spot of small extent, which the eye easily takes in at a glance. Small though it is, there still is room for many a tenant more, so little space suffices when at last we are at rest. Yet rarely do I come upon a fresh grave in one or another of the little squares, intersected by the narrow walks that divide the ground with the geometrical regularity of a chess-board. For there is a fashion that rules in cemeteries, it would seem, as in boulevards, and far away, without the corporation limits, another city of the dead, vast and populous and growing, invites burial; a place of ambitious monuments and well-kept grounds, but lacking the poetic charm of this little neglected *rus in urbe*, with half its space, an open sunny lawn, free from dust and

crowds and jarring sounds, though the streets are at the very gates, — a place, truly, in which to “loaf and invite one’s soul.”

When the first tenant was laid here, beneath a stone now so weather-worn that its record can no longer be read, this burial-place too was “out of town;” but the drive that led up to its archway of brick, on the side facing the town, long since became a street lined with houses, and at last extended itself beyond the gateway on the opposite side; and the way from gate to gate, between the graves and across the open lawn, has come to be a thoroughfare for pedestrians all day long, and perhaps by night as well, for I do not know that the great, rusty, wrought-iron gates are ever locked, neither is there ever a keeper on parade: the sanctity of the spot is its safeguard.

The whole inclosure lies open to the sunshine, for there are not many trees, and none of them are large enough to cast a gloomy shade. Here sing the birds, with only a brick wall between them and the hostile street; and here Dame Partlet, escaped from a neighboring yard, leads her brood complacently

about the unfenced mounds, guarded only by the mantling turf.

I cannot resist a fancy that these unfenced graves are the happiest. An iron railing is at best an ugly thing, but the tall, stiff, wooden paling, too often seen encompassing a little family of graves, is the most melancholy feature a cemetery has to offer, giving its small inclosure an air of isolation that chills the heart. Against this uncompromising barrier Nature, that takes kindly thought of forgotten graves, protests with mantling vines, and sturdy growth of shrubs, and plentiful rosemary, "for remembrance." But because the growth is so shut in, and circumscribed, and unwinnowed by the winds of heaven, the vines lose their grace in a conglomerate tangle, and the wild rose grows stiffly upright, after the pattern of the sentinel palings. If there be violets or pale narcissi, freighting the air with a fragrant thought of spring, they must bloom unseen amid the jungle.

Not thus does the great mother deal with those unfenced beds of rest where she may work her untrammelled will. Here, in early spring, the flower that children know as "Moses in the bulrushes" sets great clusters of heavenly blue, and the bramble, that poetic vagrant, trails its garlands of "satin-threaded flowers;" here, through the arid summer days, "bouncing Bet" maintains her constant bloom; here golden-rod and purple asters nod in the autumn wind; and when all these are gone, the plummy broomsedge and the ghost-like life-everlasting fill out the measure of the year's watch above the couch that knows no dreaming.

It is my pleasure, sometimes, to carry away with me, as from a friend's garden, a handful of blossoms; for though none of my kindred rest here, nor even any whom I have met in life's pilgrimage, I do not feel myself an alien in this silent company; neither do I feel that I wrong the dead when I pluck a flower

that Nature has planted upon some grass-grown grave or beside some forgotten tomb, for earth's embrace makes us all of one brotherhood.

To enter here, upon my daily round, is to me like stepping aside into a great cathedral, where I may forget for a moment the fret and the hurry of life, and where I seem to realize in some intangible way the expression of the Psalmist, "free among the dead." Yet to most who find it convenient to pass through, this place of graves is, I doubt not, rather a grim *memento mori* than a reminder of the heavenly rest. Few, indeed, have I ever met straying from the direct and beaten path that leads from gate to gate between the ranks of graves and across the stretch of open lawn. There needs no better indication that the cemetery invites no loitering than the singleness of aim that characterizes this pathway through the grass: straight to the gate it goes, and across the green, untrodden lawn there is no other. Whether the cares of this world render them impervious to the sweet and solemn influence of the place, whether "use doth breed a habit" of indifference, or whether a superstitious dread pursues them, the hurrying wayfarers look neither to right nor left, nor pause upon their way, and to stand aside and watch them is like looking on at a procession in an unreal world.

Once as I went along the street leading to the western gate, I was hailed from the opposite side by a woman in black, to me unknown, who besought me eagerly, if I were "going through," to let her accompany me; "for," said she, "I'm so mortal terrified to walk alone among graves."

As it was broad daylight of a sunny April morning, I perceived that it would be superfluous to combat her fears, and I consented to her company, with the remark that the old cemetery was a pleasant place for a walk.

"Not to me, — not to me," she reiter-

ated, shudderingly. "I would not go through upon any account, even with company, if I was n't obliged to take the nearest way. I've just learned that old Miss Blank is dying. Ever heard of her? She's been bedridden for years, and nobody ever did know precisely what was her complaint; mighty queer symptoms. I never met her myself, but she used to live neighbor to my cousin Joe's sister-in-law, and so I thought I might claim admittance to her death-bed. Death-beds are mighty interesting occasions, and I would n't for anything, miss this one."

The dandelion was in the grass and the bloom was on the brier, yet this woman, hurrying with a ghoul-like eagerness to witness the agonies of dissolution, shuddered at the sight of graves where spring was renewing the emblems of the resurrection from the dead.

On a Certain Insubordination in Fictitious Characters. — When Frankenstein, by the aid of his enormous scientific knowledge and by an almost superhuman patience, had formed his monster and evoked the life-principle from its marvelously adjusted parts, he found the limit of his powers. Once endowed with motion and volition, the horrid being went forth into the world, heartless, soulless, conscienceless, to terrify, to destroy, to remorselessly torture its human creator, to whom it was bound by no guiding-strings of a common spirit, and whose will was powerless to restrain the creature which his will had brought forth.

The same in kind, though differing in degree, is the experience of every one who, even on a small scale, has "made up a story out of his own head." To those who have thus suffered I offer the consolation of my sympathy, having suffered likewise; but I know of no remedy for the evil except that contained in the very radical advice, "Write no stories." Once rub the lamp of your imagination, and a genie will arise, — the slave of the lamp, it is true, but to whom

you yourself will at once become subject. The unconscionable way in which a fictitious character of the most namby-pamby description will get the better of you (you being of course of vigorous intellect) is something to draw tears from a paving-stone. Every well-instructed Christian knows that the weak things of this world confound the wise, but the world of the imagination is, or ought to be, a different kind of place, — antipodal, Chinese, where everything stands on its head, and is consequently at your mercy.

I speak from positive experience. I once thought I had a fictitious young woman well in hand. I intended her for a funny girl, and under my plastic touch she grew funnier and funnier; she was rapidly approaching that point past which it is thought dangerous to go, for fear of creating a "corner" in buttons, when, without permission or a word of warning, she turned around and became serious. I could do nothing with her. She moped and was solemn, and I found myself in the position of a circus man of small capital whose fat woman should suddenly become lean, or whose living skeleton should begin to assimilate his food. This funny girl had been as clay in my hands; but your clay is a very worm for turning, and in a moment I, the potter, was upon the wheel, in the clammy grasp of my clay.

But this quality of unexpectedness does not belong exclusively to feminine creatures of the imagination (although there be cynics who will claim that the veritable flesh-and-blood woman has the monopoly thereof). I have been likewise sorely tried by a young man whom I carefully — nay, lovingly — fabricated out of the very best materials, and who disappointed my hopes (young men will do that sort of thing sometimes) in a dastardly manner.

I had looked upon this young man as my *chef-d'œuvre*, my *pièce de résistance*, and many other fine things which only

the French language can express, and I held in reserve for him, to be forthcoming at the right moment, a suitable wife. She was n't made out of any of his superfluous anatomy or cast-off material. I manufactured her fresh out of the airy nothings of my own brain, and expressly for him; and who should know what sort of a wife he needed if not I? Well, that young man, who had barely arrived at years of discretion, took matters into his own hand, and one morning, when I was just giving a little extra curl to his hair, to make him presentable before his predestined affinity, he gave me to understand that he had set his affections on another girl (the soubrette of my tale), and that no conceivable number of wild horses could drag said affections away from her.

I gave up at once. What else was there to do? If that young man had been my son, I would have shut him up in a closet, fed him upon bread and water, and brought him to his senses; but as it was, no closet could contain or hold him; he could have gotten out at the key-hole or through the crack under the door. In other words, though I was responsible for his existence, I was utterly powerless to control his actions. He married the soubrette, — ran away with her, I might say, speaking strictly; at any rate, something ran away with my pen, which, instead of being, according to the popular fallacy, mightier than the sword, is the weakest thing on the face of the earth.

After this painful experience I gave up match-making for a time, and devoted myself to stories of very young children, always being careful not to let them grow up. If ever they showed the least tendency to outgrow my plans for them, I slew them remorselessly, thus adding at once to the pathos of my tales and their market value.

I found the dear little innocents quite "biddable," on the whole, and feeling that I was at length lord over my own

house of the brain ventured upon a story of an old maid, a very old maid; and by way of making sure of her, I made her the sole character of the sketch, even cruelly excluding her cat, lest he should turn out to be a prince in disguise.

Before I got half-way through, I began to have an uncanny sensation as of an unseen presence, a man under the bed, so to speak; and — would you believe it? — there *was* a man — not under the bed. I don't know to this day whence he came, but he got in, like a thief and a robber, and married the old maid. He represented himself as an ancient flame of hers, who had remained constant in much the same way as Ulysses; that is, by staying away for years, and then turning up, like the bad penny that he was, disturbing the household arrangements and peaceful declining years of that maiden lady.

Of course there was nothing for it but to go to work and make wedding-cake, which I did with no better grace than success, for I never was a cook. But a horrible thought hung over me all the while I was stoning the raisins and chopping the suet (*do* they put suet in wedding-cake?), and it has never left me since; namely, that I not only am not safe in the hands of my own creations, but that I dwell surrounded by a vague and fearful limbo peopled by shadowy, irresponsible beings, who may rush in upon me any moment, and spoil everything.

Such a state of things is obviously subversive of any sustained artistic effort, and the theoretically admirable formula, "Just think out your work, and then work out your thoughts," is the purest nonsense. The best way is to resign yourself wholly, go into a sort of literary trance, and let your "monsters" have things all their own way. The result may possibly be as good as if you were permitted to carry out your own fallible ideas — and possibly better.

The Melodrama of Childhood.

—When I hear my elders referring to the frank enthusiasm and happy unconsciousness of childhood, I find myself doubting the tenacity of their memories, else I suspect them of carelessly adopting one of the many fallacies which have obtained currency rather by common consent than as a deduction from common experience. When I say “my elders” I speak advisedly; for though I am perhaps reckoned by some as among the oldsters, I know that in many respects I stand nearer to childhood than to mature life, and that I still retain much of the child in mental and spiritual phases. Yet it is true that I should not be cited distinctively as a “lover of children.” I have no particular aptitude nor decided inclination for drawing out their views. Indeed, in this respect I stand in so great apprehension of their dangerous subtlety as casuists and cross-questioners, especially if the inquiry takes a theological turn, that I am inclined to avoid rather than to encourage polemics in jackets and pinafores. Although, as I have said, I still retain much of the child, I am conscious that from my seventh or eighth year I have been steadily weakening in that quality of astuteness and that gift of dissembling which, I hold, specially distinguish the juvenile mind. Aware of the deterioration, which would put me to a disadvantage, I am always cautious how I enter into discussion with any child of the age specified, still less with one of younger and more formidable years.

It is easy to overrate the happy way in which affairs were carried on in the Golden Age, and the refugees from Eden quite likely exaggerated the perfections of the abandoned garden. So it is with older people descanting upon the joyous simplicity and openness of childhood. They forget that childhood, so frequently and so ruthlessly encroached upon by inquisitive seniors,

must needs devise tactics of defense to cover its own small, tender, private opinions and fancies. Besides, we commonly make no account of childhood's love of melodrama, its graspings at life and experience, shown in its plays and impersonations of all kinds. A fondness for making-believe is seen even in babies, who feign fright, anger, extravagant joy, for no other purpose, it may be, than to relieve the tedium of an existence which has not yet obtained full use either of talking or walking members. Young creatures of the brute creation also are not without a somewhat similar mimetic instinct. Birds have their coy feints and startings, based upon some cunning rôle of their own devising. An intelligent and good-natured puppy will carry out very creditably the part assigned him by his human playfellows.

Lonely children particularly develop the dramatizing faculty, creating companions, as, lacking toys, they are ingenious at inventing playthings. A brotherless and sisterless four-year-old of my acquaintance, taken upon a journey, gave her fond mother some sensation, the little one being overheard reciting to a friendly stranger the outrageous pranks, including theft, assault and battery, and incendiarism, to which her “big brother Peter” was addicted. As an offset to the disgrace of this relationship, she dwelt with sweet enthusiasm upon the winning traits of her “little sister, Sally Pinker.” On being questioned by her mother, it appeared that this hypothetical brother and sister were very distinct realities to the solitary child, nor for a long time would she drop them from the lists of kinship.

As a child, my record for truth-telling and ingenuousness of behavior was never impeached; yet I recall instances of mental chicanery, which, had they been made patent, would have sufficed to raise grave doubts in the minds of my natural protectors whether I should

not become a perjurer of the blackest stamp. Well do I recall that dull, rainy afternoon, when, open-air sports being out of the question, I cast about for some novel entertainment in-doors. I had heard of the extraordinary delusions which had seized upon a relative of mine while in the delirium of a fever. I, too, would be delirious, see visions, and talk wildly. I succeeded so well at this kind of feigning that not only was my tender mother alarmed, but I myself became genuinely ill, unnerved by the vividness of my own figments and the blood-chilling character of my own incoherent utterances. Also, I well remember being taken to the photographer's, and the lugubrious result attending the united efforts of the "artist," my parents — and myself. However exhorted to smile, the record of each experiment showed a uniform grimness of pursed lips, saucer eyes, and slightly corrugated brows. The "infant sphinx," as this photograph was afterwards known in the family, was often clandestinely inspected by me with extreme delight. Before and during the operation I had resolved that if I were to have my picture taken I would look *noble* (synonymous in my mind with *severe*). That I had succeeded in my design was the fond impression retained for several years.

Beside this witness to the theatrical impulse in children might be placed another portrait which was lately shown me, — that of a laughing-eyed, dimpling, coquettish Lalage face. The lady whose child-self is thus daintily memorialized tells me that the motive of the sitter was to "look as though my sweetheart had just kissed me"! It was this same elf who, having been corrected by her mother, conceived a plan for lacerating the heart of the injurious parent. Her eyes being at the height of their showery fit, she caught up a precious crimson-bound picture-book, and, bending over it, let fall upon its

admired cover two great tear-drops, with infinite satisfaction watching the spreading circles of stain which in future years should so poignantly reproach the maternal despot. The little red book is still extant, and I have seen it, with its twin hieroglyphs expressive of so much *naïveté* and *finesse*.

Patent Anti-Bore. — How many of us would

have to confess to being of that unfortunate class of persons who never know when to stop? If we are making a call, we experience no difficulty until it comes to the final act of bringing our social venture gracefully to a close; and then somehow our resources fail us. We can entertain or be entertained, but lack the firmness or insight to seize that happy moment of departure which to a quicker understanding would have seemed to be providentially pointed out.

Manifestly all men cannot be of that superior order of beings who, like the sun in Hood's poem, "never came an hour too soon," and who never outstay their limit or overrun their time. Cool, precise individuals as they are, with an aptitude of rising to any demand, how one despairs of ever reaching their unerring sense of just the felicitous moment when another word would be too much, and when their prompt acceptance of this fact leaves in the mind of the hearer a blessed hunger for more! Somehow, however, this practical result must come within the possibility of all men, and it is to make a suggestion in the line of some expedient to this end that this bit of confession is offered. Why should not inventive genius come to the relief of long-suffering humanity with some device by means of which the most obtuse caller or the speaker most interminable will be forcibly reminded of the rights of others and the general fitness of things? A small portable indicator would answer the need, especially if it could be carried about the person, and were not observable in its action

by others. It should be capable of being timed to suit any occasion when it is required, and by some decisive blow should leave no doubt in the mind of the unhappy delinquent that the hour has arrived when calling grows into a nuisance and talking becomes a bore. One of more than usual power and perhaps susceptible of almost cruel effects might be constructed for the incorrigible cases, the hardened wretches who now habitually abuse social privilege, and make even the services of religion a travesty. These would probably require something stunning to overcome that density of cuticle which ordinarily prevents yawns, sighs, coughs, clickings of watches, and general restlessness of person from making any impression. Let the invention, when, in the fullness of a time much hoped for, it shall come, be called *The Patent Anti-Bore Time-Saving Machine*, and let not the inventor doubt that he shall receive the unstinted gratitude of the race. It would certainly seem as if there remained no other equal opportunity for distinguished service and lasting glory.

*The Potency
of Individ-
uality.*

— In the novel of Robert Elsmere, the uncanny old squire is described as having spent a lifetime in the endeavor to discover and formulate the law that governs human evidence, the law which should account for its general untrustworthiness. I believe it is usually considered to be a fact derogatory to the nature of the race that no two members of it can tell a story alike. Whatever be the cause of this frailty, it is pretty certain it must be due to some quality which the sons — and daughters — of men all possess, so common is its manifestation. It has occurred to me, in a moment of more than ordinary daring as to speculation, that possibly this peculiarity is susceptible of an interpretation which so relates it to the deeper problems of the soul's essence and destiny that we may profitably study it with some other feeling

than our accustomed irritation at it as a weakness and a folly. It seems as if it might be very significant as to the meaning and value of individuality as a factor in the universe. All extraneous phenomena are little able to affect the individuality of whosoever would bear witness to them, but his perception and report of them alter them as if they had been subjected to a chemical process. The elements of his nature act upon them, and turn them out in such form as is the inevitable result of that contact and action. As the soul of each man, the ego of each, differs from that of another, so does each perform a different trick upon the phenomenon which it first perceives, then receives into its mind, and then attempts to reproduce in speech. No outward thing has substance enough to withstand this transforming power of the individual. No verity of the senses is true enough to overcome the magic spell wrought by the witnessing personality. If you but raise your hand, you do not raise it in the same manner for me as for my brother. There is something in him which looks through his eyes and sees a gesture unlike the one I see. His tongue is of the same fibre as his brain, and obeys the same thrill of vital force, and it tells a story with other phrase than mine, and which carries another impression, when we both seek to report what we have seen. What then is the significance of this intense emphasis granted to individuality; this essence which, itself unchanged, transmutes all the experiences of life and all the visible wonders of heaven and earth "into something rich and strange," or something poor and vulgar, according to the law of its own being? Not even an earthquake can daunt it, nor the thunders of Jove constrain it to permit sight or report except as it will. It disdains to take its rule of evidence from facts that have to do with earth and matter, and its flightiest rendering of them seems to maintain its right to control them in

virtue of being one with the Spirit which moved the phenomena in the beginning, and offered them to the human mind to consider and bear witness con-

cerning them. Is it then too bold a conclusion that individuality, so curiously and powerfully accentuated force, is indestructible and immortal?

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Books for the Young. Louisa May Alcott, the Children's Friend, by Ednah Dean Cheney. (Prang.) A pleasing little sketch intended for young readers, with a few of Miss Alcott's poems, and some illustrations of her homes by Lizbeth B. Comins. — Great Thoughts for Little Thinkers, by Lucia T. Ames. (Putnams.) The author, in some of her introductory words, says that she shall be very particular never once to call her reader by the objectionable term "a dear little reader." Nevertheless, that is the whole spirit of the style of her book. She has undertaken to talk to children of the deep things of the universe, and she begins with the wholly misleading, unbiblical, and unphilosophical statement that to create is to make something out of nothing. The phrases of her book suppose a very young child. The matter is wholly unsuited to very young children. — Prince Vance, the Story of a Prince with a Court in his Box, by Eleanor Putnam and Arlo Bates. (Roberts.) A lively little fairy-tale, with an unusual amount of invention in it and some very clever strokes of wit. We miss, however, a quality which we must call, for lack of a better term, geniality. — The Long Exile and other Stories for Children, by Count Lyof N. Tolstoi; translated from the Russian by Nathan Haskell Dole. (Crowell.) The book is not likely to interest children, except here and there, but it will have a value for older readers who desire to test Tolstoi by this new experiment. — The Youngest Miss Lorton, and other Stories, by Nora Perry. (Ticknor.) A half score of lively stories, chiefly about lively girls. — It is interesting to see that the author of Miss Toosie's Mission has tried her hand at a full story, as in Pen. (Roberts.) There is something of the same liking for oddity, the slight affectation of manner, and the risky sentiment which made her previous stories half engaging and half repelling. — Otto of the Silver Hand, written and illustrated by Howard Pyle. (Scribners.) Mr. Pyle has struck a signal brave success in his masterly pictures, which are everything that pictures for a child's book should be,—strong, story-

telling, and absolutely free from feeble refinement.

Art and Holiday Books. Mr. Sheridan Ford, of New York, has issued, without any publisher's imprint, a vigorous brochure under the title *Art, a Commodity*, in which, in half a dozen essays, abundantly illustrated by instances drawn from current movements in the pictorial world, he treats of the commercial side of modern art. Many of his strictures are just, and his comments are always interesting. It is a pleasure to get hold of a piece of writing like this, which "speaks right out in meeting." — *Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground*, written and composed by Stephen Collins Foster. (Ticknor.) An illustrated book, like its predecessors in the same line, the music also being given. It is odd how the sentimental darkey managed to impress himself on us in the old slavery days. This lament for the good old massa, now, used to bring tears to our eyes through Mr. Foster's sweet melody. — The J. B. Lippincott Co. send us twelve little books in monotint, all edited by Geo. C. Haité, F. L. S., — Fellow of the Lithographic Society? — and illustrated by various persons; the covers, some of them, in a frosty style, and all the little books suggesting the confectionery of art. — *Béranger's Poems in the Versions of the Best Translators*, selected by William S. Walsh, with illustrations on steel. (Lippincott.) The versions are well chosen, and the volume is printed in generous type on good paper. We cannot greatly praise the illustrations, which are somewhat conventional in design, and executed in a bank-note style, but the Louis XI. picture is striking. — *Goldsmith's The Traveller*, with etchings by M. M. Taylor (Lippincott), is a formal piece of work, not very happily conceived, we think, since the poem calls for a lighter touch in book-making. — *Infelicia*, by Adah Isaacs Menken. (Lippincott.) The pictures, the red rule round the page, and the binding all pronounce this a holiday book. The frontispiece, which is a slice of chaos, excellently symbolizes the poetry, which despairs of the incoherence of verse, and settles into the incoherence

of prose. — Hermann and Dorothea, translated by E. A. Bowring, with etchings by Hermann Faber. (Lippincott.) It is a pity that so solid a page should have been used. The etchings are rather conventional, the figures being stolid and unpoetic.

Travel and Nature. The second volume of *Around the World on a Bicycle*, by Thomas Stevens (Scribners), takes up the route from Teheran to Yokohama. To the adventures of the ordinary traveler Mr. Stevens adds those which spring out of the unceasing marvel of his bicycle. But this is so old a story to him by the time he has gone half round the world that he takes his experience in this regard more as a matter of course in his second volume. He is a shrewd observer and lively narrator; not especially charged with information beforehand respecting the country he is to pass through, and thus not so instructive nor so tedious as he might otherwise be. The illustrations are mere memoranda. — *Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries*, by Rodolfo Lanciani (Houghton), cannot be dismissed in a paragraph, and we shall return to it with a full review; but we mention it now to call attention to a singularly attractive book, attractive both in matter and in manner. It is rare that the general public hears at first-hand of archæological discoveries, and still rarer that a discoverer has the art to present the results of his search in so fresh and animated a style. That Professor Lanciani should have written his book in English is much, but it is more that he should have written it in a style which is full of light and grace. — *Mexico, Picturesque, Political, Progressive*, by Mary Elizabeth Blake and Margaret F. Sullivan. (Lee & Shepard). A collection of agreeable letters and articles contributed serially to two journals. Both writers have a large charity for the country, and their religious sympathy does not prevent them from being critics, though it makes them cautious critics. — *Only Glimpses*, by M. L. McMurphy. (Racine, Wisconsin.) An unpretending volume of notes of travel along the highways of Europe. — *In Castle and Cabin, or Talks in Ireland in 1887*, by George Pellew. (Putnams.) Mr. Pellew made a tour through Ireland for the purpose of getting at the facts which lie behind the present political controversy. He was well introduced, he used his eyes and ears well, and he came out of the scrimmage with an even head and with a disposition to find the solution of the problem in a *via media*. His book is an interesting and useful contribution to the literature of the Irish question. — *Jottings of Travel in China and Japan*, by Simon Adler Stern. (Porter & Coates.) Passages from unpretentious letters home. They have

the easy carelessness of familiar letters, but are not very rich in matter, nor have they the light charm of a trained writer. — *Western China, a Journey to the Great Buddhist Centre of Mount Omei*, by Rev. Virgil C. Hart. (Ticknor.) Mr. Hart traversed regions rarely visited or described by English-speaking travelers, and his record is interesting, for he keeps close to his text; and though he is not a very engaging writer, and always seems a foreigner, he writes of interesting scenes, and describes what he sees without too great waste of words. — *Ireland Under Coercion*, by William Henry Hurlbert. (Houghton.) The natural history of this book is interesting. Here is an American, trained in journalism, who makes a tour through Ireland with his notebook, talking with persons of every degree, and getting as closely as he can at the facts in those parts of the country which have had the strongest light of passion cast upon them. He prints his notes with a running commentary, and his book sets all the London press talking. Then he republishes his book in a second edition in his own country. Yet all the time he writes as one who is interested chiefly in the effect which Ireland and the Irish question have upon American politics. — *American Weather, a Popular Exposition of the Phenomena of the Weather*, including Chapters on Hot and Cold Waves, Blizzards, Hail-Storms, and Tornadoes, by Gen. A. W. Greely. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) A most interesting summary of scientific results, put for the most part in intelligible language. There are good charts and a few cuts. But why did the publishers make a book of less than three hundred pages so needlessly clumsy with heavy paper and thick signatures? — *On Horseback, a Tour in Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee*, with Notes of Travel in Mexico and California, by Charles Dudley Warner. (Houghton.) It makes no difference how Mr. Warner travels, — we are perfectly willing to go afoot with him; nor where he goes, for we will go anywhere he chooses, though we might hesitate to follow him to one of his favorite gaols. (We said *gaols*, not *goals*.)

Fiction. The *Gallery of a Random Collector*, by Clinton Ross. (Putnams.) A dozen sketches and little romances, written with pains, and not devoid of a certain grace. They are better, certainly, than if they had been more ambitious, for the author does not strain at his task. — *A Bachelor's Wedding-Trip*. (Pen Publishing Co., Philadelphia.) A book of travel veiled under the form of a wedding-trip. The writer means to be airy. — *Our Uncle and Aunt*, by Amarala Martin. (Putnams.) A plea for woman suffrage, couched in a rambling story; at least it looks like a story, with its

fictitious characters, its marriages, its conversations, and the like. We greatly fear that neither side of the cause will be much affected by the book, as certainly no one is going to read it for fun. — *Glorinda*, by Anna Bowman Dodd. (Roberts.) A story of a rustic beauty with her two lovers, — the selfish civilized one, and the generous savage. The scenes are laid in Kentucky, but the story is an old one. — *Would You Have Left Her?* by William F. Kip. (Putnams.) The story of two young men and one young woman. Mr. Kip writes with a certain seriousness of mood which gives his novel the air of reality, and he shows care in his discrimination of character. It is by no means certain that he may not write another and a better novel, for this is good enough to make one wish so. — *Her Great Idea*, and other Stories, by L. B. Walford. (Holt.) The lightness borders on the farcical in these stories, and it seems to us that this clever writer is making an effort to live up to her reputation. — *Odds Against Her*, by Margaret Russell MacFarlane. (Cassell.) There is a first-class villain of a woman in this story. — *Brueton's Bayou*, by John Habberton, and *Miss Defarge*, by Mrs. Burnett, are bound in one volume. (Lippincott.) The former is a clever story, based on the revelation of Southwestern society to a New York gentleman; the latter is more skillful, perhaps, as a short novel, and the two have nothing in common except the same outside cover. — *A Hard - Won Victory*, by Grace Denio Litchfield. (Putnams.) The victory was in the domain of character. Miss Litchfield writes with care and with a respect for her art. — *Young Maids and Old*, by Clara Louise Burnham. (Ticknor.) A lively, agreeable story, with an air of naturalness which compensates for the absence of much incident. — *Fagots for the Fireside*, a collection of more than one hundred entertaining games for evenings at home and social parties, by Lucretia Peabody Hale. (Ticknors.) The form of a story is used, and serves excellently to explain the games, which are capital. We think Miss Hale has made a real hit with this book. — *Eve*, by S. Baring - Gould. (Appleton.) A story of the early part of the century, written with a constant strain after effect. The author has no clearly marked characters in his mind, but by clothing and painting them elaborately he has gotten up quite a show. — *For Fifteen Years*, a sequel to *The Steel Hammer*, by Louis Ulbach; translated from the French by E. W. Latimer. (Appleton.) — *Temple House*, by Elizabeth Stoddard. (Cassell.) — *Iliad*, or the Curse of the Old South Church of Boston, by J. J. Kane. (Lippincott.) Mr. Kane calls his book a psychological tale of the late civil war. The psychology

with which he sets out has the disadvantage of being at odds with what goes by a less formidable name, — human nature. The poor Old South plays a most uncomfortable part in the tale. A curse is pronounced under its shadow, and the business of the book is to make the curse good and to confound it at the same time. — *The Inner House*, by Walter Besant. (Harpers.) A parable of life and death, of an ingenious sort, the fiction used being an imagined state of things, in which science had discovered a power capable of arresting decay and death. — Oddly enough, the next book we take up, *When Age Grows Young*, by Hyland C. Kirk (Dillingham), is a mild contribution to the same general subject, in which the reader pursues a supposed dead man until he catches up with him in life. — *The Admirable Lady Biddy Fane*, by Frank Barrett. (Cassell.) A somewhat spirited story of the early part of the seventeenth century, written as if by one of the figures in the story. — *The Astonishing History of Troy Town*, by Q. (Cassell.) A funny story. — *Under French Skies*, or *Sunny Fields and Shady Woods*, by Madame de Gasparin. (The Baker & Taylor Co., New York.) A series of religious sketches set in gentle reflection. The French idiom of the stories adds a certain grace which relieves the book. — *Amos Kilbright, his Adscititious Experiences*, with other stories, by Frank R. Stockton. (Scribners.) Mr. Stockton has made a small collection of stories not included in his other volumes, and hardly likely to be quoted as much as they, but we never can get too much of his darkey, and there are some capital illustrations here of his humor in this particular. — *The Peckster Professorship*, an Episode in the History of Psychical Research, by J. P. Quiney. (Houghton.) Readers of *The Atlantic* will be entertained at seeing how ingeniously Mr. Quiney has dovetailed the portions of his book printed in the magazine with other matter so as to make a continuous story. — *The Philistines*, by Arlo Bates. (Ticknor.) — *Better Times*, stories by the author of *The Story of Margaret Kent*. (Ticknor.) The author of this book has lately received considerable attention from the public; it is only fair that by this collection she should show her readers how well she served her apprenticeship as a novelist. — *From Moor Isles*, by Jessie Fothergill. (Holt.) The scenes are laid partly on one side the Atlantic, partly on the other. We are pleased to see that this writer gives, incidentally, a little dig at pirated English novels. — *Ruth, the Christian Scientist*, or *The New Hygeia*, by John Chester. (H. H. Carter & Karriek, Boston.) Has it come to this, that Christian Science is also to have its exposition in fiction? This book may help the

cause of Christian Science, but it does nothing for the poor abused cause of Fiction. — *A Gallant Fight*, by Marion Harland. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) Although intended to illustrate a large virtue, the book has a very hothouse air. — *Cousin Bette*, one of Balzac's most striking and painful studies, has been added to Miss Wormly's series of translations from that author. (Roberts Bros.) — *The Aspern Papers*, to which no Atlantic reader needs introduction, gives the title to Mr. James's latest collection of short stories. The volume contains *Louisa Pallant* and *The Modern Warning*. (Macmillan.) — Recent numbers of Ticknor's Paper Series are: *Two College Girls*, by Helen Dawes Brown; *John Bodewin's Testimony*, by Mary Hallock Foote; *Rachel Armstrong*, or *Love and Theology*, by Celia Parker Woolley.

Literature and Criticism. *Half-Hours with the Best Foreign Authors*, selected and arranged by Charles Morris. (Lippincott.) This work is included in four volumes, divided into Greek and Roman, German, French, Italian, and Spanish. The editor has prefaced the several selections from authors by convenient head-notes, giving information regarding them and their works. In the classic volume there appears to be no special order of selection; at least the order is not chronological. The names of translators are usually given. The whole set makes a useful chrestomathy. — *La Critique Scientifique*, par Emile Hennequin. (Perrin, Paris.) A study in criticism with reference to what the writer terms *esthopsychologie*, for which he offers in his appendix a scheme of comprehensive method. — *Hamlet ein Genie*, by Hermann Türck. (Max Hoffmann, Leipzig.) A philosophical study of fifty pages. — *Books that have Helped Me*. (Appleton.) A dozen papers from the Forum by an interesting variety of persons, including E. E. Hale, A. Lang, W. T. Harris, B. Matthews, E. Eggleston, and others. One is likely to read these entertaining bits of autobiography with the questions in his mind, What had the books to do with this writer's actual product? Did he choose such and such books because his mind was already bent, or did the books bend his mind? — *British Letters*, illustrative of Character and Social Life, edited by Edward T. Mason. In three volumes. (Putnam.) An interesting and readable collection, arranged topically, an arrangement which serves better when persons are under consideration than when the topics are so general as *The Family* or *Friendship*. The division, besides, makes a certain confusion of time as one slips from one decade to another and back again. Mr. Mason does not go much behind the present century, else he could have found some charming material in the seventeenth and early

part of the eighteenth century; but he has preserved by his method a better unity. — *Master Virgil*; the Author of the *Æneid* as he seemed in the Middle Ages; a *Series of Studies*, by J. S. Tunison. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) A most interesting and valuable monograph upon a subject which has always had a charm for scholars. Mr. Tunison not only has collected his material with care, but he has digested it, and reproduces it for his readers in an attractive and readable form. He will have not only the scholar, but the general reader, in his debt. — *Pen and Ink*, Papers on Subjects of More or Less Importance, by Brander Matthews. (Longmans.) Readers of this book will find favorites in the papers. Mr. Matthews is always interesting, and the secret is that he is himself greatly interested in his subjects. — *Information for Authors, Hints and Suggestions concerning All Kinds of Literary Work*, by Eleanor Kirke. (The Author, 986 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.) If publishers and editors knew their own interest, they would secure a list of all authors under twenty-one, and send a copy of this book to each. The useful information is, to be sure, mixed in with considerable that is of no great importance, but it is never safe to say what is and what is not of importance to the tyro-author.

Education and Text-Books. The *Meisterschaft System* has been applied to the Latin Language, by R. S. Rosenthal. (Meisterschaft Pub. Co., Boston.) The first of fifteen parts has been issued. — *How to Judge of a Picture*, *Familiar Talks in the Gallery with the Uncritical Lovers of Art*, by John C. Van Dyke. (Chautauqua Press.) A sensible book from a man at home in his subject, and also well acquainted with the limitations of the popular mind. — *Civil Government, Studies of the Federal Constitution*, by R. E. Clement. (Lovell.) The teacher is helped by lists of questions appended to each section. We think the writer, in following the historical method, has made the approach to the practical part of his work needlessly severe. — *The Young Idea*, or *Common School Culture*, by Caroline B. LeRow (Cassell), is a series of lively yet painful chapters on the ignorance of teachers and pupils in our public schools, as instanced by the ridiculous answers to questions in the several branches of study. It is an old story, and perhaps some will take heed who read this little book, for, after laughing, they may become serious. — *Goethe's Torquato Tasso*, edited for the use of students by Calvin Thomas (Heath), is treated happily as a book of literature, and not an exercise in parsing. — *Preparatory French Reader*, by O. B. Super. (Heath.) We can hardly agree with the editor

in giving space to translations from Andersen's and Grimm's stories. Surely there are many perfectly simple French tales corresponding to the Danish and German ones; and, beside learning to read, the student ought incidentally to learn something of French literature.

Poetry and the Drama. With Sa'di in the Garden; or the Book of Love; being the "Ishk" or Third Chapter of the "Bostan" of the Persian Poet Sa'di, embodied in a Dialogue held in the Garden of the Tas Mahal, at Agra. By Sir Edwin Arnold. (Roberts.) There is something courageous in such an announcement by a poet. Come into the garden, he seems to cry, but come through a prickly hedge! — The Prophet and other Poems, by Isaac R. Baxley. (Putnams) Underdone piecrust verse. — Through Field and Wood, lyric verses and sonnets, by Lewis Dayton Burdick. (Lippincott.) Verse to the eye, but it does not seem to get behind the eye. — Australian Poets, 1788–1888; being a Selection of Poems upon all Subjects, written in Australia and New Zealand during the first century of the British colonization, with brief notes on their authors, and an Introduction by Patchett Martin. Edited by Douglas B. W. Sladen. (Griffith, Farran, O'Keden & Welsh, London.) Two or three names only strike the reader's eye familiarly: Barron Field, Alfred Dornett, John Boyle O'Reilly, and, to our surprise, Thomas Woolner, who appears to have lived at one time in Australia. The poems are not all suggested by life in a new continent, but there are enough of them to furnish the reader with some new words, at least, if not new images. What is a "buddawong"?

"The buddawong's trunk they carry away
In a cherished home-garden to grow."

There are some pretty little touches of homesickness in the volume. — In the Woods and Elsewhere, by Thomas Hill. (Cupples & Hurd.) Dr. Hill's feeling for Nature is simple, direct, and healthful, and is reflected in his verse, but he is not always able to please the ear with really melodious verse. The religious poems and hymns have much the same quality of objective freshness.

Theology and Religion. Spirit and Life, Thoughts for To-Day, by Amory H. Bradford. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) A volume of sermons, fresh, spirited, generous in their temper, and abundantly illustrated from life and literature. The gist of the book is, in the Scriptural phrase, that spiritual things are spiritually discerned; but the preacher is not a mystic; he is in close touch with the life about him. — Harvard Vespers; Addresses to Harvard Students by the Preachers to the

University, 1886–1888. (Roberts.) The preachers were Messrs. Brooks, Peabody, Hale, Gordon, and McKenzie, and their discourses were brief, earnest talks, delivered in Appleton Chapel on Thursday afternoons. The place, the audience, the occasion, all conspired to make the preachers direct and swift; and this little book, especially valuable as a souvenir to the young men who heard the discourses, will give any thoughtful reader a fair notion of the force at work in the religious life at Harvard. — Jesus in Modern Life, by Algernon Sydney Logan. (Lippincott.) A singular illustration of the modern reverent temper, which is so possessed with a loyalty to truth that it proceeds to strip all the old idols, in an intense desire to get at the spirit which informed them. This process, applied to the Saviour, has the air of heroism, but often leaves upon the spectator a mournful sense of the fanaticism of the truth-seeker. He too can see but one thing, but the object in the exhausted air-receiver, though unchanged to the eye, is nevertheless dead. Mr. Logan has written a very suggestive book, and one which has much literary as well as speculative merit, but even the reverence of the surgeon with the scalpel may not prevent him from a fatal use of his instrument. — God Knowable and Known, by Maurice Ronayne. (Benziger Bros., New York.) An argument for the existence and knowableness of God, by a Romanist priest, who avails himself of the machinery of discussion between imaginary persons. These men of straw are not worked very hard, and the writer dismisses them altogether when they are in the way, but they serve to lighten the book, which is not unreadable otherwise. — The I Ams of Christ, a contribution to christological thought, by S. H. Giesy. (Randolph.) Dr. Giesy, writing from a strictly orthodox point of view, has struck upon a subject which is unquestionably the profoundest aspect of the personality of Christ. He studies the consciousness as disclosed in certain fundamental expressions. Others are at work upon this theme in its more far-reaching consideration of the growth in consciousness, and this book comes thus as an interesting contribution to a great subject. The writer is forcible and suggestive, and his work ought not to be overlooked by the student. — Laconisms, the wisdom of many in the words of one, by J. M. P. Otts. (Lippincott.) The apothegms in this book are not all upon theological or religious topics, but the most important are. The thoughts are sometimes trenchant and the expression is close, but the test of such writings is a severe one; and they suffer also from the fact that one epigram affects another, and the reader is constantly demanding more stimu-

lant. — The Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Romans, with notes, comments, maps, and illustrations, by Rev. Lyman Abbott. (A. S. Barnes & Co.) Mr. Abbott writes with a refreshing freedom from merely traditional exegetical methods. He writes as a person who has an eager desire to read his subject as a living, immediate concern of men, and thus his book is likely to catch many minds that would refuse to attend to ordinary commentators. If he is somewhat diffuse in his earnestness, and treats the Epistle as a text for a discourse, at least his own sermon is not conventional. — Introduction to the Books of the Old Testament, with analyses and illustrative literature, by O. S. Stearns. (Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston.) A succinct outline of each of the books, with copious reference to accessible commentaries and critical studies. The questions of authorship, date, and intention are considered, and the book offers itself for the use rather of the intelligent layman than of the professional student. — Essays on God and Man, or a Philosophical Inquiry into the Principles of Religion, by the Rev. H. T. Bray. (Nixon-Jones Printing Co., St. Louis, Mo.) The work of a learned man who yet hardly has learned to translate his thought into the vernacular, while the form, which is largely that of a mosaic, does not especially commend the book to scholars.

Books of Reference. The second volume of the new edition of Chambers's Encyclopædia (Lippincott) includes the terms from Beau-gency to Cataract. The first title intimates one of the characteristics of the work, for it is a gazetteer as well as general cyclopædia. The articles are terse, and also stimulate further research, for they often contain convenient lists of references. American subjects are treated in copyright articles, and, though none of the articles are signed, a list is given of the longer articles, with the names of their respective authors, among whom may be named Andrew Lang, who writes of Burns; Stanley Lane Pool, who treats Cairo; G. Barnett Smith, who gives the facts in the case of Robert Browning; and Calvin, by Principal Tulloch. There are good maps and useful wood-cuts. It is singular how a publishing house like Chambers's manages to impress its personality upon its issues. — The fifth volume of Mr. Stedman's and Miss Hutchinson's Library of American Literature from the Earliest Settlement to the Present Time (C. L. Webster & Co., New York) is the second part of the division Literature of the Republic, and covers the period 1821-1834. The important writers included are Irving, Cooper,

Halleck, Bryant, Prescott, but there are many other names which have an interest both as secondary authors and as men eminent in their professions who dabbled in literature. We suspect that some of the names would not have appeared if the writers had happened to live a generation later. — Proverbs, Maxims, and Phrases of All Ages, compiled by Robert Christy. (Putnam's Sons.) If Mr. Christy has not, in his two interesting volumes, exhausted the wisdom of every age and language, he has at least come nearer doing so than any previous gleaner in his special field. The compiler is to be thanked for presenting his vast material classified and alphabetically arranged.

History and Biography. Indiana, by J. P. Dunn, is the latest volume in American Commonwealths series (Houghton), and is an admirable example of a monograph, for the author has had a clear determination to settle an historical problem. The sub-title of his book, A Redemption from Slavery, intimates the nature of his task, and he has devoted himself to showing how, in the development of the State, slavery did not merely slip out of sight, but was resolutely fought down in politics. The array of foot-notes indicates the thoroughness of the investigation. — Elizabeth Barrett Browning, by John H. Ingram, is a number of the Famous Women series. (Roberts.) Mr. Ingram has brought together the scattered references to Mrs. Browning to be found in many writers; he has pieced out the story of her life; but though he has admiration for his subject, he is not a truly sympathetic nor a very critical biographer. — A History of Charles the Great, by J. I. Mombert. (Appleton.) Dr. Mombert has gathered from a variety of sources the most credible information respecting the life of Charlemagne, and has written a formal biography. The book is rather encyclopædic than stimulating or original in treatment. — Patriotic Addresses in America and England, from 1850 to 1885, on slavery, the civil war, and the development of civil liberty in the United States, by Henry Ward Beecher; edited, with a review of Mr. Beecher's personality and influence in public affairs, by John R. Howard. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) Besides the addresses proper, there are many of Mr. Beecher's glowing editorials from the Independent. The long and interesting introduction is in effect a biography of Mr. Beecher as a public man. The book will do much to hold the great preacher before the public in an attitude most striking and worthy of remembrance.